

# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

*The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of all Nations.*

VOL. 21.

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## PRAY.

'Tis a time of trial my sisters  
A time when we all need to pray;  
And call on our Father for wisdom,  
To guide us through each coming day.

'Tis a day when we need His succor,  
A day when we need to be strong;  
For Satan is gath'ring his forces,  
The line of the battle along.

Our paths are bestrewn with temptation,  
Snares and traps for our feet are laid;  
And often we trip by the wayside,  
And oft from the path we have strayed

We find as we travel huge boulders,  
That seemingly block up the way,  
E'en shut out the sunlight of heaven;  
Now here says the tempter you'll stay—

You'll surely not try to go farther,  
You'd better turn round and go back;  
The way I will show you is fairer,  
And smoother and broader the track.

Tis then we must gather our courage,  
And muster our strength for the fray;  
To baffle the cunning of Satan,  
Ah! then is the time we must pray.

Then steals through the darkness a sunbeam,  
A voice whispers softly and low;  
I hear you my daughter come hither,  
I'll lead you the way you should go.

Up! up! with new courage we clamber,  
Our faith and hope once more renew;  
When lo! we have mounted the boulder,  
And light has burst forth on our view.

Whenever you're borne down with sorrow,  
Or the tempter seeks to waylay;  
Go waft your petitions to heaven—  
God pity the soul that can't pray.

R. M. F.

## MIDSUMMER.

'Tis midsummer time, and the new-mown hay,  
Lies fresh in the meadows over the way,  
The breath of the cowslips and clover bloom,  
With the midsummer hay yield a sweet perfume;  
And it wafts us back to the by-gone days,  
And memory's music around us plays;  
And we e'en forget, we are growing old,  
As the past with its joyous scenes unfold.

There's the girls and boys as they us'd to be  
Chatting and sporting in their youthful glee,  
The meadows resound with the merry shout,  
Of their voices, so clearly ringing out  
In laughter, and song as they rake the hay,  
In the sunshine bright on a July day;  
And the broad fields are of their beauty shorn,  
And off to the barns the hay-loads are borne.

How many summers are over and gone,  
How many dear ones, and bright hopes have  
flown;

How oft the flowers have blossom'd and died,  
Since in midsummer time a happy bride  
Left home and friends, and was borne away,  
Just when the meadows were teeming with hay;  
The roses and daisies their bloom had shed,  
But Juniper berries were ripe and red.

And the humming-bird's nest swung in the  
breeze,  
From the verdant boughs of the Juniper trees;  
And the happy lovers gazed on the nest  
And thought of the home they'd make in the  
West;

As perfect and charming the home-nest should be  
As the tiny thing swinging there from the tree.  
Alas! for the bird, the nest, and the mate,  
Left alone, to suffer a cruel fate.

And when midsummer ev'ry year returns,  
The bird for its mate instinctively years;  
But the Juniper tree, and the open door,  
Are standing there now, as they did of yore,  
And the sunshine floods in amber and gold,  
The forests and meadows, just as of old,  
But we look in vain for a simple token  
Of the lover's vows, that there were spoken.

E. B. W.

## WOMAN'S WORK.

WHAT is it! when did it begin; when will  
it end? what is its object and ultimate re-  
ward?

These are questions the answers to which  
might fill a volume, and I am fully aware  
how impossible it will be in the limited  
space of one short article to do justice to  
this vast and important subject. If we  
should ask when did woman's work begin?  
Our minds must travel back to the time  
when the earth was new and fresh and fair  
from the hands of its Creator. When man  
was placed upon it then woman was quickly  
by his side, herself the fairest of all and her  
influence was quickly felt for good or evil;  
but it was when mother Eve heard the cry  
of her firstborn and called out in the first  
exultation of motherhood, I have gotten a  
man from the Lord, that woman's work  
really began:

To be a Mother. Oh that name!  
How hath it filled the world with fame,  
For men of fame had not been here  
Had it not been for mother dear.

Then when we think upon the myriads  
that since that time have been ushered  
upon this mortal stage, with the full knowl-  
edge that woman has always been the chief  
actor in the scenes then enacted, and reflect  
upon the helplessness of infancy and the

part that woman takes in guiding its first  
steps and combating the dangers that beset  
the human race in the first stages of its ex-  
istence, the nights of watchfulness and days  
of care through which she must pass in  
order to accomplish this, if she does this  
successfully we think her fortunate and yet  
her work is only just begun for she must  
play her part as a helpmeet for man, she  
shares his sorrows and helps him bear his  
burdens, often taking a double portion, not  
only raising her family but also assisting to  
provide for them; but this is a labor of love  
and happy is the woman who can afford to  
devote her labor and her heart's best en-  
ergies for the good of husband and children  
in a home where the ruling power is love.

But often much as we love to contemplate  
such a state we are compelled to acknowl-  
edge in this day of progress and civilization  
that tens of thousands of women must stand  
alone. They must fight the battle of life  
single handed and seek out vocations for  
themselves. Woman can no longer shelter  
herself behind her weakness and say I have  
no occasion to know anything but house-  
hold work and the needle. The woman of  
today is called upon to take her part in the  
world's work and there are positions for  
which she is particularly fitted.

Woman as a physician has been eminent-  
ly successful and there is no place in which  
she can labor to better advantage or with  
more benefit to herself and others. It has  
been conceded that woman as a writer com-  
pares well with her brother man, and that  
as a writer of fiction she cannot be excelled.  
Woman should be careful how she uses so  
great a talent. It is said "the pen is  
mightier than the sword," and truly it is a  
great power for good or evil in the hands of  
any that can wield it well.

As a teacher in schools woman is recog-  
nized as capable and efficient and is permit-  
ted to perform her full share of labor both in  
our private and public schools although per-  
haps not always rewarded according to her  
merits; in this vocation woman can exercise  
great power for good inasmuch as she de-  
sires to use the influence she possesses over  
the young placed under her charge, and not  
only seeks to employ the best method for  
imparting the lessons she is expected to  
teach that will enable them to take their  
places amongst the educated and refined,  
but will also strive to implant in the minds  
of those she teaches the principles of virtue  
and morality and educate the heart as well  
as the head.

I once heard a Professor make the start-  
ling assertion that if something were not  
done in this respect, some of the institutions  
of learning would in a little while turn out  
intellectual monsters; because of the ab-  
sence of those moral principles of virtue and  
right that are a guiding star to the feet of  
youth. In this respect woman may do  
much both by her influence and example to  
bring about a better state of things.

But these avenues that may be considered  
by some the higher branches of woman's  
work are not open to all, and they who are  
fortunate enough to be able to enter them  
must not look down on, or despise their  
humbler sisters. There are thousands of



patient and noble women toilers; doing their full share of the world's work, that are scarcely thought of or noticed and yet it is the result of their labors that brings about much of the comfort enjoyed by the rest, in fact the world could not get along without them; and it should be remembered that it is the self-educated, self-sustaining men and women that often reach the highest mark.

It is part of woman's work to be an angel of mercy to the sick and suffering, and oh let her not forget to show mercy to the weak and erring ones, there is no need to preach purity to the pure, cleanliness to the clean. No need to bring water to the springs and fountains and pleasant places; but strive to enrich the barren and thirsty land; those that see do not need their eyes to be opened for it is the blind that would rejoice in the light of day, could they behold it; it is not those that walk in pleasant paths with roses beneath their feet that need the rough places to be smoothed down and the briars and obstructions to be removed from their pathway. It is not the whole that need a physician, but the sick and suffering, therefore is it the peculiar work of woman to seek out the weak and erring ones, especially the young and pliable; who have perhaps erred through the heart's best affections or what would have been if properly directed. Let them not be cast out to pursue the downward road, but deal with them in mercy, lead them back to the paths of virtue and honor if possible and teach them a better way, for as the Poet expresses it,

Oh was it spoken

Go ye forth. Heal the sick, lift the low, bind the broken!  
Of the body alone. Is our mission then done.  
When we leave the bruised hearts, if we bind the bruised bone?"

This is an age of the world when all brave, true-hearted women are needed to work as reformers, to assist in solving some of these social problems that agitate the minds of thinking men and women today; one thing is certain, if every woman was standing in her proper place and doing her proper portion of the world's work there would be no social problems to solve.

But this is not so, and confusion prevails and many wrongs there are to be set right and women should work for this end and not be discouraged because these things can not be accomplished in a day. The world has been going wrong for ages in this respect; and how long it will take to put things right we do not know. Bye and bye the cry, will go forth to the watchers, what of the Night? And the answer will be, The Morning breaks. The day cometh, the day of emancipation from oppression; the day of freedom and equality of Human Rights.

And will man stand there to be crowned with the victor's wreath alone? No! Woman will be by his side, his counselor and fellow laborer, and in that day she will receive her full reward in justice for all her labors and many will arise and call her blessed for the burdens she has borne and she will see the result of her toil and all will rejoice that woman has lived and worked.

PHEBE C. YOUNG.

THE London *Woman's Herald* publishes three hundred and sixty-two names of woman suffrage candidates now in the field for Parliament.

## BY-LAWS.

### UTAH WOMAN'S PRESS CLUB.

#### ARTICLE I.

*Par. 1.* A regular meeting of the club shall be held at the EXPONENT parlor on the last day of each month; unless the date or place of meeting be changed by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any regular meeting.

*Par. 2.* The October meeting of each year shall be the annual meeting. At this meeting officers shall be elected for the ensuing year.

#### ARTICLE II.

*Par. 1.* Applications for membership must be presented in writing. After the approval of the credential committee the applicant may be received by a majority vote of the members present. Membership fee one dollar.

#### ARTICLE III.

*Par. 1.* Annual dues shall be one dollar payable in October and become delinquent sixty days after the annual meeting.

*Par. 2.* No member whose dues are not paid, shall be entitled to vote.

*Par. 3.* Every appointee of the regular programme who fails to fulfil the part assigned her shall be fined twenty-five cents.

*Par. 4.* Every member present or absent except honorary, shall be taxed ten cents per month to pay for refreshments.

#### ARTICLE IV.

*Par. 1.* Honorary members, the number not to exceed five, may be elected by unanimous vote of the club.

#### ARTICLE V.

Members may bring friends to meeting, by paying ten cents for each one, no one visitor however shall be allowed to attend more than three meetings during the year.

#### ARTICLE VI.—*Quorum.*

Any presiding officer together with three regular members shall constitute a quorum to do business at any regular meeting.

#### ARTICLE VII.

All meetings shall be conducted in accordance with parliamentary law. The *Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law*, by Harriette R. Shattuck shall be authority.

#### ARTICLE VIII.

The by-laws may be amended at any regular meeting by a two thirds majority vote of members present.

## W. S. A. REPORTS.

### WOMAN SUFFRAGE AT MAPLETON.

*Mrs. E. B. Wells:*

I thought a few lines from the little villa East of Springville namely Mapleton, would be of interest to some of your many readers. In company with myself, Mrs. Hall, Madsen and Hayward visited the Woman Suffrage Association of the above named place by invitation, and found a cordial reception. There were eighteen members present and all enthusiastic in the cause of woman, and we were informed that if our meeting could have been in the evening the men also would have turned out, as they were much

interested in the cause. We urged upon them the necessity of taking the WOMAN'S EXPONENT also the *Woman's Tribune* as an incentive to woman's progressive powers; of her becoming a factor in the political, as well as the social arena of life. The speakers referred to the progress that was being made in nearly every hamlet and village in the civilized world and that we must not allow ourselves to be left in the rear, but keep wide awake to every special of reform which aims at the elevation of our race. We are slowly but steadily trying to impress upon women the necessity of identifying themselves with our cause, which we know will finally triumph, because it is the cause of right.

Yours in the Gospel,

SARAH A. BOYER.

June 22, 1892.

### S. L. COUNTY W. S. A.

The Salt Lake County W. S. A. met as per adjournment on June 21st, 1892. President Elizabeth Howard in the chair. Opened by singing, "A search for freedom." Prayer by Maria M. Holt, and singing "Oh come, come away." Several new members were voted in. Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved, and roll called. A call for agents representing the Association in the different wards, was responded to by Mary P. Silver, of the 19th Ward, Emma Finch of the 20th, E. M. Price of the 15th, and Eliza Barton of the 21st wards each giving reports of their labors. Dr. Elvira S. Barney also reported having held meetings in several wards, appointed agents, sold books, received subscriptions for suffrage papers, etc. Mrs. Price suggested a training class in politics, that we might improve our time to better advantage than merely meeting together and talking upon those subjects.

President Howard favored Mrs. Price's idea of a training class, and requested her to study it up; gave a report of her visit to San Juan, and read some questions which we were required to answer for use at the World's Fair, concerning women's work, and thought that if the Relief Society in all its branches were properly represented, it would make a *grand* showing; announced that the Association would go to Calder's Park on the 1st of July, taking their picnic, and asked them all to bring their friends.

Miss Maud Pratt was unanimously sustained as suffrage agent of the 17th Ward, also pleased the audience very much by her fine singing, accompanying herself on the organ. After which Elizabeth McFarlane read some *very* interesting descriptions of women's work, intended for exhibition at the World's Fair. M. E. Bassett agent for the 2nd Ward, read some extracts and made remarks, C. C. R. Wells and Dr. E. S. Barney gave some of their views concerning the present status of woman, and meeting was adjourned until the third Tuesday in July, at the same time and place. Singing "New America." Benediction by E. M. Price.

C. C. R. WELLS, Secretary.

Miss Anthony attended the Republican, Democratic and People's Party conventions. A largely attended mass meeting in the interests of woman suffrage was held in Omaha during the People's Party convention and addresses were made by Mrs. Clara B. Colby, Rev. Anna H. Shaw and Miss Anthony.



## ROMANCE.

SHE didn't like me when we met,  
But turned away and pouted;  
'Twas very cool, I own, to get  
At first a snub so final; yet  
I clung to hope and doubted.

Strange as it seems, a few short weeks  
Confirmed my sanguine guesses;  
I came to understand her freaks,  
And even dared to kiss her cheeks  
And stroke her golden tresses.

So time went on, and as we grew  
To know each other better,  
She bravely learned to kiss me, too;  
And when she strangely tried to woo,  
Somehow I used to let her.

The privilege still yet is mine  
With kiss her lips to smother;  
Still 'round my neck she likes to twine  
Her soft, white arms. I'll drop a line,  
I guess, and ask her mother.

This rhyme produces envy—strife,  
Within your reason, maybe;  
So let me take a leaf from life:  
Her mother is my darling wife,  
And she my blessed baby.

F. D. S., in *Rochester Talisman*.

## TO "JENNIE."

DEAR "Jennie," hast thou gone to rest?  
And shall we never see  
Thy baby form in merry play,  
Thy face in childish glee?  
Art laid within the silent tomb  
Forever there to sleep?  
And shall we always mourn thy loss?  
And shall we always weep?

Ah, no! we lay your little form  
Away in robes of white,  
That little form so cold, from which  
The spirit took its flight;  
Those large round eyes of blue are closed,  
Their laughing look has fled—  
Yet oh! there comes a voice to me,  
Which says you are not dead.

How much we miss you, "Jennie" dear,  
No heart but ours can tell;  
But He who gave has called you hence  
He doeth all things well.  
His spirit whispers words of peace  
To every sorrowing heart,  
And tells us we shall meet once more,  
But never more shall part.

We came to this far-distant land  
Obedient to His will—  
He has in wisdom taken you—  
May we prove faithful still,  
And ever tread the narrow path  
That we may meet you there,  
When death shall come to call us home  
From sorrow, toil and care.

The dear fond hopes which filled our hearts,  
Of you in future years,  
Are banished from them now, or drowned  
Beneath a flood of tears;  
Yet while they disappear from view,  
A brighter looms above,  
That we shall meet and know our babe  
In realms of endless love.

ANNIE.

MRS. LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE will speak at the Chautauqua Assembly, Harrisonburg, Va., on Aug. 15, which is "Woman's Day."

## GOOD WORDS FROM MRS. BOYDEN.

A PERSONAL letter to the Editor from Mrs. C. Louise Boyden the elocution teacher who sojourned for a period of about two years in this City informs us of her arrival at her own home in Wisconsin, where she is enjoying a brief season of restfulness ere she begins her work again, this time perhaps in Chicago until after the Columbian Exposition when we ardently hope she may return again to Utah.

Mrs. Boyden has made many warm friends here who will cherish her memory and hope for her return. She gave quite a number of entertainments with her pupils in different parts of the City, and succeeded in her efforts in imparting instruction in the Delsarte method very well, but financially she did not make sufficient to warrant her remaining permanently though she was much attached to the place and the people and speaks most kindly of them everywhere, and at all times.

Mrs. Boyden's methods and practise of teaching are excellent and she is a most agreeable and pleasant as well as intelligent young woman. We are very sorry that she did not find it to her advantage to remain here, not only on her own account but also as there are many of our young women, who are called to fill public positions, who would be greatly benefitted by her system of teaching.

The lady is a fine musician has formerly been a music-teacher, but gave it up as too trying upon her nervous system; and she is also a writer, while here she joined the Utah Woman's Press Club, and was an interested member; she wishes to be kindly remembered in love to the ladies of the Club, and has spoken very sweetly of her stay in this City, she says: "From the quiet repose of my own dear home, my thoughts go out to you, so far, far away and dear memories of that beautiful City of the Saints come hovering around me as I sit and muse on those happy months I passed there. I am having a most enjoyable time and a much needed rest here within the shelter of my lovely home to which from its calm restfulness and beauty I have given the name *Solitude*; for that word to me expresses beauty as well as quiet and rest. How I wish *you* might enjoy it all with me; rest beneath the shade of these grand old oaks and be free for a little while from all the work and strain of life; I think you would almost feel the freshness of youth returning to you; everything is so fresh and sweet here, the song of the birds, the fragrance of grass and flowers and the pure air."

I hope here to regain all I have lost of my former vigor and be ready for my work in the fall. 'Tis very sweet to be at home with my aged father and meet the old friends, but I do not forget the new and dear ones whom I have left behind, and a feeling of sadness comes o'er me when I think of the many miles between us. But Hope ever near to comfort whispers I shall meet you all again. My time was so limited toward the last, that I missed seeing many of my friends to say Good bye, which I regretted very much."

MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER, the editor of *Harper's Bazar*, and Mrs. E. P. Terhune (Marian Harland) expect to hold a Woman's Council at the Monona Lake Assembly, Madison, Wis., about the middle of July.

## WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

THE administration building will have a mosaic floor costing \$5,000.

A COLLECTION of finely mounted birds and animals will be shown in the Pennsylvania building.

It is announced that the Virginia Exposition board intends to reproduce at the Fair, Mount Vernon, the famous home and last resting place of George Washington. If this is done a large and interesting collection of Washington relics will be exhibited in the structure.

THE Portuguese minister at Washington has made application for space in the Woman's building at the World's Fair for exhibits from the women of Portugal.

ACCOMMODATIONS for musical entertainments at the World's Fair have been decided upon, and the construction of the necessary buildings has been ordered. They include a recital hall, seating 500 people; a music hall, with accommodation for 120 players, 300 singers, and an audience of 2,000; a festival hall for performances upon the largest possible scale, with 200 players, 2,000 singers and an audience of 7,000. The music hall will contain a fine concert organ, and in festival hall will be placed an organ for chorus support.

Commissioner L. A. Thurston, of Hawaii, has received word from Claus Spreckles that the Hawaiian exhibit will be transported to San Francisco without charge.

Mrs. Potter Palmer has decided to supplement her work in inviting the nobility of Europe to organize committees to help the Board of Lady Managers by sending similar invitations to influential women in South America. These invitations will be sent out by the state department at Washington. The letters sent to Europe resulted in securing the co-operation of many of the most prominent women abroad.

A syndicate, representing men of influence and money in both Austria and the United States, is making arrangements to produce in Chicago during the World's Fair the famed Passion Play exactly as it has been given for centuries, at intervals of ten years, by the people of Ober-Ammergau, Bavaria. The syndicate is incorporated as "The Original Ober-Ammergau Passion Play Association," with capital stock of \$800,000. It is reported to be the intention to present the Passion Play in Chicago with the same cast and same costumes as were employed at its presentation at Ober-Ammergau in 1890.

A GOOD word for women students comes from Buchtel College, Akron Ohio, via Mrs. Claypole, who is fortunate in having two bright and beautiful daughters graduate there this year. The young women of the graduating class take the prizes for the Law Essay; subject, "Equitable Remedies, their Development and Place in Our Jurisprudence." Miss Josephine E. Cheney, of Canal Winchester, takes first prize; Edith and Agnes Claypole, of Akron, share the second. The two young men who competed were left far behind. Of the essays that took prizes an eminent lawyer said they would have been creditable in the records of the Supreme Court.—*Ex.*



# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

EMMELINE B. WELLS, - - - Editor.

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## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

OUR San Francisco article is again postponed but must really come in next time, or be out of date entirely, though there is little danger of forgetting the ladies or the points of special interest. There is never room enough for all the editorial matter in our little paper.

FRIDAY the first day of July the W. S. A. of Salt Lake County, celebrated at Calder's Park, enjoying the repose and quiet of the grove, and having a sail upon the water. Olsen's band is in attendance at the pavilion and the music was indeed delightful. There was a programme of suitable exercises in the afternoon, of which dainty refreshments formed a part. At early evening the electric lights beautified the scene and the boats upon the water, the music floating in soft melody made the effect quite exhilarating and restful.

THE terrible scenes that have been enacted of late through the dissatisfaction and inquietude of the union men who seem determined to ruin the country is scarcely endurable from a distance, what people must suffer who are near enough to be witnesses of the desperate deeds one scarcely dare imagine. Surely the nation is in unrest and what the *finale* will be unless a radical change is effected before things have gone too far, is quite apparent. A civil war between capitalists and laborers would be a catastrophe terrifying indeed and would bring in its train many other horrors. That such a crisis may be averted and peace take the place of contention the people should ardently hope, pray and strive to bring about. Scenes of terror such as have reigned in Pennsylvania and Idaho recently make one's heart quake with fear for the consequence if not immediately brought under control. When mobs take the law into their hands there is no safety or protection. Surely these are perilous times, and we know not what a day may bring forth.

ON the 7th inst. in company with President Z. D. H. Young we attended three meetings at Willard. It is a pretty little town and we enjoyed it very much. Several of the sisters came over from Brigham City and it was a time to be remembered. Sister Hubbard who presides over the Relief Society there, is a spiritual-minded woman, and also practical, for the Society is in excellent condition. The sisters own a hall and granary and real estate as well and when one hears the circumstances of the building, which is two stories high, and well finished, other sisters certainly may take courage therefrom. The lower front room is rented to the City Council, and brings them in means to help in other directions. It is astonishing what an amount of energy, pluck and genuine executive ability the sisters have displayed in accumulating property

in the various branches of the Relief Society. Sometime soon we hope to sum up our visits to Payson, Grantsville, Nephi and Brigham City and mention other facts in regard to the progress of woman's work temporarily.

TUESDAY, July 12, was the birthday anniversary of Mrs. Elizabeth Howard, and a large party of her friends gathered at the beautiful grove on the Howard farm near the old home at Cotton Wood to celebrate the occasion, for the lady is a great favorite among her acquaintances. The people from the City went down in carriages, the big Utah conveyed thirty-two ladies, and other carriages swelled the number with the home folks to about a hundred and fifty all told, the greetings and congratulations were delightful.

The lady was surprised and astonished but she is accustomed to playing the hostess to large companies as also her daughter, Mrs. Kate Brockbank, and everything went off pleasantly, picnic in abundance, and of the daintiest varieties, and a merrier party could scarcely be imagined.

Mrs. Emily H. Woodmansee, who was the foremost in getting up the surprise, had written a suitable poem which was read, and other exercises followed, Nellie C. Taylor recited "The Coquette Punished," and appropriate remarks were made by Elders Milo Andrus, C. W. Penrose, S. W. Richards, Bishop Brinton, and several of the ladies, Mrs. Howard responding. Mrs. MacFarlane sang "The Bells of Shandon." The day was fine and the company fully enjoyed it.—At the time of departure Elder Lucas Howard closed the exercises with prayer.

## OLD FOLKS' GALA DAY.

WEDNESDAY, June 29, was another gala day for the old people, and notwithstanding the heat, and the distance to travel, there were more than ever before, the Committee of arrangements however had prepared beforehand so that every one was made quite comfortable, and the railroad officials were kind and courteous and the whole affair proved to be a complete success.

Soon after starting the old people were regaled with lemonade, cakes and candy and delicacies and the smiles upon their faces betokened the happiness they felt in the pleasure anticipated; then the choir under Prof. Beesley, serenaded the occupants of each car which made eighteen serenades, Prof. Evan Stephens came on board in time to join the singers; Elder W. C. Dunbar with his bagpipes rendered the "Highland March" in each of the cars; the train arrived at Payson about 11.30 a. m. quite a number of aged persons had been taken on at the several stations on the way.

The Payson silver band was playing at the depot on the arrival of the train, and the Payson Committee assisted in getting the precious freight safely unloaded; vehicles were in waiting for all who wished to ride and new-mown hay was freshly laid all the way for those who preferred to walk. The Sunday school children in white, lined the way on both sides carrying banners and waving flags, and the Benjamin brass band marched with the procession rendering suitable music. At the entrance of the grove was a triumphal arch with the one word WELCOME, wrought in flowers which gave a pretty effect to the scene that presented itself farther on. Long tables were spread under the trees with sufficient space to seat over a thousand people, and bountifully supplied with every luxury of the season; the young men and girls in national colors were ready and anxious to render any service and waited upon their honored guests in the most tender and courteous manner.

Governor Arthur L. Thomas accompanied the party and his father and mother were among the veterans over seventy years of age. The Governor went through the cars and shook hands

with all on board the train, President Angus M. Cannon escorted him introducing him to the people. They shook hands with about 1150 people.

It was estimated that there were on the grounds at Payson over 2,500 people, and of this number about 1200 were over seventy years old. The oldest person present was Mrs. Rachel Dollinger, a resident of Payson, aged ninety-four—formerly of Kentucky, the next oldest lady was Mrs. Sarah Free, ninety-two—also Mrs. Ann Taylor, nearly ninety-two—the two last, natives of England; Mrs. Jane Cornwall ninety, from Ireland, Mrs. Johanna Jensen ninety, from Sweden, of the gentlemen the oldest were Joseph Hancock, ninety-two, and Robert Wimmer ninety, both of Payson. This comprises the list of those over ninety years of age.

The exercises were under the direction of John Quigley of Payson who acted as master of ceremonies. The Payson band rendered a fine selection and prayer was offered by the aged veteran Robert Wimmer, the "Old Folks choir, sang a chorus and "Hail Columbia," was given by Payson and Benjamin bands combined.

Gov. A. L. Thomas addressed the assemblage, his remarks were in harmony with the occasion and expressive of the kindest sentiments following is a brief synopsis:

"It was a grand sight to see so many aged persons present, notwithstanding the heat, and he deemed it one of the greatest events of his life to be present among so many old people, where such careful attention, respect and reverence were paid to them. In other States gatherings of old persons were not uncommon, but they could not equal Utah in their concern for silvery hairs and bent forms. There were present many of the original settlers of the valley, persons who by their toil and labor paved the way to the comfort and affluence enjoyed by the present generation. All honor, respect and veneration were due these aged veterans; when they first beheld these valleys nothing but sand, sage and alkali met the eye. This morning meadows, pasture fields, and growing crops smiled on every side, the result more or less of the early labors of these old people whom he was so glad and proud to meet. This was the fourth occasion of the kind at which he had been present, and he hoped by the aid of Providence he would meet the old folks many times in the future. It was well that practical proof could be given in such a manner of the goodness in the human heart, in thus honoring old age and paying respectful homage to the founders of a progressive community. Future generations will yet call those pioneers blessed."

The band played "The Star Spangled Banner" in fine style, and then came an address of welcome written expressly for the occasion by J. L. Townsend, and read clearly and forcibly by Miss Annie Worsencroft, tastefully dressed and draped in the stars and stripes of our country.

## WELCOME.

OLD FOLKS' REUNION AT PAYSON,  
June 29, 1892.

Ye who wear the silver crown  
Of a life complete with age,  
Ye whom wisdom gives renown  
By her long-life heritage;  
Old folks everywhere held dear.  
Filled with years three score and ten,  
Welcome, yea thrice welcome here,  
Honored guests of honored men.

Old folks' day—a cherished thought,  
Oft recalled in pleasant dreams;  
Teaching charity unsought  
And that life is what it seems;  
Bright as glow the summer flowers  
Or the ripples of the stream,  
Let these fleeting pleasant hours  
Brightly in thy mem'ry gleam.

Old folks! Ah! what honor this  
To have lived and toiled for years,  
That as pioneers the bliss  
Of the present now appears.



Then all honor to the brow  
Wrinkled with life's toil and woes—  
Ye have sown the seed and now  
Blooms the desert as the rose.

To our city, lovely scene,  
Sparkling with the mountain rills,  
To our homes and gardens green  
Welcome while the day fulfills  
Every joy that hope foretold,  
Of a time both bright and long.  
Ev'ry thought thine hearts may hold  
Of reunion, feast and song.

Care hath here no part today;  
Joy shall sing her songs above;  
Faith in every heart shall say:  
"God is near and God is love!"  
Old Folks, Fathers, Mothers dear,  
Ye who wear the silver crown,  
Ye are welcome to our cheer,  
Ye are welcome to our town.

Mr. John Quigley made a brief and appropriate address of welcome in behalf of the Payson people, and the Payson Quartette sang "Don't forget the old folks."

President Angus M. Cannon graphically described the appearance of the valley in 1847, and the changes that had been wrought by the diligence, industry, thrift and perseverance of the early settlers, that had made possible the conditions of prosperity and plenty of the present time. He paid a touching and eloquent tribute to the pioneers and veterans, many of whom were present, to whom those of a later period owed the blessings enjoyed so freely and prayed that God would inspire the youth growing up in these beautiful valleys of the mountains to reverence age, and especially those who had been public benefactors.

The brass band played a choice selection and Elder George Goddard in behalf of the Old Folks Committee, thanked the railroad company for their generosity and called for a vote of thanks from the assembly which was heartily accorded. Mayor Lemon of Payson also spoke briefly and hoped there might be many more such reunions. A unanimous vote of thanks was given to the Payson Committee, and Elder W. C. Dunbar gave some Caledonian selections upon the Highland bagpipes.

The Rev. A. C. Todd, Presbyterian minister of Payson, made a very feeling address, dwelling especially upon veneration and respect for the aged and the virtues of Christianity, the effect upon human life, etc.

Mrs. J. A. Linsdale sang "Father's Growing Old," and Counselor David John thought Old Folks Day an inspirational idea, and that the respect and love with which these veterans were treated must give great satisfaction.

The Presbyterian Male Quartette kindly rendered the appropriate song, "I'm Wandering Down."

C. R. Savage of the Old Folks Committee then distributed the presents to the aged people of Payson, every one over seventy had a gift of something. Those from the City had the ride and the pastime afforded by the trip out, the dinner and the good time generally.

Bishop W. B. Preston spoke briefly upon the courtesy due to the aged and the beauty of such an example. The Old Folks Choir, who never tire in trying to please the company, sang at the close "Welcome here ye aged veterans," and Brother J. B. Nobles offered the benediction.

The large company were then put aboard the train arriving home in good time, without any accident or unpleasantness, the Committee and the choir doing all in their power for the happiness and welfare of their aged friends, brethren and sisters on the way back.

#### A GOOD WOMAN GONE TO REST.

DIED at the family residence in this City, Wednesday morning, June 22, 1892, Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Groo, after only a brief, but severe ill-

ness of about thirty hours. The deceased was a most exemplary and estimable woman in every respect, of great strength of character which was plainly manifest throughout her whole life; she was one to lean upon and trust in. No sacrifice was too great for her to make to ensure the happiness of her family, or for the interest of the Church of which she was ever a faithful member from the time of receiving the Gospel.

Mrs. Groo whose maiden name was Gillett, was born in Sullivan County, state of New York, March 4, 1827. The Gospel was preached in that vicinity when she was quite a young girl by Jedediah M. Grant, when he was only nineteen years of age. Mrs. Gillett, her mother, was the first baptism in that locality; her family afterwards embracing the faith. Mrs. Groo came to Utah with her father, mother and husband in 1854, and settled in the 9th Ward in this City where her home has been ever since.

Like many others she has endured all the hardships incident to those early days, and without a murmur. She has ever been a fond and tender mother, and has borne ten children, five of whom survive her, four sons and one daughter, the other half have gone on before, and have no doubt welcomed her ere this, where there will be no more sorrow or parting.

She also leaves a husband, Elder I. Groo, and fifteen grand-children, to whom she was greatly attached for Sister Groo possessed in the largest degree the elements and attributes of motherhood. She thoroughly enjoyed family life and home was the place she adorned and in which she found special delight, Yet she was called to fill a prominent public position, to preside over the Relief Society of the ward in which she lived; this position she filled with dignity for many years past, manifesting specially good executive ability in the administration of affairs which naturally devolved upon her. She was ever mindful of the needy, the sick, the sorrowing and unfortunate and was therefore well qualified for the place. Her charity was real and without ostentation. In her the ward had a true mother who looked after its best interests, and "in her tongue was the law of kindness."

Her faith in the Gospel never wavered under any circumstances, and like others who have been tried she has proven herself loyal to the right.

She did some work for the dead in the Logan Temple two years ago, and was making preparations to do a great deal of Temple work when the Salt Lake Temple would be completed. She was one of those noble and grand women, who never falter in a good cause. Steadfast, industrious and reliable, descended from the old Puritan stock, a fair type of the New England women.

Sister Groo's whole life was a labor of love, spent in doing good to those around her, many are the friends who will miss her kindly deeds, her comforting words and her pleasant face; but she has entered into her rest; to the Saint of God there is no real dark shadow and valley of death, they but step forth into a diviner light; and they would not return if they could,

"All dread of the distant future, all fears that oppressed today  
Like mists that clear in the sunlight have noiselessly passed away;  
Nor call, nor clamor can rouse her from slumbers so pure and deep,  
For only His voice can reach her who giveth his loved ones sleep.  
Weep not that her toils are over, weep not that her race is run,  
God grant we may rest as calmly when our work like her's is done!  
Till then we would yield with gladness our treasures to Him to keep,  
And rejoice in the sweet assurance He giveth his loved ones sleep."

Many are intellectually great, but spiritually ignorant.

#### SARAH GRIFFITH RICHARDS.

ON Tuesday, June 7th, 1892, the death of Sister Sarah G. Richards occurred at her residence in the 20th Ward, Salt Lake City. Her bodily strength had been gradually failing for a long time and being in her nintyeth year, her death came not as a surprise to her family and friends. She had also long expressed herself as looking forward to the change which she felt was coming upon her as a happy release from suffering and worldly anxiety.

Sister Richards was born in Monmouth, Monmouthshire, England, on the 26th of December 1802. At an early age she manifested an unusual love for learning, and applied herself with such diligence and determination to the gaining of knowledge in various directions, that she obtained an education of no ordinary degree. Was all her life a great reader, and possessed a fund of information rarely met with.

Having resolved to devote her life and energies to the cause of education, she was still unmarried at the age of forty, about which time the sound of the everlasting Gospel reached her ears and penetrated her heart.

Prospects of worldly wealth and honor seemed opening up to her; but she forsook all worldly interests for the sake of uniting her fortune with the people whom she knew, by the unerring spirit of testimony, were the people of God.

After joining the Church, and emigrating to America, she was married on the 25th of December, 1843, to Dr. Levi Richards, with whom she had previously become acquainted while on his first mission to England.

Amid the hard and trying persecutions of the Saints, on the 12th of June, 1845, one child, a son, was born to them, to whom they gave the name of Levi Willard.

Three years later, Dr. Richards was requested by the presidency of the Church to take a second mission to England, for five years more. He was advised to take with him his wife, Sarah. But as their little one was delicate, President Young counseled them to send him to the Rocky Mountains with his uncle, President Willard Richards and his aunt Rhoda, promising them that if they did so, their boy should live, and grow stronger and healthier; but saying he could not promise the same happy results if they attempted to cross the ocean with him. The conditions were accepted by Brother and Sister Richards, keenly as they felt the trial of such a separation from their only and tender child; and the promises of the Lord to them, through His Prophet, were verified.

Sister Richards had the privilege of receiving all the ordinances, and of accepting all the principles of the Gospel, as far as they have been revealed to the Latter-day Saints, and she was true to them all. Possessing an extremely sensitive nature, the sympathies of Sister Richards were drawn out towards everything that might suffer. Little children and dumb animals she always pitied most, as being unable to tell their pains and troubles.

On the occasion of the funeral, which was held June 9th, in the 20th Ward meeting house, the speakers were Elder Samuel W. Richards, President Joseph F. Smith, President Angus M. Cannon, and Counselor Joseph E. Taylor.

Mother we miss your form and face,  
Which bow'd with us each day,  
Before the holy throne of Grace,  
To worship and to pray.  
Some may have been of stronger mold,  
Life's hardships to endure;  
And some more fleet, and some more bold,  
But none more chaste and pure.  
Some may have mightier works begun,  
Found grander things to do;  
But unto God and Jesus, none  
Have been more nobly true.

L. L. G. R.



## SAD NEWS.

FAGALII, UPOLU SAMOA,  
June 16th, 1892.

Dear Sister Wells:

WITH a heart full of sympathy for our dear Brother and Sister Hilton, I write to inform you of the death of their dear little baby "Jennie," which occurred on the evening of the 4th inst. at about six o'clock.

The little one seemed to stand the voyage over here very well and was doing nicely until about two days previous to her demise, when she was siezed with *cholera infantum*, going into convulsions about an hour and a half before death relieved her of her sufferings.

Brother Hilton, who was at Salovi, about thirty miles distant, had been sent for but did not arrive until the next morning.

A Mrs. Bell and daughters, of Apia, kindly assisted me in preparing the little body for its final rest, and to the mother's great satisfaction her darling was dressed for its burial very prettily, the little gold ring you gave her being placed upon her finger in loving remembrance of "Aunt Em."

The natives brought many beautiful flowers, which made the bereaved parents feel that they had many friends, though very far away from home.

Funeral services were held at the Mission house on Sunday, June 5, at 4:30 p. m., and words of sympathy and comfort were spoken by President Browning and Brothers Bassett and Thomason. "Jennie" now rests by the side of Sister Merrill, near the Mission house at Fagalii, and we are all praying continuously to our Father that He will send His spirit in rich abundance to comfort the hearts of her saddened parents.

Every thing that could be, was done for the little sufferer while she lived and we now feel that it was God's will and humbly submit to His decree.

\* \* \* \*

We are all well here at present and enjoying a goodly degree of the holy spirit. Should you desire it I will endeavor to write you a short article occasionally and would be pleased to have the EXPONENT sent me in return.

Hoping you are well and that every thing prospers in Zion, I remain,

Your sister in the Gospel,  
ANNIE D. STEVENS.

## U. W. P. CLUB.

THE U. W. P. Club met as per adjournment, June 30th, 1892, at the EXPONENT Parlor, Called to order by the President, E. B. Wells. Opening prayer by Secretary E. R. Shipp. By-laws read and voted upon by section—with one or two amendments accepted unanimously. It was also decided that the by-laws be printed and distributed to the members of the club. N. V. Davis suggested that the secretary furnish a list of the names of the members to facilitate a better management of dues, etc. Put as a motion and carried.

The President said in any question or proposition presented to the club for consideration she desired all to feel free in expressing their opinions. A proposition has been recieved from absent members that we adjourn meetings for the summer. After some discussion all agreed that adjournment even for a brief period would mean a "death blow to the club," some on the contrary would prefer to have semi-monthly sessions, but in consideration of so many other meetings to be attended and business of varied character to engage our attention, it was deemed expedient to hold club meetings once a month regularly the last day of each month according to by-laws.

The President was anxious that a greater interest be manifested, that members be more punctual in attendance and always ready to fill their part of the programme.

C. C. R. Wells made a motion which was carried that Agusta Joyce Crocheron be accepted as an honorary member of the U. W. P. Club.

Preliminary business being completed the regular programme was next proceeded with, some changes being necessarily made in consequence of the absence of some of the members.

N. V. Davis read an interesting paper on the education of teachers.

Phebe C. Young read an original article on "Woman's Work" touching the subject to the very centre.

G. L. Brown furnished an original poem entitled "Arouse" which had a tendency to "arouse" her hearers to renewed diligence and determination to excel in the divine art of communicating thought through the medium of the pen.

M. E. Shipp sang very sweetly the touching little ballad "Tis evening brings my heart to thee."

President E. B. Wells then read an article prepared for the anniversary of Susan B. Anthony's birthday, entitled, "What some women have done." Giving an account of many ancient heroines which we trust will soon be followed by an account of the equally wonderful work and accomplishments of the illustrious women of our day.

Gladys Woodmansee entertained the club with instrumental music.

R. M. Fox read an original poem entitled "Pray"

Refreshments were partaken of during an animated discussion on poetical license.

Programme arranged for July meeting as follows:

Half hour for business. M. A. Freeze, Descriptive article on journey in Mexico. M. E. Shipp, Women Physicians. L. S. Dickinson, Poem. G. Woodmansee, Music. E. B. Wells, Trip to San Francisco. C. C. R. Wells, Essay. L. G. Richards, Life and character of her husband's mother. G. L. Brown, Music.

Benediction by M. E. Shipp.

E. R. SHIPP, Secretary.

## IN RURAL ENGLAND.

## XVII.

THE young naturally seek the confidence of those to whom they may be attracted, especially if in doubt or perplexity and young Walton was not an exception to this rule; hot-headed and impulsive naturally, and as a boy indulged in every caprice, he could not brook real disappointment. While he was carrying on clandestine interviews at the adjoining estate and enjoying the romance of first love's young dream of bliss, before the more serious aspect of the affair became apparent he was thoroughly at ease; but from the time cousin Jane made such an important thing of it, he had begun to be uncomfortable and to wonder what it was best to do, or whether he ought to try to forget and leave it all to fate. He was too much in love for that, he could not remain long away, and Anna was so demonstrative herself ready to renounce everything for his sake, that sometimes he felt like a veritable coward.

On this particular evening Maitland rode away deeply absorbed in thought, scarcely caring whither his horse's head was turned, one observing him would have thought some terrible sorrow had overtaken him, and he really imagined it was so. The horse accustomed to going in one direction, needed

little guiding and unconsciously the young man found himself in the grounds that led up to the house where his thoughts were at that very moment, he saw Clair sauntering along evidently not intent upon anything except to enjoy the twilight, for the day was drawing near its close; he drew rein and called, to his young friend, who hearing the voice grown familiar during the past few days, come quickly towards him, and soon the two young men were deeply absorbed in confidential conversation; the reader can judge the subject. Neither of them were competent judges of the situation, though both were deeply interested in the one topic of all others the most fascinating, Lady Anna Hilliard.

Clair gave Maitland the best advice possible under the circumstances which was to confide his troubles to cousin Jane or the Doctor or both, adding by way of a recommendation, "she is the wisest and clearest-headed woman I have ever seen, she knows how to manage everything, the tenants tell me, she could do what no one else was ever able to with my father, and that "a woman he would listen to in his sober senses must be something extraordinary." Maitland was undecided, he whipped the shrubbery with his riding whip as if to wake up his ideas, and finally mounted his horse to ride towards home; when who should come upon the scene but Doctor Bland returning from his visit to the poor woman he had kept so long waiting. The Doctor was in the best of spirits, and it had its effect upon these young men; he rallied Walton upon his lovesick appearance and urged him to come with him, and spend an hour or two at whist, and get cheered up before he called upon his sweetheart.

"I had no intention of calling to-night, I am not in the least prepared, I was out of sorts, and wandered away, little caring where, but my horse came hither with me upon his back, I had not the strength to turn his head in any other direction," said Maitland speaking more to himself than to his friends.

"And why should you turn him away or yourself either, do you know that your father has been here to day, to see Miss Hilliard? and he'll not hinder you from paying court to the young lady, if you have the manliness to stand your ground. There's nothing like being a hero in the fight, 'faint heart never won fair lady,' and if you would be successful why you must be brave, women admire the heroic, not your milk and water sops, but those who are fond of adventure whether in love or in war; so take courage young man, the game is yours if you play high; such women don't like common place men, who are easily discouraged or let trifles stand in their way, "the course, of true love never runs smooth" is an old saying. Maitland listened more like one in a dream and finally said, "my mother will be alarmed if I am long away, to tell you the truth Doctor I am in no mood for company, I should spoil your game if I came with you, tomorrow I may be in better spirits, and without further explanation, he bade them good night and hurried towards Walton Hall. It was late when he arrived and he went straight to his own apartment, but his mother who had been watching from her window came directly to inquire how he was feeling and whether he had seen Anna. Mother and son had a long conversation that night, in fact Lady Walton felt it an imperative duty now to acquaint her boy with some of the circumstances that had



caused his father to speak so strongly and so strangely of the Baronet and his affairs. She told Maitland the truth but not all, and he was satisfied. "Your father will not interfere further in this matter at present, and if you wait a reasonable time, I have no doubt he will consent, he does not believe you are really in love, if he becomes convinced that your affection for each other is genuine, he will feel differently, and there is everything to be hoped for in time."

What Lady Walton said was not much in itself but the confidence she reposed in him was gratifying to Maitland and he felt soothed and comforted by the interview; his mother's influence was charming and she always impressed people favorably when she exerted herself. Miss Conway had not felt her superiority or fascination for the reason that she was of a much stronger character, but with Lady Anna it was different, she was susceptible to influences and impressions from others, and stood sadly in need of strength in those about her; what she might have been lead to do, had not her cousin come at an opportune time it is hardly possible to conceive; fortunate indeed for all parties that, she arrived at a period in the young girls life, when a wise counselor was needed to guide and restrain, her impulsive nature.

That night Jane Conway had many reflections, she had promised to be the wife of the man who had almost pursued her until she had yielded to his entreaties one might say, and yet her own heart had been touched otherwise she would never have given herself into his keeping. What would he expect now was a thought she could not but repeat as it were, for it seemed that she could not much longer be mistress in her uncle's house, and a new and entire change in her mode of life would be necessary, what would this mean for her cousin, how would it affect the domestic life at the castle, Clair as well as Anna. Evidently a change must be brought about sooner or later, and what would be the easiest and safest method. Morning came before she had scarcely slept, and she felt totally unprepared to face the situation; she almost wished she had persisted in her determination made previously to remain single and watch over these children (for such they were to her) they needed her more than Dr. Bland who had stood alone so many years; and yet a pang of regret would come when she imagined even for a moment that she might give him up.

The days that followed were very much alike for a few weeks after these stirring events, the Doctor talked freely of the marriage which he hoped to have consummated at the earliest possible date consistent with the circumstances of her uncle's death, her term of mourning etc. and Maitland and Anna were together almost constantly. Lord Walton, s business had taken him from home and Lady Walton herself had called frequently with her carriage and taken Lady Anna to drive with her in order to become better acquainted and really to see what sort of person she was likely to be; she often talked to her of the late Baronet and tried to draw her out upon family matters finding her almost totally ignorant of these things, she turned her attention to Miss Conway. She learned from Clair that his cousin was engaged and she interrogated him in regard to the changes this marriage would be likely to bring about.

"Who will have charge at the castle when your cousin marries, she cannot superintend two establishments and your sis-

ter is not competent to manage such matters in fact she has had no experience and is entirely too young."

Clair had never thought of this, Miss Conway's marriage seemed in the distance to him, and he only vaguely comprehended it now it was explained to him by Lady Walton; but it set him to thinking, and he soon made his feelings known to his sister. He had gone on with a full sense of enjoyment, everything was so pleasant to him and he was just getting accustomed to the place and the people, and now his tranquillity was about to be disturbed. "Of course cousin Jane can advise us what to do," he remarked to his sister one day after going over it in his own mind, "by the bye isn't there any relation of the family that could come here as a sort of housekeeper, or *chaperone*, or be installed in a place of honor, to keep up the dignity of the place in a way that would be perfectly proper?" Anna was as ignorant on the subject as Clair himself and they could only leave it all to cousin Jane, and to future developments.

Time passed rapidly to these young lovers, for the Doctor and Miss Conway were in earnest in making preparations, and Maitland spent most of his time in the society of Anna and Clair, for cousin Jane was so occupied with her wardrobe that she left Anna more to his watch care, and she found him perfectly reliable. Clair enjoyed every moment of his time spent out of doors, he felt as if dwelling in an enchanted land and could scarcely realize the fact that he was in possession of a fine old estate, which entitled him to many honors and privileges, he never had dreamed of, so limited had been his previous life.

Country gentlemen interested in politics wanted him to run for the county as their representative, and knowing his ability as a man and the natural tact he possessed gave him every encouragement that his election would be sure if he would allow his name to be used. He was very unambitious and dreaded the publicity thinking his mother's marriage would be dragged up to public scrutiny and he could not endure that one shadow of suspicion should fall upon her memory, and he firmly refused to be nominated. Cousin Jane heartily approved his course, though it would have been a credit to have the borough represented by so talented a young man as Clair Hilliard. He felt a degree of pride in the thought but the risk was too great.

The afternoon sports and pastimes were in full operation in the country side and many invitations to shooting parties came in to young Hilliard for he was fast becoming popular, and as Maitland offered to go here and there with him and give him the benefit of his slight knowledge of the chase, he finally decided to go to Greyson Manor about twenty miles away but in another county, and one early morning the two young men rode away together watched by the eyes of love. It was expected they would be absent several days and the house seemed lonely, for Clair was full of life and his merry whistle and tuneful voice in song were a perfect delight to all the household and tenantry.

The Greysons were charmed with the society of these two fine young men, and every attention was given to their entertainment. The house was pretty well filled with gentlemen most of them sportsmen accustomed to the chase, and as they were thrown together much during the time, naturally the young men, and especially

Clair whose foreign accent and manners made him more attractive, were noticed and aroused some curiosity.

Say Greyson who is this dashing young sportsman, with the French accent? He is not much on the game, unless it be of another sort than we are likely to find hereabouts? What did you say about his pedigree? Born on the continent his father an Englishman you said, but his mother who was she? These questions were asked by one of Greyson's friends Sir Thomas Lonsdall. "Some singer poor but beautiful, the most wonderful eyes I've been told no one here knows exactly, who she was but when Sir Edward Hilliard died, it had to come out, he left it all square, could not stand the publicity himself, but meant to make amends, she was dead long before; in fact did not live long after the boy was born I think." "O, is that it, well I'm glad to hear this story, it makes things clearer! How many women's hearts did the old fellow break? There was Helen Leigh, now Lady Walton, then this Italian woman, and his third conquest whom he honestly married I suppose: and his son if appearances are not deceptive may break even more hearts than his father."

"The boy is innocent enough not so courageous as the old Baronet, there was never a better shot than Sir Edward, and the women all admired him, nothing tame about him nor forgiving either, the sturdy old lion-hearted Briton, from away back."

#### PREHISTORIC MAN IN AMERICA.

It is a fact beyond all dispute that an ancient people, probably civilized to a high degree, lived in America long before it was discovered by Columbus, and who do not appear to be the American Indians. This fact one or two modern writers seek to disprove, and in this article I will give both the old and the new theory concerning prehistoric man in America.

We have much of an early history which antedates the Columbian discovery, for in late years many men have been engaged in the collection of its data. It is one of the grand discoveries of the scientific era of culture that man has inhabited the globe from high antiquity that the primal man was of rude culture, and that his progress from the lowest to the highest is marked in a broad way, by stages well defined. Human evolution is as much a part of science as botany, chemistry, electricity or astronomy.

Were these prehistoric people known to the ancients? Was America also known to them? These questions may in time be satisfactorily answered, but at present they are matters of speculation.

To the early voyagers and explorers our land must have seemed lonely, but sooner or later traces of human occupants were found in this wilderness. One writer says: "Every one who explores the mounds of the Ohio valley, or gazes on the ruins of Yucatan, or looks into the wondrous narrative of the Spanish conquerors must involuntarily think: Who were these men and women, what was their origin, what their mode of life? Until within a few years there has seemed no answer. Facts have come in faster and faster, and every new fact has made the puzzle seem more hopeless, so long as no one could offer the solution. These various prehistoric races, so widely sundered, threw no light upon each other; they only deepened each other's darkness. Indians, Aztecs, Mayas, Mound Builders seemed to



have no common origin, no visible analogy of life or habits. The most skillful student was hardly in advance of the least skillful as to any real comprehension of the facts; nor could this possibly be otherwise, so long as the clew to the labyrinth was not found. It is only thirty years since it may be said to have been discovered; only some eight or ten years since it has been used."

The antiquities of Mexico and Central America reveal religious symbols, devices, and ideas nearly identical with those found in the old world. Humboldt traveled extensively in America and observed the remains of this prehistoric race. He was convinced that some communication existed between it and Europe. He thought this was proved, not only by their religious symbols, but by the architecture, the hieroglyphics, and the social customs made known by the ruins. These he was sure came from the other side of the ocean.

The aborigines of America believed in a good and an evil power, and the immortality of the soul. According to their traditions the Almighty Being, who was the good spirit, created a man and a woman from a stone, but upon some dislike destroyed them. He then made another couple from a tree, who were the ancestors of all the nations of the earth; Another tradition says in the third generation there came a deluge in which not a soul was saved. In order to repeople the earth it was necessary to change animals into men. These or similar traditions were found among nearly all the Indian tribes in both North and South America, but what originated them is not known.

For many years it was thought that the prehistoric race or races of America came from Asia across Behring strait, but this theory is attended by many difficulties. There are no affinities between the American race and the Chinese, Japanese, or other Asiatic people in language, customs, arts or manner of living. The language of the red men is very different from all Asiatic tongues. It is a product purely and wholly American, without any old world affinities or analogies whatsoever; It is described as polysynthetic, often expressing a whole sentence in a word of seventeen syllables. There are seven hundred and sixty Indian languages, and this characteristic applies to them all. Then their physical, and for the most part their mental traits are all their own. All signs, then, would seem to favor the theory that the native Americans are as indigenous to the country as are its peculiar fauna and flora; or, at all events, if they did originally issue from Asia it must have been in a most remote prehistoric time.

A second theory for the origin of the prehistoric race is found in the traditions of Peru, which tell of a people who came to that country by sea, and landed on the Pacific coast. In ancient times the Malays were a great maritime empire and these people might easily have reached South America, for dialects of the Malay language are scattered across the Pacific ocean as far as Easter island.

Whoever these people were they built cities and originated the oldest and finest monuments of ancient civilization. The ruins they left show marvelous workmanship in architecture, paintings, and mosaics, each displaying artistic designs in the highest style. Some of the carving in Peru, Mexico, and Central America is excellent. Not only are ordinary objects represented, but the human figure is sculptured in an ex-

pressive and vigorous style, though not always with much beauty. The incense burners found in Mexico have good heads and faces carved upon them.

Recently a gentleman who has spent several years in Honduras, Central America, told me he had seen a hand and foot lately taken from some prehistoric ruins that were perfect representations. He is a surgeon and has made the human figure a special study, and his opinion on such subjects is valuable. He also said that on top of a certain mountain, quite difficult to reach, is a large subterranean chamber which contains many specimens of this ancient carving. Among other things is a beautiful hammock carved in white marble, which shows accurately all the fine meshes and folds. Sitting in the hammock is a figure representing the Child Christ. This is cut in black marble, making a strong contrast to the white marble of the hammock. A lady asked him what was the reason of this, and he replied: "The people were black, so they likened Christ after themselves, not knowing there were other people of another color." The natives permit many statues and other beautiful objects to be taken away, but the hammock is considered sacred and they will not allow it to be disturbed.

Diodorus, a Greek living at the time of Julius and Augustus Cæsar, wrote an important passage concerning America in his history of the world from the creation down to the Roman empire under Julius Cæsar. He traveled extensively, both in Europe and Asia, gathering material for his writings. His account is not mythical, and seems to be given as a historical fact rather than as a tradition. He says: "Over against Africa lies a very great island in the vast ocean, many days' sail from Libya, westward. The soil is very fruitful. It is diversified with mountains and pleasant vales, and the towns are adorned with stately buildings." After describing the gardens, orchards, and fountains he tells how this pleasant country was discovered. The Phœnicians built ships and sailed along the Atlantic coast of Africa. A Phœnician ship voyaging down the coast was "on a sudden," to use his language, driven by a furious storm far into the main ocean, and after they had lain under this tempest many days they at length arrived at this island. The land reached by these Phœnicians is likely to have been some part of Central America or Yucatan, where at that time stood the great cities now in ruins. There is a similar statement in a work attributed to Aristotle in which the discovery is ascribed to the Carthaginians.

Theopompus also speaks of the existence of a continent beyond the Atlantic which was larger than Asia, Europe, and Libya together. A race of men called Meropes dwelt there and had extensive cities.

Again, it is a historical fact that the Norsemen sailing from Iceland not only discovered America, in the tenth century, but also established colonies on the coast of New England, and that they preserved communication with these colonies for two centuries. However, the Irish preceded the Norsemen both in Iceland and America. There are many legends and traditions concerning the passage of the Irish into America, and their habitual communication with it many centuries before the time of Columbus. Ireland, itself, was colonized by the Phœnicians, or by people of that race. An Irish saint, named Vigile, who lived in the eighth century, was accused of certain things and went

to Rome to justify himself before Pope Zachary. Among other things he proved to the pope that the Irish had been accustomed to communicate with a transatlantic world. This fact is preserved in the records of the vatican.

[To be continued.]

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# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

*The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of all Nations.*

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## OUR MOTHER'S GRAVE.

In a strange land unknown, unmarked,  
No flowers placed by friendly hand,  
No marble shaft points to the spot,  
Nothing attention to command,  
Towards one who sleeps in grave so low,  
In undisturbed and silent rest,  
While summer's bloom and winter's snow,  
Reclothe the earth above her breast.  
The soft and silvery moonbeams sleep,  
Upon her distant hallow'd grave,  
And silent dews of evening steep,  
The drooping boughs that o'er it wave.  
Time with its seasons round have sped,  
With sun and shade for many years,  
Since last the earth above her head,  
Was moistened by her orphan's tears.  
The tears, the pain, the earthly night,  
Of separation, have been keen,  
The grave long holding from our sight,  
A path beyond our human ken.  
But now above her mold'ring clay,  
Hope points to us with holy light,  
Revealing joys of endless day,  
Home of the ransomed Spirits flight.

L. M. HEWLINGS.

ATCHISON, KAN.

## THE WORLD OF THE HEART.

"What is the world to thy heart, O, boy  
With the glowing, earnest eyes?"  
"Tis a broad fair field my strength to prove  
Where fame shall be my prize,  
Where I shall battle unstained with wrong;  
Shall strengthen the cause that's pure,  
'Till my deeds shall live in the poet's song  
While men and books endure."

And then I asked of the aged man:  
"O what is this world to thee?"

He said: "My world is not very large,  
The past has faded from me;  
But my heart leans out to where, far away  
My sons and my daughters be,  
With their flocks and herds on the mountain  
sides,

Their homes in the vale below,  
My heart would rest in their happy midst—  
It is there that I long to go.  
I walk alone in the city's streets,  
O, what is the world to me!  
When silence reigns in the empty home—  
My own, are the world to me."

And then I asked of a mother pale:  
"How wide is the world to thee?"

She said: "One child lies buried where  
The oaks of Old England grow,  
And an ancient castle threw its spell  
Where oft we have walked below;  
And one lies rocked by ocean waves,  
Far down in its waters deep,  
And one sleeps where, by desert road  
No stone doth a record keep;  
And I am here, and those three graves  
That lie in the land and sea,  
Have measured by their dear links, the length  
Of my heart's sad world, to me."

And then I asked of a lady bright  
With youth and with heart full free;  
"O, tell me what thy world is like  
And what it doth hold for thee?"  
"O, my world is very wide and fair,  
For my Captain lover goes  
With his three good ships, where'er he choose  
And all the world he knows;  
And I am with him in heart and song  
Wherever he guides his sails,  
'Mid the balmy isles of the Orient  
Or the far North's chilling gales.  
And the world of my heart is where he is,  
It is bright where the spices blow;  
And oh! 'tis brave where he guides his ships  
Through the seas of ice and snow."

And then I asked one happier still:  
"How large is thy world to thee?"  
"Not very large, but it holds enough  
That others might smile for me;  
It holds not wealth or honors high  
But no happier hearts can beat,  
We are king and queen in our own cot  
With our babe so fair and sweet;  
'Tis a fair, bright world all peace and joy,  
With its blessings for us three,  
And the future holds no thought of fear  
In my heart's world for me."

And last I asked of the sorrowing:  
"Like what is the world to thee?"  
For thine arms are empty, thine eyes are sad,  
Come share thy sorrow with me."  
She said: "As the heart, so is the world,  
In youth, or when it is old.  
God, who gave the whole earth, gave to each  
A world of its own to mold.  
Where the toiler heeded the still, small voice,  
For him the path was clear;  
Where the pilgrim heeded his own heart's calls  
It hath led where the way was drear.  
And ever ascending to the skies  
The cry of the creature pleads;  
"Look Thou and help us, behold our work  
Our weakness and all our needs!"  
And he sees the spirit amid the wreck  
Of human idols brought unto dust,  
Ashes of roses' where the heart  
Had in the mortal placed its trust.  
For my empty arms, my heart is full,  
Mine eyes through sadness see  
One, only, who can my sorrows bear  
And walks unseen with me.  
Some see but joy and know but half,  
Like flowers that bloom and die;  
But souls that are made for usefulness  
Must stand where the storms go by.  
To gain and yield, to endure, not mourn,  
No idol twixt God and thee—  
To hope and wait for bliss, where? Beyond!  
This, friend, is the world to me.

AUGUSTA JOYCE CROCHERON.

## A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY.

Spain and America have been exchanging civilities on the occasion of the anniversary of Columbus setting sail from Palos on his voyage of discovery four hundred years ago on the third of August;

A message was sent signed by Prieto, Alcalde of Palos to the President of the United States stating that the United States flag had been hoisted in front of the convent of La Rabida along with the banners of all American States. Batteries and ships are saluting amid the enthusiasm of the people. The message closes with, "God bless America."

The President of the United States cordially acknowledges the message of greeting through the Secretary of State.

The day was celebrated in Spain with appropriate festivities, historical procession, illustrating four great events, The Conquest of Granada, The Departure of Columbus, with the three vessels "Nina" "Pinto" and "Santo Maria," these were reproduced as they were 400 years ago and were drawn on cars. The others were "The Court of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella and The Reception of Columbus on his return from his first voyage."

Another celebration will take place in Madrid on September 12, when the great exposition will be opened.

All these affairs will be of an educational nature to the world at large and help to impress upon the minds of the people everywhere important dates and occurrences, the causes that led to the discovery of this country and point out a lesson of the Providences of Our Father in raising up men in all ages of the world to accomplish certain things, which are preparatory to ushering in other momentous changes for the uplifting of humanity.

The women of America cannot be too mindful of what they owe to that noble Queen, who so generously aided in the enterprise which has given to us, who live today and to our fore-fathers and fore-mothers, "this choice land above all other lands."

It would seem as though the women of America ought to do something magnificently permanent to perpetuate the memory of this singularly estimable and heroic Queen. Her life is full of interest and teaches through all the most admirable lessons of high moral courage, indomitable purpose in the right direction on the side of principle, and if she committed some errors, they were but the fault of the times in which she lived, and should not be remembered today; but there is much in her history that is superior and excellent.

Pierre Martyr wrote on the day of her death "The world has lost its noblest ornament; a loss to be deplored not only by Spain, which she has so long urged onward in the career of glory but by every nation in Christendom; for she was the mirror of every virtue, the shield of the innocent, and an avenging sword to the wicked. I know none of her sex in ancient or modern times who is at all worthy to be named with this incomparable woman."



But for Isabella's personality in the adventurous enterprise of Columbus he could never have set sail from Spain; her eloquence was soul-stirring. The words are pregnant with the spirit of a queenly soul. "I will assume the undertaking, for my own crown of Castile, and am ready to pawn my jewels to defray the expense of it, if the funds in the treasury shall be found inadequate." A woman's courage inspired Columbus to do and dare, all honor to Isabella for her inspiration and zeal in the enterprise, and wherever the name of Columbus is inscribed, there too shall appear that of the royal, queenly woman, Isabella of Castile.

#### IN RURAL ENGLAND.

#### XIX.

The winter in London was superbly gay beyond anything Clair or Lady Anna could have imagined; Lady Walton entered into the enjoyment with a zest scarcely consistent after the protests she had made against fashionable society, and her desire to do something more useful, but she really wished to initiate these young people into the way and manner of the fashionable world or as she herself expressed "the great world," and all the ardor and vivacity of her youth seemed to have returned as she went from one place of amusement to another, attended balls and parties and made calls upon the great people.

Clair was the favorite wherever the two young men went, his foreign air and accent, his musical talent, and the mystery that hung round him, which was a sort of charm to the adoring mamma's and their marriageable daughters, made him the centre of attraction, or perhaps it was only the difference from other young men of distinction, the originality he possessed that was the real cause. Lady Anna sometimes felt she was more admired as Clair's sister, than for her individual self. Yet Anna was almost as much unlike other young ladies as her brother was the generality of young men.

Miss Conway often thought what a beautiful character her aunt Hilliard must have been, to have such a lovely daughter considering all the environments of her cousin's girlhood, and knowing what a cold, proud, haughty, arrogant man her uncle Edward had been. He had his good points she knew upon reflection and sometimes she fancied he might have been different if Anna's mother had lived to modify him. Her principal fears for her cousin were in Lady Walton's influence and yet she knew that for Maitland's sake she would not wish her to follow her lead exactly. Miss Conway scarcely ever attended Lady Anna to any of the public balls, or receptions as she always seemed *de trop*—for Lady Walton was very fond of playing the *chaperone* to a lovely girl like Anna, and especially to introduce her as the betrothed of her son.

The winter passed quickly even to Miss Conway for there were many things she thoroughly enjoyed and she felt that her stock of information was very greatly enlarged. "One can be always learning in London, there is so much to see and to engage one's attention, and Jane Conway was one to make the best use of all that she saw or heard, and she inwardly congratulated herself that she would be much more companionable as a wife, for having had this opportunity. Although Miss Conway had taken this London season quietly she had really made more out of it than the

others. Lady Anna had posed as a beauty unconsciously to be sure, but it was a fact nevertheless that it was her greatest attraction a sort of symmetrical beauty of face, and figure. Clair was a favorite because he could amuse and entertain company, he possessed to a great degree the faculty of making others enjoy themselves without an apparent effort, but Jane with her consciousness of right and exalted ideas of personality, and of cause and effect, looked on and learned from observation much that passed unnoticed by her companions. Life was real and earnest to her, and not the dream of a summer day or the pastime of an idle hour. She had sought to impress Anna with her views until she came to London, and even there gave her occasional glimpses of how things appeared to her, but Anna seemed not to comprehend life's great mysteries no more than a child. Alas! for such women, they often get the severest positive lessons that enter like iron into the very soul, and wound so deep that it is impossible for the wound to heal however soothing the remedies applied.

Lady Anna's beauty attracted almost universal attention, and was often the subject of conversation at *fetes* and receptions. At a brilliant party given by one of the *elite* of London, one evening when the season was at its height, an elderly lady seated near Miss Conway (who had gone by the urgent persuasion of both Anna and Clair) remarked to a gentleman on the opposite side from Miss Conway, "Do you know Lady Anna Hilliard, I mean the one in the soft green costume dancing with Lord Simsbury just there? The gentleman addressed replied indifferently that he had not that pleasure and asked why she was so interested in watching her. "She reminds me of an intimate friend of my girlhood, she cannot be a relative I think for I have made some inquiries about her, and yet she has the very same eyes and her face is altogether so like."

"And what became of your friend, how did you lose sight of her?"

"She married suddenly I heard; some one she had only known a short time, fell desperately in love, and died soon after. I was abroad at the time and never heard the particulars, but by the bye I remember her aunt with whom she lived had a son, who was quite distinguished in literary circles, he loved his cousin and was opposed to her marriage, you would know him I am sure, it would be in your time, let me see his name was Harrison, Robert I think, I wonder what became of him?"

"Do you mean the Harrison who was a member of Parliament for several years?" Well I don't remember about that, but he was very opinionated I think, he had an opinion that the man this cousin was going to marry was a downright villain, and would break her heart." "The gentleman I allude to is in London now and by Jove this romantic story of your friend has interested me so much I'll call on him tomorrow, and see if there can be any connection between this young lady and the one you fancy she resembles so strikingly." "Depend upon it there is, I can see it in every movement. See she comes this way," and as the lady spoke Anna came towards her cousin who was so rapt in the conversation that she was like one amazed. She would not then repeat what she had overheard but moved away and said aside to Anna, "Do you know the lady who sat next me or the gentlemen with her?"

It is Mrs. Devenish and the gentlemen is Mr. Everhard I have not been introduced but I have been told the lady is a most amiable and attractive woman, and "blushing deeply" that she greatly admires me because of my resemblance to one of her friends."

"O, then you know what I have just heard accidentally from her own lips."

"To you, did she speak to you?" "No child to the gentleman, who sat by her, his name I think you said is Everhard, he is going to trace the matter up through one of his friends."

"Then I shall know who I really do look like, for no one has ever been able to tell me."

"Your father once said to me you were very like your mother in temperament but did not refer to features, I imagine this lady must have your mother in mind, it came to me as if by intuition, if I should prove to be right in my idea, it will be a sort of demonstration to me of the fact that I am somewhat inspirational in my nature—and I scarcely know whether that is a blessing or the opposite, you know there are people who know things before they happen; it is either sensitiveness or susceptibility or something of the prophetic perhaps, and in our day there are no prophets or prophetesses, we only read of them."

"My dear cousin," replied Anna, "this is all Greek to me, I do not comprehend your meaning, though I draw this inference from it, that if it should have been my mother whom I so much resemble that Mrs. Devenish cannot keep her eyes off me, you would begin to believe, you had the spirit of the prophets—or was descended from one of them."

"Joking aside Anna, you ought to be very glad if Mrs. Devenish can tell you about your own mother for I think you once said to me; you never heard of any relatives on that side at all."

"I suppose then we may expect a call from Mr. Everhard if he finds out anything worth hearing."

"Possibly though I do not know that it would follow." Here the ladies were interrupted by Maitland who came to ask for a dance, and Anna inquired whether he knew Mrs. Devenish and would he introduce her cousin and herself.

"O, mamma knows her very well and will be pleased to do the honor, but I must not lose the chance of dancing in this set, and the floor is fast filling," so taking his arm, the two were soon gone, and Miss Conway wandered into the library, as she felt no inclination to dance; she was looking backward to her childhood, and trying to recall what her mother had told her of her uncle and his affairs. She only remembered her saying he was very rich and could not forgive her for marrying a poor man, and she had a faint recollection of his neglect of home and duty. These reflections together with the feeling she had of the mysteriousness of presentiments, and what some might term superstitions, absorbed her so completely that she failed to notice what other occupants were in the room until attracted by the conversation, hearing a familiar name spoken. She turned to look and saw Mrs. Devenish talking to a lady elegantly attired, and she distinctly heard her say, "you will remember the Italian singer whom we heard years ago and whose eyes as well as her voice made so many men fall dead in love with her, and all the ladies jealous, O, I recollect so well my own



father raving about her wonderful black eyes, she was the mother of young Hilliard, there was a marriage it seems though no one in England knew of it, she lived abroad, but died very shortly; and the gossips say, he was very glad, for he would not acknowledge her in any way, though he had really been over head and ears in love before the ceremony took place."

"Really Mrs. Devenish I do not even remember the great singer, I suppose it was very long ago, and one can't always recall the great people one has seen, even if they were celebrated singers; but why are you so interested in the young man and what do you care about his mother."

"It is not so much the young man himself though he is very fine every way, charming in fact, but the family, there's a mystery about them even to the relative who appears in society as the *chaperone*. She is not just like other people, so sedate and old-fashioned, she watches over these young people like a mother, indeed if all mothers were as cautious, there would be fewer matrimonial mistakes I fancy."

"I don't think it matters much who or what these people are, they have their own part to play in life, and will probably not come in contact with us in any way, it can make no difference to us, one would think you were looking out for a husband or wife for a son or daughter, and going into the merits of ancestry the way you talk of these Hilliards."

"O, no! not that and indeed it seems they are all spoken for unless it be the young man, and I'm not sure of him, in point of fact there's a question whether he can succeed to the title."

Jane wished she were out of the room, she felt as if she were listening to a private conversation, and yet it was unavoidable; soon after the ladies left the library together and she was glad to make her escape; she had never heard before that there was doubt about Clair's heirship, and as for his mother she had pretty well guessed, that it was a case of fascination and infatuation and not of a lasting character. She decided not to repeat even to Anna what she had unwillingly over heard, as it would very likely only excite her curiosity without being of any benefit; she seemed destined to obtain all the family secrets.

A day or two after the ball referred to, and when Jane and her cousin were quietly talking in their morning room, the servant announced visitors: "Mr. Everhard and a friend of his from abroad." The girls looked at each other in silence, but only for a second or two, then with her usual firmness Miss Conway gave her directions to the man in waiting. Ere long the young ladies descended to the drawing-room and the formalities of an introduction were waived by the gentlemen saying, they came on business, and proceeded forthwith to inquire whether Lady Anna Hilliard would like to hear something concerning the family of her mother. "I see said the gentleman who accompanied Mr. Everhard that you are the living image of my cousin, Clarice Courtenay, and as she was the most lovable of women pardon me if I seem to speak familiarly to you; as it is now about twenty years since I met her last, and having been much in foreign parts I had no idea until my friend here informed me of your living in London, that my cousin had left any offspring. I was so thoroughly astonished by the intelligence, that I repaired at once to Sir Edward Hilliard's

lawyers, and ascertained the truth, and made bold to call; it is an unwarrantable intrusion, but pardon the eagerness on my part, and remember, rising to go, that hereafter you have a friend and protector in your mother's cousin, Rob. Harrison."

#### HIDDEN PEARLS.

There are gems in the deep heaving water,  
Whose exquisite beauty's unknown,  
Where the turbulent waves never falter,  
In the melodies found in their tone.

In the broad tow'ring peaks of the mountain,  
Down valleys 'neath canopies blue,  
Where the musical spray of the fountain,  
Is kissed by each shower of dew.

E'en the rude chiseled ledges, where creepeth  
The daintiest fern leaf and vine,  
Are teeming with treasures that sleepeth,  
Awaiting but patience and time.

There are still sparkling gems without measure,  
In hidden recesses of earth;  
To the heart they are fast fleeing pleasures,  
That vanish e'er known is their worth.

Yet, treasures there are, far dearer than these,  
That wealth of the world cannot buy,  
Whose lustre outshines, with greatest of ease,  
All the riches for which we may sigh.

Truth, Modesty, Virtue, bright jew'ls so rare,  
You're to me far more precious than gold;  
Through the windows of souls, saintly and fair,  
Beams your purity, ever extolled.

Truth thou art a jewel, proven and tried,  
And thy light sparkles brighter each day;  
Many are seeking thee, both far and wide,  
And old Time will but smooth out thy way.

Sweet Modesty, thou gem of true goodness,  
Greatly valued, because rarely found;  
Widely scatter the seeds of thy meekness,  
And lowliness, far o'er the land around.

Oh Virtue, of all things that are lovely,  
True gift that from heaven is given;  
'Tis a diadem sacred and holy,  
On the brow where its purity's riv'n.

Truth, Modesty, Virtue, I adore you!  
Purest pearls of "first water" to me;  
Spread your light ever round us as dew,  
Brightest type of the virtue we see.

HYACINTH.

ALPINE, July 22, 1892.

#### DREAMS OF CHILDHOOD.

DEDICATED TO MY SISTER.

My home was not in grandeur built,  
Nor, was it a charming New England farm.  
It was a home in happiness complete,  
A home possessing every charm.  
The dearest memories of childhood,  
That linger about my heart,  
Bring to mind, many dear friends,  
From whom I have had to part.

Though the scenes of my life change,  
And I wander over hill and stream,  
Yet, will I find a quiet, happy hour,  
Of home and mother to dream.  
Peacefully, am I sitting to night,  
Around my own quiet hearth,  
Living over again, my childish life,  
With all its joy and mirth.

I am dreaming, fondly dreaming  
Of the home, the dear, old home  
Of my childhood, where through  
Orchard and meadow, I used to roam.  
Once more in twilight, then moonlight,  
With brother and sister so dear,  
We go out in the deep shadowy lawn,  
To play games, to us rich and rare.

I wander through orchard and meadow,  
Sometimes bending to gather a flower  
Not more beautiful than fragrant,  
Or sit beneath the dear, old bower.  
Once again, I travel the well-worn path,  
That led to the old Gum Tree Spring  
Where I sat so oft', in days of yore,  
To laugh, talk or to sing.

How I loved the dear, old house dog,  
That protected me from all strangers,  
Accompanied me in rambles,  
And so kindly shared all my dangers.  
Hush! breathe not one loud word, to  
Break the repose of my pet cat.  
Perchance, he too, is dreaming sweet dreams,  
As he sleeps on the hearth mat.

Spirit of dreams leave me not here,  
But gently open my mother's door.  
Let me see the fire picture the  
Paneled walls, as in days of yore.  
As I dream, I see visions, as it were,  
Visions of love, bright and fair.  
I see those I loved best on earth,  
To night, where are they? Oh where.

Ah! I see my father and mother at  
The close of day, sitting side by side.  
She with face so gentle, so beautiful,  
He loving, as if she was but his bride,  
Father listening to childish prattle,  
Mother with wee young babe at breast.  
Each speaking of the dear little ones  
The two loving hearts have laid to rest.

Just the same is my father's Library,  
Nor changed is my mother's chair.  
Tread gently, through that dear, old room  
For the sweetest of my memories are there.  
Lift not the mystic veil of the future,  
But let my dreams forever last  
For me there is joy and gladness,  
In thus, dreaming of the past.

MRS. L. S. DICKINSON.

SALT LAKE, July 27, 1892.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Laws ought to be fashioned unto the manners and conditions of the people whom they are meant to benefit, and not imposed upon them according to the simple rule of right.—*Herbert Spencer*.

Whoever regards the early history of Christianity will perceive how necessary to its triumph was that fierce spirit of zeal which, fearing no danger, accepting no compromise, inspired its champions and sustained its martyrs.—*Bulwer*.

Strictly, no two persons can see the same thing in the same way, for it can never happen that two persons have precisely the same groups of ideas relating to any subject. These depend on our past experience, on our education, on the belief of our times, on our various sects or parties, on our pet theories, our interests, and our desires. Did we but bear this in mind how many quarrels and disputes might be saved. How modest we should be in condemning, how gentle in reproving, how careful in counseling.



# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

EMMELINE B. WELLS, - - - Editor.

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## THE HISTORY OF UTAH.

A HISTORY of this Territory has been contemplated for years, and at last the time arrived when it was really undertaken in earnest and with a fair prospect of the ultimate success of the enterprise. The prevailing feeling everywhere seemed to be that the right time had come and that the right man had been selected to do the work. Historians who anticipate doing their work satisfactorily, must necessarily devote both time and labor, and a great deal of each to the arduous task.

This one and that one comes forward with facts and assertions, and anecdotes, and seemingly expect them all to be embodied in the work, polished and elaborated by the author's genius, when perchance the whole lot, or most of it, is only so much waste matter. The man who is writing the history is supposed to be competent to judge what his book shall contain, to know what to use and how to dispose of his subjects. He may hear what some people have to say, but cannot promise beforehand whether it will come in or be discarded. History must be truth that will recommend itself as genuine.

Therefore the historian of any country or period of time sets himself a Herculean task when he consents to write the history of a country, and especially when he attempts to cover forty years and more, yes, nearly half a century as Bishop Whitney has done, and besides to go back to the causes that led to the settlement of this uninhabited desert in the heart of the Rocky Mountain region, a thousand miles either East or West from civilization.

Men may have education, thoughts, aspirations for great literary work, yet when one settles down to the actual writing of such a history as this one it takes a vast amount of energy, vigor and exercise of both brain and will power to fulfill the required purpose. Few people can appreciate such an exclusive labor as it must necessarily be; the whole soul of the author must be concentrated upon the chain of events and circumstances to be connected and put in form in the right place, at the right time, and no mistake must be made; one's brain is kept in a constant strain lest any inaccuracy should creep in, and so absorbing is such mental labor that it wears upon the vitality, the nerves and the physical health more than the hardest manual labor the man is capable of, could possibly do. And yet those who know very little of this kind of work attempt to criticise, and sit in judgment on those who write the records of the times, the histories that are to be handed down to posterity.

One volume of the History of Utah has been finished, and is now before the public and the press of the country, to be reviewed and judged of on its merits. Some very favorable, and even flattering notices have been received, and these

are very encouraging to the author, who has expended so much time, energy and thought in preparing the work for the publishers. It is good and it is pleasant to have one's work appreciated, it is like a soothing balm to the weary mind, but one cannot consider the favor, or flattery of the public in writing history, but the real matter to be made use of; and whether it be agreeable, or disagreeable it can't be left out; and the historian generally speaking finds many things not to his mind, but he cannot pick and choose in this, as in fiction, he must use as best he can the occurrences that have actually taken place. The people may have chosen to ignore, or forget certain unpleasant things but the historian is obliged to recognize everything that pertains to the interest of the country of which he writes. In judging of history there are many things to be considered, the author may have talent, even genius, and here and there perhaps may be an opportunity to display it, but if some portions of his work are dry and uninteresting the writer ought not to be blamed if he has stated facts.

Bishop Whitney has evidently aimed to make the history, he has commenced a true and complete record of events, as well as to give everything in an original style, harmonizing with the originality of the work he has undertaken, and the people who must necessarily form the nucleus of the work in hand, as much as the Puritans of New England do the history of the North Eastern states. Aside from this peculiarity of the subject Bishop Whitney's style is original in itself; as is noticeable in his poetry, and in the books he has previously written. It is smooth in the main, but not so much so as to be tedious, but more like the country in which he has been born and reared, with lofty flights and heights, and deep ravines full of profound mystery, and silence that is grander than silvery speech; passages that make one pause and reflect in depth of meaning, and sometimes he leads you through labyrinths of rough and tangled ways, and brings you out where the clear water reflects the real landscape of which you have taken but little note as you wandered on, till you were brought face to face with it in the living stream as it were.

Of the history itself what can we say; that it is a large book of over 700 pages, elegantly bound printed on a superior quality of paper in good sized type, correctly punctuated, diction excellent, everything in the way of typographical work of the best quality and workmanship, steel engravings of the pioneers and many of the prominent men of the country well executed, also engravings of the three pioneer women who came with the first company of pioneers to this desert mountain region, not knowing whither they were to find a resting place for their pilgrim feet, also an engraving of the first lady school teacher in Utah. With very much of the matter contained in this volume, we were already familiar and can testify to its accuracy in detail.

Those who came here in the early days will find many things brought to their remembrance through the incidents related, and they will thoroughly enjoy reviewing the past and having their memories refreshed, and if perchance there are dark and gloomy places described, they will see how the Lord has brought his people safely through it all, into the light again and that prosperity has dawned upon them after the days of adversity.

To the young people it will be a revelation almost as many of them know very little of the settlement of the country, the conditions and circumstances through which their parents and grandparents have passed, and what they endured.

To those who have heard much and really known little of this part of the West, and of the people who came and opened up these mountain vales for a habitation, and a dwelling place, and

have made the roads, built the bridges and done the hard work, preparatory to securing ease and comfort in the years that followed, they have now the opportunity of examining this subject, making themselves acquainted with facts through the reading of this book which gives a most exhaustive view and record of the whole matter at the beginning, and will in the succeeding volumes, give the various events that have since transpired, the increase of population, political changes, the advent of railroads and establishment of the several religious denominations, and Churches and other matters of interest, civil, judicial and general.

The second volume will give more concerning women than the first has contained, it will treat upon the enfranchisement of the women of Utah the political conditions that followed, the establishment of the woman's paper, the various organizations of women, charitable, literary and for mutual improvement, in fact women will be given a prominent place in the history. There will be engravings of representative women in the professions, in industries, in literary and charitable work. As to the literary merit of the history it abounds in glowing passages, and we find that wherever the author has had the scope, he has shown his poetical talent in writing prose. The reader cannot fail to be interested and notice how impartially the writer has told his story. None but a blindly prejudiced person could fail to see, he had given full credit to all the people of the Territory and made it a fair representation. Men who do a great work like this are very rarely appreciated while they are living, and therefore should the history be even severely criticised, it will only be what has happened to others.

For our own part, knowing something of the subject matter, we can but accord the most ardent commendation to the author, that he has been able to do so well in selecting his material and fashioning it so beautifully.

There are parts of the book that remind the writer of that celebrated descriptive author Washington Irving, and we fully anticipate the second volume in which the woman subject is to be dwelt upon will abound in beauty and excellence of language such as will give the highest tone to the exalted theme of woman; this second volume will no doubt be looked for even more anxiously than the first because of the interest the first volume has awakened.

This book brings the history to the civil war, the vacating of Camp Floyd and relates in connection other contemporary events; each chapter has stirring episodes that cannot fail to produce strong and lasting impressions, and the story is undoubtedly more thrilling and pathetic than the history of any other part of the western world. The country itself having been previously shrouded in mystery as it were, the fact of its being the haven of rest for weary pilgrims, and the subsequent events are all telling to the lover of wild and daring adventure.

## A GRAND WOMAN SUFFRAGE RALLY.

SOME of the ladies outside Salt Lake seem more enthusiastic on the subject of woman suffrage than are those who live at the Capital.

On the 29th of July at American Fork the ladies of the Association had a Grand Rally and a very good time. People were invited from other places and some from this City, Hon. C. W. Penrose, President Zina D. H. Young, Mrs. Lizzie Penrose, and the writer went down on the morning train and on arriving found carriages in waiting to drive to Utah Lake. The ladies wore the yellow ribbon and quite a number of gentlemen were adorned with sunflowers, (which grow all over this Western country in great profusion,) the ladies droye, and their whips were all tied with



yellow ribbon; the drive was delightful, and the view at Utah Lake is charming, the sound of the water there its dashing and murmuring reminds one much more of the sea than does Salt Lake. Returning from the Lake the party drove to the meeting house where the audience were already seated, and we saw more yellow badges and sun-flowers, as well as many other beautiful flowers with which the house was decorated.

The stand was draped with the stars and stripes and the flag of Wyoming with the one golden star hung in a conspicuous place; the life size portraits of Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony in elegant frames hung over us, also small ones of Sarah M. Kimball the President of the W. S. A. for Utah Territory and Hannah Lapish the local President.

The singing was excellent, they have a good woman leader who is also a zealous suffragist. The songs were well chosen from the Utah Woman's Song Book, prayer was offered by the chaplain Phebe Christensen. The President heartily welcomed the audience and a young woman read an essay on Woman, which contained much sound philosophy. A young man William Robinson made a stirring speech, the best speech from one so young that we have ever had the pleasure of listening to.

Mrs. Zina D. H. Young spoke upon the mothers of the land very feelingly, the difficulties they labored under while held in bondage, the taxes they pay, the requirements made of them and the solemn responsibilities resting upon them.

The writer made a few remarks upon taxation without representation, the condition of laws regarding women's property rights in New England in her girlhood, the modification of these laws in many states by the suffrage agitators.

Hon. C. W. Penrose occupied the remainder of the time. He reasoned from a logical standpoint, explained the difference between suffrage and citizenship, spoke of the advantages that had been accorded women in this Territory, and of his own work in the Legislature at the time of the passage of the bill to strike the word *male* from the statutes of Utah, so that women could have been eligible to office as well as to cast a vote. Referred to the failure of its receiving the signature of the Governor, which is a positive necessity in this Territory. He also alluded to the unjust way in which the women of Utah were deprived of the ballot by Congress, without any reason whatever, when the Constitution of the country declares, such things cannot be done "without due process of law." His speech throughout was educational, he urged the ladies to study the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, praised their energy and diligence and encouraged them to persevere until they obtained those rights that had been wrongfully wrested from the women of the Territory.

After a few words from the President, singing and benediction by the young lady chaplain the meeting adjourned to Grant's Music Emporium, where in the large hall handsomely decorated a banquet was spread for the suffrage association and invited guests. The dinner was thoroughly enjoyed and also the music which was a feature of the occasion. The remainder of the day until train time was spent in chatting socially and in singing and partaking of refreshments, and when the visitors from this City left, the ladies and gentlemen assembled there were in the midst of a musical treat. The Rally will doubtless be a good stimulus for the extension of the work in this direction.

It is always a sign of poverty of mind where men are ever aiming to appear great; for they who are really great never appear to know it.—*Cecil*.

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

THE article we have published in three parts, Prehistoric Man in America, contains more proof conclusive of the Book of Mormon history, we are in hopes that through reading it our sisters will be induced to write on this subject, and bring up points in evidence; it may be made a study and result in good, if only to those who already believe but want further light on the subject. The Story of the Book of Mormon by Elder George Reynolds would be helpful in any such writing, and we shall be glad to have some of this class of articles. Who were the former inhabitants of this land and from whence they came, is agitating the lovers of research, and any light upon the matter that can be given will be recognized by honest seekers after truth. That the relics and curiosities found in many parts indicate a high state of civilization is now very generally admitted. We are well aware there are those among the sisters who have the time to devote to this subject, and we shall be very glad to hear from them.

## OBITUARY.

AMANDA WILLIAMS.

MRS. AMANDA WILLIAMS, relict of Jesse Williams of Rome, who died in Whitesboro yesterday, was born March 10, 1802, in Rome, and was the daughter of Elijah Wells and Jerusha Brewster, his first wife. Her recorded American genealogy runs back over two hundred and fifty years and is associated with all the Wells' of this country, many of them of marked prominence in professional, political and military life. She was married to Jesse Williams, February 28, 1822, in Rome, and lived there nearly all their married life upon the farm first settled by his father, and where he died 1864. With her husband originated the idea of associated dairying, so that he came to be called the father of the American cheese factory system. If he was the father, she was equally the mother of the system, for to her skill, gathered from twenty years experience in the management of their private dairy, is to be accorded whatever of success attended the early growth of the system in popular favor. For several years rarely did a day's product of the original factory escape her vigilant care. Her whole soul was in her work and not alone for selfish ends. She felt great pleasure in imparting to others new in the work the full measure of knowledge she had gathered from her toil. She was a conscientious observer of the cardinal tenets of the Christian faith, and exemplified in her life the virtues it teaches. She is survived by six children. Mrs. Dr. M. C. West Miss J. C. and David Williams of Rome, D. C. Williams of Fox Lake, Wis., W. B. and George Williams of Whitesboro.—*Ulca Morning Herald*.

The lady whose death we republish from the New York paper is the Aunt of Jesse W. Fox one of the old residents of this Territory, and Sister Williams has been connected with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints many years, faithful to its principles and true to her integrity. She came to Utah some years ago on a visit, and went to the St. George Temple where she received the blessings to which she was entitled, and officiated for some of her dead relatives which was a great comfort and satisfaction to her. Mrs. Williams was from the same branch of the Wells family as the late Gen. D. H. Wells, although not very nearly related.

AUNT AMANDA.

Noble indeed as a woman could be,  
True to her faith as the leaf to the tree;  
Devoted to children, husband and God,  
Humble and willing to bow 'neath the rod.

Firm to the truth, she endured to the end,  
Firm as the rock, that no tempest can rend,  
Filled was her life with kind words, and good  
deeds,  
She walked in the path where righteousness  
leads.

A more noble life no poet e'er penned,  
Loved by her kindred revered by her friends,  
Blessed with God's spirit, till her latest breath,  
Serene in her life, and peaceful in death.

"Peace to thy ashes," thy mem'ry shall be  
Honored through ages of futurity,  
Rest from thy labors, receive thy reward,  
"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

RUTH M. FOX.

APRIL 25, 1892.

U. W. P. CLUB.

THIS interesting organization met at the Parlor of the WOMAN'S EXPONENT July 30th, 1892. M. A. Freeze opened the meeting with prayer.

The Secretary then read the minutes which were accepted as read.

Roll called. Correspondence read and several business matters discussed, among other things the advisability of a social picnic and excursion for the club and their friends, which met the good pleasure of all present and it was decided to spend the afternoon of Wednesday, August 10, at Liberty Park, a programme was arranged for the occasion.

Business being completed the programme was next in order, M. A. Freeze descourced in a most interesting manner of her trip to Southern Utah, New Mexico, and Colorado, giving a very realistic description of the scenery, the prehistoric relics and the romantic cliff houses. M. E. Shipp read an interesting historical paper on "Woman Physicians" giving a vivid account of the early struggles and hardships of the pioneers in this cause and their status at the present writing. L. S. Dickinson read an original poem entitled "Dreams of Childhood."

G. Woodmansee sang most expressively the sweet and touching song, "O fair dove, O fond dove."

President E. B. Wells gave an interesting sketch of her trip to San Francisco some account of which has been published heretofore. C. C. R. Wells read a timely article entitled, "Why so many men do not marry." L. G. Richards read a Biographical sketch of Sarah G. Richards, a glowing tribute to her husband's mother.

G. L. Brown read from the *North American Review* an instructive article on the "Progress of American Nationalism" by Edward Bellamy.

Refreshments were served and partaken of while discussing the propriety of the club having an appropriate badge and motto. Adjourned for one month. Benediction G. Woodmansee.

E. R. SHIPP, Rec. Sec.

## R. S. REPORT.

SALT LAKE STAKE.

The quarterly Conference of the Relief Society of this Stake was held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall in this city June 17, 1892, President M. I. Horne presiding. Meeting opened with the hymn "O happy souls who pray," prayer was offered by Mrs. Elizabeth Howard, continued with singing "O, say what is truth;" minutes of previous Conference read and approved. Mrs. Horne made the opening address in which she urged the sisters to cultivate spiritual gifts, and perform the duties that pertain to their spiritual welfare as well as those of a temporal nature, to be saints indeed as well as to profess the name of Saint, and seek to learn and to walk in the ways



of the Lord; rejoiced that we had no difficulties to settle in our Relief Society, realized the union that existed and that we enjoyed the spirit of the Lord in our meetings. Counselor Elmina S. Taylor spoke of having just recently attended a very interesting Conference at Brigham City; felt that every branch of the Relief Society in this Stake should have a representative present that we may know how the work is progressing in our surrounding settlements; "we have the best organization on the earth, and it takes in the oldest and the youngest and we know it is the work of the Lord, let us be careful that we don't fall by the way, but let us watch ourselves that we may not be led by the snares that Satan is laying for the people of God."

President Bathsheba W. Smith spoke of the mothers, their influence with children, thought example better than precept, hoped we might live in such a manner that the calamities that are coming upon the earth causing destruction might be averted from us through our humility and faithfulness before the Lord. The following Presidents made verbal reports of their respective branches of the Relief Society, Mrs. Elizabeth Pixton, Taylorsville, Mrs. Z. V. Eardley, also made some interesting remarks. Mrs. E. Weiler reported 3rd Ward S. L. City, Mrs. Ann Holt, South Jordan, Mrs. C. Smith, Draper, Mrs. E. J. Bodell, Herriman. Each one of the sisters spoke encouragingly of the work in the ward where she presided and felt to persevere in the duties pertaining to the Society.

President Horne gave good and wise counsel in regard to storing grain and also the care to be taken of it, and referred to the times of famine that were sure to come in fulfillment of the predictions of the prophets, quoted from the Scriptures "who will not take up the sword against his neighbor must needs flee to Zion for safety," also alluded to the saying of President Heber C. Kimball that, "we would see the time when wheat would be worth its weight in gold."

Conference adjourned to 2 p. m., singing "The time is far spent." Benediction by Mrs. Diana Reid.

Afternoon session: Opened with singing "Come let us anew &c," prayer by Mrs. E. Webb, singing "For the strength of the hills we bless thee;" Mrs. E. Howard was the first speaker, gave an interesting account of her visit to San Juan Stake, spoke of the long distances between the settlements, the beauties of the scenery and the hospitality of the people; also the interest manifested by the women in all the great questions of the day.

Mrs. Mary S. Clark of Farmington occupied a short time, spoke of the prophecies being fulfilled in our day; of the necessity of sacrifice in our daily lives, the overcoming of weaknesses and guarding against temptations; the need of cultivating our minds by reading and study as well as our hearts by the spirit of the Lord; desired to gain intelligence which is the glory of God.

President Zina D. H. Young: had recently visited Logan Temple and enjoyed a season of refreshing; made some remarks upon the work for the dead in the Lord's House; the joy and satisfaction it gave in performing it, spoke of our dear beloved Sister Eliza with whom she stood side by side so long in many places, was reminded of her particularly at the Conference in Brigham City, related some early reminis-

cences of the Church and of the Prophet Joseph and his teachings to the Saints.

Mrs. E. B. Wells thought we scarcely realized the magnitude of the work of the Relief Society organization, and that each individual member had duties to perform therewith; the increase of love through our associating together promotes charity for one another and all the world, we think more of one another's welfare and appreciate each other better than we could have done outside of being united in this capacity. Related some items of her visit to the Pacific Coast recently and of having attended the Bible class of Mrs. Sarah E. Cooper, the great speaker and kindergarten organizer, the interpretation she gave to Nebuchadnezzar's dream interpreted by Daniel. Spoke upon the subject of education and what would be expected of our children in the future.

Mrs. S. M. Kimball, said "those who do the most thinking are the best educated; in the School of the Prophets in Nauvoo, when Joseph Smith was giving instruction to the brethren, he told them to make everything they undertook a subject of prayer. If we had the faith we ought to have this house would be filled, we are not required to do anything impossible; it is true we have many duties to perform, but let us do those that are most important, and meet our responsibilities in a proper manner."

Mrs. Ada Brim, Cassia Stake; spoke of the enjoyment she had experienced since coming to the Young Men's Conference in meeting with the sisters and hearing the good instructions, and interesting subjects that had been treated upon, hoped to take home with her much that would be beneficial to herself and others in that locality.

Mrs. Agnes Cutler, President West Jordan ward spoke of the Hall the Society had built and of its having been dedicated and the good influence in their meetings, said "let us cheer and comfort our sisters who are passing through severe ordeals and some of whom are exiles at the present time, by and bye the dark clouds will roll by."

President Horne commended the Presidents from the country who had traveled fifteen or twenty miles to come to the Conference and yet many Presidents who resided in the City were not at the meeting or came in late; thought we should be awake to the importance of the work we had engaged in and realize the many duties and responsibilities of the times in which we live, and never lose sight of the signs of the times; and the indications are that we shall need to secure our wheat and add to it, and be prepared for any emergency that may arise, that our children may not want for bread; thought we should all take reproof in a kind manner, look at the teachings and reproofs given by our Savior, and may it always have a good effect, let us accept it in the spirit of kindness and profit thereby.

Conference adjourned for three months to be held at the same place. Singing, "O, ye mountains high &c." Benediction by Mrs. Elizabeth Stevenson.

#### DISCOVERY DAY.

TO BE A NATIONAL HOLIDAY.

To His Excellency the Governor of Utah:

"ALLOW me, as chairman of the executive committee of the Columbian Public School celebration of October 21st, to do myself the

honor to call your attention to the progress which the movement for this celebration is making in the country. The history of the movement is briefly contained in the enclosed printed statement. May I ask you to read it?

"The movement up to this time has made large progress. Thousands of newspapers in all parts of the country are commending the public school celebration editorially in their localities. Even at this early date 50,000 schools have expressed their determination, through their superintendents, to celebrate the day. The celebration enjoys the approval of both President Harrison and ex-President Cleveland, and the support of the most distinguished members of Congress.

"I desire, with deep respect, to submit to your Excellency the request made in the name of the whole body of State superintendents of education, that you will give by special proclamation an official recognition to Columbus Day in the Territory of Utah. It is, of course, the governor's proclamation which weighs most with the people. If it is impossible for the governor to make the day a legal holiday without legislative action, the purposes of the day will be served equally as well by a proclamation in which your Excellency simply recommends to the people an appropriate observance of the day in their schools and other places of assembly, without calling for any suspension of business.

"Proclamations have already been issued by the governors of New York, Minnesota, Illinois and Florida. Some of these have been without without legislative action. I enclose a copy of the proclamation by the governor of Minnesota.

This request from the executive committee appointed by the superintendents of education is made only with the concurrence of the State superintendent of education in Utah.

"In the trust that this suggestion may commend itself to your judgment and to your favor, I have the honor to be, most respectfully, your obedient servant,"

FRANCIS BELLAMY,  
Chairman of the Executive Committee.

#### COL. AND MRS. PARKER.

##### THE TABERNACLE LECTURE.

Sunday evening August 7th Colonel Francis Stuart Parker delivered an interesting and instructive lecture upon "The Child," at the Tabernacle in this City, there were 7000 people present, an audience all attention and anxious to hear this distinguished gentleman and lady, for it was confidently expected that Mrs. Parker would speak upon the subject of "Dress Reform," after her husband had closed. It was a great disappointment to all that she did not; the promise however that she would address the people of this City on that subject in the near future was made, and we shall look forward to it with pleasure. Mrs. Parker is a member of the Committee on Dress Reform appointed by the National Council of Women, and her ideas upon the subject will certainly be suggestive and valuable.

President Angus M. Cannon presided at the meeting. The choir sang, "Light and Truth the World is Waking." Dr. Karl G. Maeser offered the opening prayer, after which the choir sang, "God of Israel the Lord is our Redeemer."

Col. Parker was introduced by President



Angus M. Cannon. He prefaced his remarks by saying: "The child was the sunshine of the world." His idea of the child its tendencies, its nature and what its training should be, happily accords with the views entertained by most of the people called Latter-day saints. The theory is all right the difficulty lies in carrying it out practically. We think as Col. Parker does that when children are trained in that way the world will have entered upon a higher plane, and the Millennium will come. But first of all we argue that children must be born right; the conditions under which children are born the environments of the mother, the maternal influences are the starting point.

If the people of this generation can be made to see the necessity of training, it may have a wholesome effect upon those to be born in the future, and the few who accept this higher ideal may leaven the whole in due process of time. The greatest factor in the world however is love, the child longs for it, its nature craves it; not indulgence, but real *true* love.

The really great men of the country were almost without exception those who came from the farm or the workshop. Here in Utah, or at the Institute in Provo he had met five hundred of the sharpest thinkers, most earnest and intelligent teachers and students that he had ever seen in the United States, and he had held a great many institutes in different places. He felt that the keynote to this was the pioneer life the struggles for existence, the real practical work and the love of industry transmitted to this generation.

The speaker thought the universe the expression of God's thought, and that when a child turned to nature he asked God for knowledge of his laws that he might obey them. He alluded to these valleys set like emeralds in the mountains, and that no one could study them without bowing in sincere admiration to the God who sculptured them from nature. He referred to the great advancements made in science in the last century or in fact during the last fifty years, the discoveries that had been practically worked out and adapted to the use of the world at large.

The whole lecture was beautifully illustrated with graphic word pictures that brought the truths elucidated clearly before the mind's eye, and will doubtless make a lasting impression on those who had the privilege of listening to his earnest eloquence. After Col. Parker's lecture, the choir sang "Zion Prospers all is Well," and Mrs. Parker came forward and stated that the lateness of the hour prevented her speaking as per announcement. She said, "We women have been accused of putting our brains into our clothes, but now we are also putting our religion into our clothes."

The choir sang: "By Babylon's Wave," and the meeting closed with benediction by Elder B. H. Roberts.

#### AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

Although by birth and education a Londoner, much of Amelia B. Edwards' early life was spent in Suffolk, and she ever retained the fondest recollection of summer holidays spent amid meadows and cornfields. The quiet, pastoral scenery of that part of England had peculiar fascinations for her, long after she had become familiar with the most picturesque and beautiful parts of Europe.

"It was at Westerfield, near Ipswich, my own home, that we first met the London cousin, afterwards to become so famous, then a girl just in her teens, and overflowing with spirits. She was already an author! Few writers indeed can boast of a literary career beginning in the nursery, but such was the case with the author of 'Pharaohs, Fellahs and Explorers.' When only nine years old she gained the prize offered for a temperance story in a popular periodical, to the immense gratification of her parents, whose only child and idol she was. In these early days, however, it seemed as if she was destined rather to win fame as a musician than an author. Her girlhood may be said to have been devoted to the study of music, and at twenty-one she was an accomplished mistress of harmony, the pianoforte and the organ. She had also developed another, and perhaps even more marked, gift, namely, the great talent for drawing, which, however, was never persistently cultivated, as had been the case with music. Hand in hand with pianoforte practice, often extending over eight hours a day, Miss Edwards carried on other studies, more especially that of her own language and literature. Of both she was a patient and an ardent student, and the results were the critical acumen and purity of style which characterised the author later on. Some charming little musical stories belong to this period, and soon appeared her first novels, 'My Brother's Wife,' and 'The Ladder of Life,' followed by her great success in fiction, 'Barbara's History.' Henceforth her life was devoted to literature, her works being too well known to need enumeration here.

"Intervals of travel relieved the hard work of these days, and not the least happy holiday spent with her was a little pilgrimage we made to my native Suffolk. Ever a passionate lover of nature, the sight of familiar scenes awakened keenest pleasure. 'I feel once more a child,' she would say, as we strolled amid the meadows and green lanes in the neighborhood of Needham Market. A brilliant talker, a genial companion, always in exuberant spirits—these holidays spent with my cousin were days to remember. Nothing in the shape of natural beauty escaped her, the lark caroling above the young wheat, a hedge garlanded with wild rose and honeysuckle kindled intense delight. The loveliest scenes of Italy or Greece could not fascinate her more. Chance decided Miss Edwards' career as an Egyptologist. A wet holiday trip in France led her, with a friend, to seek sunshine on the Nile. The result of this improvised journey was a charming book—the standard handbook of travelers in Egypt—years of devotion to Egyptology, and a position unique in the history of eminent women."

The foundation of the Egyptian Exploration Fund in 1883 was largely due to her efforts, and she had long been its Hon. Secretary, in which capacity she carried on a wide correspondence at home and abroad. She contributed articles on Egyptology to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and wrote an account of recent archaeological discoveries in Egypt for the American edition. Her last work "Pharaohs, Fellah's, and Explorers" appeared towards the end of last year. Miss Edwards was a contributing member of various Oriental Congresses, and a member of the Biblical Archaeological Society and of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies. In America, at the centenary celebration of Columbia College,

the degree of L. H. D. was conferred on her, Professor Tyndal and the Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, being the only other British subjects similarly honored. She also held the hon. degree of L. L. D. from Smith's College, the first time such degree had been conferred on a woman in America.

MISS M. BETHAM EDWARDS,  
In Bristol Western Daily Press.

#### PREHISTORIC MAN IN AMERICA.

[Concluded.]

J. W. Powell, in the *Forum*, says: "No fragment of evidence remains to support the figment of theory that there was an ancient race of Mound Builders superior in culture to the North American Indians." He also takes the view of Morgan, that the early writers extolled the skill of the sculptors of the mound building period. They found carvings of birds and mammals supposed to represent foreign species with great accuracy; but these very objects which they praised so highly have been re-examined and found so crude that, though a bird may well be identified as such, it can rarely be recognized as any specific bird of this or any other country.

There are many things found in some of the mounds that do not belong to the original builders. When white men first came to this country European goods were traded to the Indians, and these in time were buried in the mounds made for this purpose; so today many beautiful things are found that are wrongfully termed the work of a prehistoric race. Mr. Powell thinks that the stone dwellings of which but ruins only remain were built not longer ago than three hundred years. He says there is no necessity to search for lost and wonderful peoples to account for any known facts. He further states "that both the mound culture and the pueblo culture have had a lowly beginning, a slow, gradual development, and a modern culmination. Both were at the height of their glory when the continent was discovered by Europeans, and nowhere do we find evidence of peoples other than the North American Indians and their ancestors."

Mr. Powell thinks that in the archaeological remains found in the United States there is no evidence that man had learned to use bronze or iron. There is no culture found higher than that of the "stone age." He concludes his article by stating that the graphic art on bark, bone, shell, or stone never reached a higher stage than simple picture making.

Professor Putnam, of Harvard, and curator of the Peabody Institute, does not agree with this theory. He has given up his life to this study and is one of the best living authorities upon this subject. He thinks there was a prehistoric race who were not the American Indians.

In studying the remains in Central America we find a race who had gotten beyond mere household architecture, and were rising to the sphere of art. That statues such as are found were produced by a race not differing in descent or essential habits from the northern Iroquois or other Indian tribes seems simply incredible. Higginson says in his history of the United States: "In Central America we find the remains of a race which had begun to busy itself with the very highest department of art, the delineation of the human figure; and which had attained to grace and vigor,



if not to beauty. The stately stone heads of Yucatan, the arch and spirited features depicted on the Maya incense burners, the fine face carved in sandstone which is now in New York, all indicate a sphere of development utterly beyond that of those northern Indians whose utmost achievement consists in some graceful vase like that found in Burlington, Vt."

When we speak of the discovery of America we always mean the arrival of Europeans, forgetting that there was probably a time when Europe itself was discovered by Asiatics, and that for those Asiatics it was almost as easy to discover America. All that is necessary, even at this day, to bring a Japanese junk to the Pacific coast of North America is that it should be blown out to sea and there lose its rudder; the first mishap has often occurred, the second casualty has almost always followed, and the Japan stream has done the rest.

Charles W. Brooks, of San Francisco, has a record of no less than a hundred such instances, and there is no reason why similar events should not have been occurring for centuries. Behring strait is but little wider than the English channel, and it is as easy to make the passage from Asia to America as from France to England; and indeed easier for half the year, when Behring strait is frozen. Besides all this, both geology and botany indicate that the separation between the two continents did not always exist. Dr. Asa Gray, our highest botanical authority, long ago pointed out the extraordinary identity between the Japanese flora and that of northern United States, as indicating a period when the two continents were one. It is an argument difficult to resist, for surely flowers do not cross the ocean in junks, or traverse the frozen straits upon the ice. The colonization of America from Asia was thus practicable at any rate, and that far more easily than any approach from the European side. The simple races on each side of Behring strait, which now communicate with each other freely, must have done the same from very early times.

The fact may yet be established that the aboriginal of America was contemporary with the mammoth; but it is now only probable. It is still necessary to close the subject of prehistoric man in America with an interrogation point.—*Mary Morrison. In Haerth and Hall.*

Grand Rapids, Mich.

#### WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

The Government of Mexico will exhibit at the World's Fair a large and valuable collection of Aztec relics.

Butterflies to the number of 150,000 will be shown in the Pennsylvania exhibit at the World's Fair. The collection is said to be the most complete and finest in the world.

A Sioux squaw, living near San Diego, California, will exhibit in the Woman's building at the World's Fair a dress of deer skins, richly embroidered with sixteen pounds of beads. She worked for two years in making the garment. From the San Diego Mission will be exhibited a valuable collection of fine needle work by Indian girls.

The women of New York State will furnish and decorate the library room in the Woman's building at the World's Fair. Plans are perfected to make the furnishings very elaborate and tasteful. The room will contain as complete a collection as is possible to gather of works written by women.

Mrs. Paul and Mrs. Wise, Lady Managers for Virginia, together with their auxiliary, board, have undertaken to raise \$16,000 for the Virginia building at the World's Fair, which is to be a full-sized reproduction of Washington's home at Mount Vernon. To raise the money the women of Virginia are selling certificates of membership in the Mount Vernon Association at \$1 each. They are also asking the county and city supervisors, councils, etc., for levies of one cent per capita, and are giving entertainments of various kinds.

"MRS. EDNA CHENEY, of Boston, was the intimate friend of Louisa Alcott, who was, without doubt, the best juvenile writer America has ever produced. Miss Alcott bequeathed to Mrs. Cheney upon her death many of her original manuscripts. Mrs. Cheney is much beloved in Boston, where she lives. Her essays frequently appear in the New England Magazine, Current Literature and the Century."

#### OBITUARY.

Sister Orelia Christine Hanson was born June 22nd, 1849, in Elling, Swenborg, Denmark. She died at Colonia, Diaz, Chihuahua, Mexico.

Sister Hansen emigrated to Utah about nine years ago, residing for a time in Newton, Cache County, afterwards removing to Manti, where she labored in the Temple for nearly two years. She was also a teacher in the South Ward Relief Society, performing all her duties faithfully and well.

She was for many years a great sufferer from lung disease, but she lived and died a faithful Latter-day Saint, enduring all her sufferings with patience and fortitude.

ELIZABETH CASTO,  
President, Manti South Ward Relief Society.  
REBECCA WAREHAM,  
President North Ward Relief Society.

#### TRIBUTE TO A FAITHFUL SAINT.

Sister Lydia Long died on the 25th of June 1892, quite suddenly, she had not been feeling very well for some time, but expressed herself as being much better on the day she departed, expiring while her son and his wife, had gone out to do a few errands. She was laid away the next day as the weather was warm and the house much exposed to the sun.

The officers and some of the teachers of the 13th Ward attended the funeral; which was held in the 22nd Ward where she of late had been living with her youngest son. Her age was sixty-nine years and five months. Born on the 13th of January 1823 in England did not learn what part of the country. Bishop Empey and Counselors were there, also Brother A. M. Musser, all speaking of her with much respect, testifying of her patient and humble spirit in all the walks of life. She was also a good and faithful teacher in the 13th Ward Relief Society.

Though the rooms were small they were well

filled by relatives and friends. The Bishop regretted that she was not taken to the 13th Ward Assembly Rooms. Poor Lydia she looked happy in death surrounded with lovely flowers.

E. H. G.

MRS. M. E. VAN, M.<sup>rs</sup> D.

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## AROUSE.

MANKIND, to whom the gracious God has given  
The fairest gifts contained in Heaven and earth,  
His vast sublime benignity has striven

To make thee well contented from thy birth  
With his full bounties, and to prove thee worth  
These blessings, freely placed thee on thine  
honor,

Now hast thou surely brought about a dearth  
Of virtue in the scales of the great Donor.

For slowly hast thou sunk in sin and error;

The second step how easily the first  
One follows, 'till thou look'st about in terror,  
To find thyself within a region cursed,  
The victim of a tortuous evil thirst;

Until, sore rent with an insane desiring,  
The soul, its own perdition's bonds to burst,  
With all its strength the being fall'n is firing.

But presently the sweet soul's voice grows  
fainter,

And dies away unto eternal space,  
And then thou givest o'er to thine attainer,  
The sensual, a l thy pure and radiant grace;  
For guiling Sin, half veiling what is base,  
The claims of life and love is undermining,  
That thou ere long may'st look upon his face,  
A godless beauty in his shame defining.

And then the soul is stifled and is deadened,  
Submerged in pleasures gross and sorrow's  
stream,

And when a sigh steals o'er the senses leadened,  
Like soft and sad reproaches in a dream,  
The wilful heart turns from the heavenly theme,  
Responding, "What has God in goodness given  
To me? I've naught to lose nor yet redeem—  
My soul has ever been with sorrow driven.

"My life has been an unfulfilled desiring,  
A restless search for what will satisfy;  
Vain pleasure, naught but transient hope inspir-

ing,  
Seems but a cruel phantom passing by,  
And God gives not to me for what I sigh;  
So will I drift, and if I chance to please me  
With Sense's charmers, that around me lie,  
Whate'er they be, oh, therewith may I ease me."

And askest thou what has our Maker given  
To thee—ah, know he gives to all mankind  
The fairest gifts contained in earth and Heaven,  
That for us all his goodness has designed.

He made the earth that thou a home shouldst  
find,

Adorned with rarest plants and fruits and flowers,  
The towering, misty mountains, richly lined  
With hordes of treasures that may all be ours.

Thou hast dominion over all that liveth  
And moveth on the earth and in the sea;  
The Seasons, and the rain and snow He giveth  
To moist' and fertilize the earth for thee,—  
The Sun's great golden glory graciously  
Is poured from out the Heavens in abundance,  
At night, the Moon's soft silver—faithfully  
All nature serves thee with her rich redundancy.

And thou hast life and strength to onward bear  
thee

And bend all that thou needest to thy will,  
Thy senses' sweet endowments, which have made  
thee,

When rightly used, a power thy wants to fill.  
Thou hast an intellect, sublimer still,  
Than any gift that governs life or motion,  
Which can thy deeds with depth and greatness  
thrill,

And steer thee wisely through life's rolling ocean.

Thou hast a soul, that fills thee with a passion,  
Too pure and nobly wrought to be earth born,  
That wakens to thy life in fervent fashion,  
The first rare radiance of a fairer morn  
Than e'er the breast terrestrial may adorn,—  
A soul that thrills thee with the fires of heaven,  
Responsive to the Infinite, they warn  
Thee to retrieve thy being, folly-riven.

Then sigh not that thy life hath naught but sor-

row  
To break the prairie of a desert waste,  
That thou from degradation's depths must bor-

row  
That which to render it unto thy taste,—  
But live in yielding to that prowess chaste,  
With which the intellect and soul hath crowned  
thee,

Nor let false pleasure, painted and debased,  
Her petty lies and larcenies e'er wound thee.

Oh, Mankind, rise, and breathe the air's diffusion,  
Exhaled by virtue and simplicity;—  
As Nature follows crime with retribution,  
So will she to the noble gracious be.

Then Reason's light doth teach thee well to  
see,

An earnest life will yield the deepest pleasures,  
The highest uses of thine entity  
Will win thee trust and love, man's greatest  
treasures.

GENEVIEVE LUCILE BROWNE.

## FAREWELL.

"A WORD that must be and hath been."  
If in the vocabulary of the English  
language a word can be found which has  
wrung tears from mortal eyes and called  
forth keen emotion from the heart—which  
has caused that tender chord to vibrate,  
which binds together the sons and daughters  
of Adam's race, it is the word "*Farewell*."  
This word when spoken by a friend to  
whom we are bound by the strongest ties of  
friendship and affection, informing us that  
we shall not meet again this side of the re-  
surrection morn, awakens in our bosoms  
feelings only known by those who have ex-  
perienced them. Should we stand beside  
the deep waters of the ocean, where day by  
day thousands are called to recognize some  
fond friend rescued from the yawning deep,

while others are called to witness some relic  
snatched from the bosom of the rolling bil-  
lows, informing the anxious beholder that a  
cherished object sleeps beneath them, we  
should perhaps gain some idea of the feel-  
ing wrought by the word, *Farewell*. Here  
stand the parent, the child, the husband  
and wife, brother and sister, friend and  
companion—about to experience the sorrow  
of separation. The proud vessel is ready to  
take from the parental embrace, the polar  
star towards which true affection has ever  
been directed. Sympathy and love swell  
the bosom with anguish; tears, sad tears,  
are falling from the eye—but *Farewell*,  
*Farewell* is spoken, and the scene of parting  
is known and felt in all its intensity. Hear  
the thrilling words, "*God bless you—Fare-  
well, Farewell.*" How often does the  
breeze that comes from England's shores  
and America's coasts, inform us of the  
broken affection which the one yet simple  
word has caused, and the many hearts it has  
crushed!

Go to the bedside of the fond mother  
whom death, the visitor of mortality, is soon  
to take from earth; bitter tears are flowing,  
telling plainly the anguish of their hearts.  
But the summons has come and the dear  
one must go. Oh! how heart-rending—  
how touching her last words. Husband,  
children, dear ones all—*Farewell!* What  
heart so hard, so devoid of sympathy as not  
to be touched by a scene like this, and how  
often have we witnessed them? How often  
has the word, *Farewell*, fallen upon our ears  
more solemn than the funeral knell!

Today we meet our friends, embrace them  
in the arms of brotherly love—rehearse the  
events of by-gone days, when the rays of  
love encircled the brow, and the heart found  
a residence and a home. We recall fresh to  
the memory our days of childhood around  
which linger a halo of joy and innocence  
never to be forgotten; but tomorrow we bid  
them *Farewell*. Not only do our friends bid  
us adieu, but all nature animate and inanimate  
is constantly bidding us *Farewell*; change  
and decay are busy. Time is carrying us  
forward to our eternal home—yes,—"*Home,  
sweet home.*"

"No cloud those regions know,  
Forever bright and fair;  
For sin the source of mortal woe,  
Can never enter there."

How joyful the thought that such a home  
is ours! Forever shall we surround the  
throne of celestial glory, to join in the song  
of redeeming love with the ransomed Uni-  
verse of the Almighty God; never, never  
more to speak the sorrowful, solemn word,  
*Farewell*.

L. M. H.

In old age one sees farther and clearer  
than younger people do. It is like living  
on a hilltop, from whence the ups and  
downs of life appear in their just propor-  
tions, and every way one looks one beholds,  
as it were, "the crooked made straight, and  
the rough places plain."—*Miss Mulock*.



## IN RURAL ENGLAND.

## XX.

When the door closed after Rob Harrison Esquire the "literary light" and his friend Everhard, Anna, drawing a long breath as a sigh of relief, said to her cousin, "here is another obstacle in my pathway, just when the coast seemed clear, and I felt myself independent, this relative my mother's cousin comes forward as a protector; pray, how many do I need?"

"And so Anna you are not pleased with your mother's cousin, [she did not repeat to her that he had been her mother's lover;] one would think a relative on that side would have been most welcome."

"Jane, cousin mine, he assumes too much; he comes patronizing me first of all, before he knows anything of me."

"No doubt Anna, Burke and Hemenway have told him what a child you are in matters of importance beyond music, dancing, dress and manner. But, soberly, is he not very handsome?"

"Yes, well, passably so, but strange indeed that you should notice that, you who never could see anything to admire in men, not even in the good old Doctor, who loves you so devotedly. I am astonished; there must be something extraordinary in Rob Harrison when you can admire him."

"O, I don't know as to that—he has a fine face and wonderful eyes, very much like your own, and yours are like your mother's I suppose. By the way, is it not strange there is no painting of your mother in the hall at the Castle? Did it ever occur to you?"

"Never, I scarce ever heard her name mentioned, old Mrs. Hess our former head housekeeper spoke of her sometimes, but Mrs. Burke was not installed in the household in her day, and she always protested against every thing Hess said or did."

"Cousin Anna, you did not invite Mr. Harrison to call again or to come to the Castle when we return; it was a discourtesy on our part, or on yours, for neither of the gentlemen seemed to have eyes for me."

"How could I think of anything with him staring at me, in that dreadful way; but I suppose he'll come again, to see if I need his advice, or protection forsooth."

"Don't Anna, you may need both, none of us know what lies in store, and the friendship of a truly good man is rare and that Mr. Harrison is an exceptionally good man I feel tolerably sure."

"Wait cousin, until you hear the Doctor's opinion, or have you had an intuition? If so I have no more to say; you are invariably right in your presentiments."

The girls talked on and on of the strange visit until joined by Clair and others, and for the time the subject was waived, but not forgotten, and it was not likely to be either, for his destiny and theirs were linked and interwoven, and the forebodings of Jane Conway were not without foundation.

The days that followed were like others at that season of gaiety except for the visits of Mr. Harrison, who came often enough to learn the status of affairs. He also heard from the outside how things were moving in reference to Clair and the title, though he kept these matters to himself except as he gave fatherly advice to the young man, who took kindly his suggestions, and profited by them. Ere long it was apparent to Anna, who was becoming more and more versed in affairs of the heart, that her cousin or uncle, as she had de-

cidied to designate him by his particular request, was deeply in love with her feminine cousin Jane. She had not dared to mention it, though she had been strongly tempted to tell her strong-minded cousin, that it was dangerous to receive Mr. Harrison's attentions, etc; but how could she speak to her of it, knowing of her engagement and also how reluctant she had ever been to acknowledge that even Dr. Bland was in love with her. And so she passed it by, but gossips would not, and soon Lady Walton, hearing it talked of, sounded Lady Anna who confessed to her Ladyship that she had become convinced of the fact.

"And what is this very dignified, conscientious young woman going to do with two lovers at once?" remarked Lady Walton with some asperity, for she had not forgotten that Miss Conway knew of her interview with Sir Edward and it had often nettled her when she came in contact with her.

"I have not the slightest idea, but knowing her uprightness in all matters, I am sure she will do exactly right."

Lady Walton was nonplussed and dropped the subject for the time, but she watched Miss Conway jealously, but closely as she scrutinized her conduct, she could find nothing to condemn.

At last the gay season drew toward its close and the young ladies felt it was time to return to their country home. Matters had been pretty well adjusted in the mean time and Clairville Hilliard was likely to get the benefit of the title unless something unknown came in the way. Dr. Bland was growing very impatient of the long delay, for such it seemed to him, though he busied himself making all the final preparations in his home, and in attending to every duty in detail pertaining to the estate of Sir Edward, and the poor and sick all the country round.

Finally the season really closed, that is, Lady Walton gave an elaborate ball as she knew it was expected by her set, and Maitland's fiancee was the belle of the ball, and so his mother had intended it should be from the first. She wore her favorite color, sea-green, and pearls were her only ornament in the way of jewelry though her dress was nearly covered with the most exquisite lace; she was like a sea-nymph; her wonderful golden hair was arranged so as to display its magnificence and ornamented with pearls in the most perfect taste; when she danced it was as though she flew fairy-footed or glided in air; she was so unlike other young ladies that she could not fail to be attractive wherever she went; there was a naivete, a freshness too about her that was delightfully charming. Uncle Rob as he watched her in the great hall gliding about was as one enchanted, it carried him back to the time when his cousin had made his heart beat rapturously, and he walked out into the fresh air to regain his bewildered senses; some one else was in the same or a similar mood, for he saw a few steps away from him a woman pacing up and down as though in deep thought. She was dressed in pure white, a mantle trimmed with swan's down thrown loosely over her head almost concealed her face, but he recognized Jane Conway, and wondered why she should wish to withdraw from the gay crowd. She caught sight of him almost at the same moment and it was impossible to avoid speaking. Both felt it, a sort of unwelcome encounter, they were anxious to avoid each other, yet fate would have it so. Mr. Har-

rison seeing the dilemma made bold to ask why she was out in the night air, was she not fearful of taking cold in such a light costume? She replied freezingly, and he urged her to avoid the damp or she would scarcely be equal to the journey contemplated so soon. And he added, as if by way of drawing her into conversation, "would you mind telling me how you like the country residence of your late uncle, and what there is of interest in the neighborhood?"

"O, as to that you can come and see for yourself, there is a fine park and plenty of game in the hunting season, and I've no doubt that would suit you as it does most Englishmen."

"I was wondering if you would think it worth your while to invite me for any season, the hunting season is a long way off, I might be far enough away before that time comes."

Jane scarce knew what reply to make but added, "No doubt my cousins will wish you to come soon, they will be lonely after the gaieties of London, there is no society there, that is it is a long way to the nearest neighbor's and in fact we never have visited. My uncle did not mingle with the people in that vicinity, and consequently we do not know them."

"Then when you return do you expect to live in retirement after such a round of pleasure as your cousins have kept up the last few months?"

"I scarcely know; there will be some changes in the house I presume, it will be positively necessary if Clair succeeds to the title, you must know better than I do, I've never known much of such matters, my life was very quiet until I came to stay at my uncle's and since then so much has happened that I wonder how I have kept my senses."

"This is most interesting, pray enlighten me. I am totally uninformed of matters in English country life anywhere, though when a boy (and that was long ago) I knew Devonshire pretty well, a charming pastoral country. But really we must not linger here, not only the *amuseur* air, but Anna might be looking for you—are you not *not* *chaperone* tonight?" And, lowering his voice: "I wish you were mine instead, I have more need of one, unused as I am to society." Miss Conway affected not to hear him and hurried towards the house, but met Clair in the hallway as they were about to ascend the staircase, who boy-like, unthinkingly, when he saw the two coming in together mischievously exclaimed aloud, "what would the Doctor say?"

It was too bad to spoil this pleasant little interview by stern facts. Clair was innocent enough about it though Rob Harrison had not heard of the Doctor except as Miss Hilliard had spoken of him, and had not once suspected he was more than the guardian of his cousin, but his suspicions were aroused now, not that he had fallen in love seriously—how could he, a confirmed old bachelor! He had solemnly vowed to remain single and yet he wanted society, woman's companionship; he had been a mother's boy, all she had, and they had been all in all to each other; she had stood by him when his heart had been torn as it were by his cousin's precipitous miserable marriage; they went away together afterwards, and his mother died abroad, he had wandered here and there seeking fame—or solace, and now had become more or less interested in these unprotected young people for whom he felt a sort of fatherly care; he was inclined to be forgiving in his nature, and now that Sir



Edward was dead he cherished no ill-will but lavished affection freely upon the daughter, remembering too she was the nearest relative he had. He had guessed something of her life through the association of the past few weeks, and realized what an advantage, a blessing in fact, it was to have a young woman like Miss Conway to watch over her; and at times he felt as if he would not leave England again until he saw her fairly settled, happily married. He was not sure that he approved of Maitland Walton, and he certainly disapproved of Lady Walton's influence, and it partly reconciled him to their going away, knowing Anna would be less in her society.

Since Clair's playful reference to the Doctor, he had serious thoughts, whether there could have been any meaning in his words, but he would not inquire lest his meaning should be misconstrued, for he never even imagined himself in love, and as for Jane, he knew she was not, and fancied it would be a difficult matter for her to fall in love with an ordinary man—and to him all men were more or less ordinary, for he had seen the world and mingled much with mankind. Really he knew very little of women, and therefore judged Miss Conway imperious to the grand passion.

All the winter long Miss Conway had been doing dainty work, such as ladies take delight in previous to entering upon the new relations of married life, but after Mr. Harrison's frequent visits the work lagged and was put aside. She had never seen a man with such a conversational power or such a wonderful fund of information. He had traveled extensively and never tired of talking of countries and people, all new to his attentive listeners. The final leave-taking came at last and Rob Harrison had to say good-bye to his new-found friends. He kissed Anna as of course he had a right to do; but how should he say good-bye to her cousin! He considered it and determined to be brave, he would at least kiss her hand, but he did not get opportunity, for the party were ready at a very early hour in the morning and were all wrapped in furs and gloved. He embraced Anna tenderly, kissed her on both cheeks and turning to her cousin said a simple good-bye, though he longed to say a great deal more. Clair urged him to come as soon as they were fairly settled and show him what would be needed to make the place habitable for, said he, "the old place is only a tumbled down ruin now, and not fit to invite respectable people to visit, though the surroundings are magnificent."

Mr. Harrison was in hopes the ladies would add their entreaties to Clair's but Miss Conway was absolutely silent on the subject, and Anna only faintly echoed Clair's last words "we shall expect you." The coach drove away, and walking slowly toward his hotel Rob Harrison reasoned with himself, and wondered why he should care about this plain young woman that seemed to pass unnoticed by all for he had not heard from any one of the many gentlemen who had spoken so often of his cousin Lady Anna, one single word of Miss Conway. And yet he knew she was a very superior person. He felt it very strongly and wondered other men were not also aware of her superiority.

False friendship, like the ivy, decays and ruins the walls it embraces, but true friendship gives new life and animation to the object it supports.—*Burton.*

## WILL YOU COME WHEN I AM DYING?

WILL you come when I am dying?  
Fold my weary hands in thine,  
'Till time's wheels in their swift flying,  
Backward turn to days lang syne?  
Sing to me those songs of childhood,  
Trill them o'er in sweetest tone,  
'Till loved voices long since silent,  
Blend and mingle with thine own?  
Fair soft arms around me twining,  
Tender smile and fond caress,  
Give each dark cloud silver lining,  
Scatter cares that long opprest.  
Hope's bright star gilds plainest duty,  
Infant's joys and childish fears,  
Youth developed into beauty,  
Come as backward roll the years.  
Light from heaven's clear vault shining,  
Penetrates thro' ages mold,  
Brings again life's dewy morning,  
Radiant with green and gold.

LUCY.

## MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

DEAR mother, ah! that saintly name  
Makes each fond impulse start;  
Afar or near, 'tis e'en the same,  
Soft spoken from the heart.  
Dear mother! tender thoughts of thee  
Will crowd our memories still,  
Though we have crossed the mighty sea,  
To teach the Master's will.

The hands that never weary grew—  
By love's fond impulse fired;  
The face so pleasant, kind and true,  
By us so much admired;  
The loving heart which offered prayers  
In our behalf each day,  
In fancy greets us everywhere,  
To cheer our lonely way.

Near half a century now hath fled  
Since thou an infant lay—  
On rapid wings the years have sped,  
The moments passed away.  
They have not idly passed we know,  
For thou, dear, noble one,  
Among the humble, weak and low  
Thy willing work hast done;

Hast taught thy children faith and love  
And hope and charity—  
Hast given all praise to Him above  
In sweet humility.  
Then has thy mission been in vain?  
Ah, surely, surely no!  
For thou a blessed crown will gain—  
A world of joy will know.

Thy birthday! may it bring thee peace—  
And each succeeding year,  
May heaven's gifts for thee increase—  
May nothing cause thee fear;  
And many, many glad returns—  
May you, dear mother, see;  
And live until your spirit yearns  
From all life's cares to flee.

ALOKA.

SAMOA, July 1, 1892.

## WOMEN'S NEWS.

As the days pass on the thought comes to each one of us how great our loss in the death of Mrs. D'Evelyn! Not only did she perform the duties of the ass't recording secretary dutifully and well, but as the chairman of the visiting committee and one of the number on press-work and entertain-

ment; to the cares imposed by each was she ever ready to respond in true, hearty good fellowship and lend her sympathetic and kind co-operation. The little orphaned ones so pitifully left are on the ranch with the little babe of Mrs. Parkhurst, where their tiny hearts and lives bereft of maternal affection can draw in that love springing from nature's own, whose silent truths can teach them much that's beautiful and grand. The lovely floral tributes to Mrs. D'Evelyn have been photographed and the club contemplates sending one to her mother so far away in Ireland.

\* \* \* \*

In *Kate Field's Washington* there appeared in a recent number, Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson's article on "Masculine, Feminine and Human." This article is spoken of as being intensely interesting and written in a masterly style.

\* \* \* \*

The annual convention of P. C. W. P. A., will be held in San Francisco on the days of the 21, 22, and 23 of September—at which time the election of new officers will take place.

ALMA PRISCILLA ALDEN.  
SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 1892.

## APPRECIATIVE.

The following is from a gentleman in the South who received a complimentary of our paper recently:

*Mrs. E. B. Wells:*

This is only intended to convey to you the information that the WOMAN'S EXPONENT came to hand by the last mail and rest assured I am much pleased with the work, and sincerely wish that a copy of it was in the hand of every person interested in the welfare of the human family. And in the mean time believe me, most respectfully,

N. P. L.

July 26, 1892.

## THE FIRST PRIMARY.

*Editor WOMAN'S EXPONENT:*

Dear Sister:—It is fourteen years today since the first Primary Association was organized in the church with Sister Aurelia S. Rogers of Farmington, President. Today being our annual meeting day, we held a meeting and reorganized, the officers now being Miss Nettie Abbott President, Miss Mary Millard and Mrs. M. E. Knowlton Counselors, Miss Phebe McLaughlin Secretary.

There were twelve visiting sisters present, Stake Pres't Rogers and Counselors Hess and Clark being among the number. We had an excellent time. Our programme consisted of songs, dialogues, recitations, questions and answers on the creation, and a review of simple Bible Stories, gotten up for the occasion, short speeches by a number of the sisters, and altogether we had a time long to be remembered, not the least pleasing feature of the entertainment being the response to roll call by sentiment, four years old darlings answering in this way.

There was also a letter read from Sister Lula Greene Richards regretting her inability to be present at our meeting, and expressive of love and good feeling for the little ones. Very Respectfully,

MINERVA E. KNOWLTON,  
FARMINGTON, Aug. 11, 1892.



# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

EMMELINE B. WELLS, - - - Editor.

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## THE INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM.

WHEN one comes directly upon the scene of a recent strike, it becomes a positive necessity to enter into the subject more or less; one can scarcely be neutral in opinion if one may in expression. Being specially interested in the subject on general principles, and as one of the important questions of the day, and having relatives in the immediate vicinity of one of the terrible strikes (the one in Northern Idaho) it has been a study with the writer for the past few weeks, and reading what is said from time to time in the papers, one can scarcely help forming an opinion of some sort in the premises. But here we are right on the spot where the thickest of the trouble occurred, and having it from the people themselves who are most deeply concerned and have suffered from the consequences. Perhaps after some days' sojourn we may be able out of all we see and hear to get a clear understanding and to write something for the readers of the EXPONENT.

The soldiers are here and the prisoners too (or were), though some are to be tried to-day or are taken over for trial in Cœur d' Alene City where the lawyers and judges have already collected to hold court.

The citizens of Wallace and vicinity have some sense of security since the arrival of the troops, previous to that there was none for either life or property. No one knew, however innocent of offence in thought, word, or deed he might be, at what moment he would be shot, or ordered to leave the town. The inhabitants were terror-stricken; men with families, ordered to go, were left without the least choice and women and children were at the mercy of the strikers. Some men did not go and the troops barely arrived in time to protect them.

We have not space in this issue for any extended notice of the situation, but in our next issue will have a paper giving some of the real facts and incidents, meantime we give an extract from the *London Times* we culled *en route*.

"The labor troubles in the United States have taken a form not to be distinguished from civil war. We cannot yet venture to think the danger is ended. It is small wonder that the course of affairs is watched with alarm by those in whose memory the events of 1877 are still fresh."

Another quotation from the *Chronicle* of London, August 20, says:

"The American people had the most splendid inheritance ever conferred on a nation, and they have grossly misused it. Hordes of vulgar office-seekers have been permitted to fatten on the public body; great cities are given over to men who ought to be in prison; and millions on millions of acres of public lands are given with a light heart to railway corporations, which now threaten to strangle the republic in their octopus-like grasp. This is really practical anarchism, which ruins

states, compared with which the anarchism of a handful of desperate families is almost innocuous. That is the general moral of a labor war, but there are special questions relating to railway and convict labor. It is simply monstrous that capitalists are allowed to use convict labor, so monstrous that no self-respecting community could possibly tolerate it."

WALLACE, IDAHO, August 23, 1892.

## MRS. PARKER AND MISS HEFRON.

ON Wednesday we had a very interesting call from Mrs. Parker, of Chicago, and Miss Hefron, of Utica, N. Y., two ladies who have been at Provo assisting Col. Parker in the summer school lectures there for teachers. The Colonel returned home several days before his wife and Miss Hefron. We were very much disappointed that Mrs. Parker could not give her lecture upon Dress Reform here in the Tabernacle, but she assured us that it would be a pleasure for her to come again, and as she had an engagement in Kansas for October she will likely come as far as Salt Lake; at least so she thinks now, unless something unforeseen prevents her.

Mrs. Parker has been quite strongly impressed, since coming here, with many of the things which have come under her observation, or been brought to her notice. She talked freely with the writer, asking questions about the early pioneer life, and the conditions affecting women and children under the law; and she has taken home with her many books treating upon the doctrines and principles of the Church, its history and special matters of importance.

People like Colonel Parker and his wife, President Elliot and wife, and others of intelligence and liberal views who come here without prejudice and stay long enough to see for themselves, cannot fail but do good by the impressions they will make concerning the position here, and by and by this people and their work in building up this Territory will be better understood than it is at present.

We were specially interested in Mrs. Parker because of her being one of the Committee on Dress Reform appointed by the National Council, and also, as we found on meeting her, that she had a very fine, well-modulated voice and most winning address, she would make a profound impression upon her audience wherever she might speak. All these things tell well for woman's cause, and help to uplift it.

There is no doubt but Col. and Mrs. Parker have done a good work among the teachers here in this Territory and broadened their ideas and methods, as contact with others always does, naturally.

We are very glad to be interviewed by such people as Mrs. Parker, and Miss Hefron, and Miss Baggart, and Capt. Thomson of the Royal Army of England, with whom we had a most interesting conversation on Mormonism when, on his way from San Francisco to New York, he passed through Salt Lake City. In fact, this city has come to be a great center of attraction for tourists, romantically situated as it is midway between the Missouri river and the Pacific Coast, and with its peculiar history of a *peculiar* people. The Temples built in various places are singular attractions and significant of this people and their religion.

## EDMUND RUSSELL.

[*The Exponent of the Art of Expression.*]

THE visit of Mr. Russell to this office on Thursday, August 18th, was a real pleasure, to say the least. To describe this apostle of Delsarte we are totally incompetent, but we can tell our

readers in our own way something of him and his ideas, which seem new ones to the uninitiated in the art of expression which he enunciates emphatically by means of his own personality when you come face to face with him. He must be seen and heard if one would realize what his work, and the art he represents, has developed in him. He gives you in a few minutes' conversation, *in word painting*, many wonderful suggestions and makes you feel them to be real stepping stones upward and onward.

If he had been common-place and uninteresting, coming as he did with a letter of introduction from Mrs. May Wright Sewall, whose friendship is so dear to the writer, and who is one of the brightest and most *deservedly* popular women of the country, and is the President of the National Council of Women of the United States, we should most certainly have been glad to show him some courtesy or favor; but when we found him such a perfect conversationalist, and so desirous to hear of our country, and our homes, our only regret was that our time was limited, and that we should not be able to hear him in some large parlor or building in this city, though we most sincerely hope he will remain and speak here.

To be sure we had heard of his celebrity and his æsthetic success, or successes, but never dreamed his work anything so *real* and yet *ideal*.

The underlying facts are, or seem to be, to make the most and the best of actual life, or to get the best results from all one does, and to do everything with that intention.

Mr. Russell does not approve of the modern method of education, because of its abnormal tendency to the development of the mental faculties at the expense of the physical.

It is said Delsarte "studied man's nature from a physical as well as mental standpoint, believing that the mental, the moral and the physical should be educated at the same time, and each in perfect harmony with the other."

We as a people should go a little farther and say the spiritual nature also. Perfect harmony of all attributes, of all work, is the perfection of skill in any direction, or in any science, or in any matter. That is the established fact, but how to produce that harmony is the problem.

If men and women knew how to produce harmony in this life, they would have discovered the royal highway to happiness. Unfortunately though they may have made some little progress in some certain directions, the progress is very slow towards perfection; but that is the object a few are aiming to attain, a *perfect life*. Truths are eternal even if we do not receive them, or put them to use.

Mr. Russell considers the use of tea and tobacco bad practices, he also thinks wearing corsets is bad, compressing the vital parts of the human body; he says too, that men seldom breathe right, women never. His lessons are something like the kindergarten system, illustrated by "object lessons," and are said to be very pleasant affairs, of which we cannot have the least doubt, after having had several talks with him, although all in one day.

Perhaps the best thing to tell the readers of the EXPONENT would be that there is much of his teaching that we already know as a people, but we do not put it in practice as we should. Brigham Young taught this people how to live *morally* and *spiritually* and *temporally*, and if they had observed the hints he gave and the truths he set forth in the sermons he preached from time to time, the progress and development in many directions among this people would have been much greater.

New developments in art, in science, and in philosophy are being obtained and are for the benefit of all; there will be still greater dis-



coveries made doubtless in many directions, and by and by those who live for it will attain to a higher standard of perfection physically, morally, mentally and spiritually, and it is something devoutly to be hoped for. As Hamlet said: "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

#### CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY.

THE Chautauqua Assembly has grown to be a national affair so to speak. In nearly every state and territory a circle or club has been organized and is in working order, and yet many people do not understand its object or scope. It seems to the writer that it is one of the most generally educational institutions of the day. We give below some brief minutes of an Assembly held at the head quarters in Chautauqua, N. Y., taken from *The Mail and Express* of New York City, which may give some idea of the definite work of this institution, and since we know there is a circle or assembly here in Utah, it is of some local interest to become more familiar with its plans and methods. The communication is dated August 12th:

Dr. Doremus gave his last scientific lecture Wednesday night, the subject being "The Order of Life on This Planet." A large chart was suspended above the stage, showing the strata of the earth. The lecturer gave a lot of experiments on the chemistry of the air.

"The Public School" was the topic of Emily Huntington Miller's paper before the Girls' Club yesterday, and it was an able discussion of the foes of our school system and the relation of parent and teacher in the care of the child.

Bishop J. M. Hoburn, in a lecture on India, gave the results of thirty years' observation as a missionary in that land. He laid especial emphasis upon the woeful relaxation in the caste system, which is fast passing away.

The Boys' Congress held its final session yesterday, and the exercises were attended by a great number of visitors. The cabinet made speeches before the congress recommending reforms in their department, and the congress discussed a bill for the establishment of a civil academy and to make Anarchists cease seditious utterances or leave the country.

Wednesday was Denominational day, and twelve churches held meetings in the afternoon at various points on the ground. The usual Bible conference was held at 2 o'clock, under the direction of Dr. Jesse L. Hurlburt. The C. L. S. C. class of '91 held a social meeting at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. A musical tea was given by the Girls' Club in the college building. Nearly three hundred members of the club and their guests were present.

The ten classes, from '86 to '96, which are represented in the new Union Class building, met in the Hall of Philosophy and marched to their new quarters and took formal possession. The building is of wood, three stories in height, and cost \$10,000.

The Chautauqua Political Economy Club, under the direction of Prof. Richard T. Ely, held its first regular meeting Wednesday and discussed the question, "Has Political Economy an Ethical Basis?" Miss Slocum was the leader.

President J. G. Schurman, of Cornell University, delivered a lecture in the Hall of Philosophy at 5 o'clock on the topic, "Free Will versus Automatism."

#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Quarterly Conference of the Relief Society of this Stake of Zion will be held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall in this City on Friday, September 23, meetings commencing at 10 a. m., and at 2 p. m., as usual. Officers from all the branches of the

Society in the county are urgently requested to come, that there may be a fair representation of the work with its growth, development and progress temporally and spiritually.

THE Secretaries of the several Stakes of Zion both here and abroad are specially requested to send semi-annual reports immediately, properly prepared upon the printed blanks, to Mrs. Romania B. Pratt, M. D., Assistant Secretary, 206, North, Second West, Salt Lake City, that she may have a correct and full report of the status and work of the Relief Society ready for the October Conference.

#### LADIES' SEMI-MONTHLY MEETINGS.

THE Ladies' semi-monthly meeting in the 14th Ward Assembly Rooms, July 16, 1892, was an interesting occasion. Counselor Elizabeth Webb presided. Meeting opened with singing, "Lord we come before thee now," prayer was offered by Sister E. S. Taylor, continued by singing, "Welcome best of all good meetings" &c. Sister Webb made some general remarks suitable to the occasion, and requested the sisters to speak and bear testimony. Sister M. Y. Dougal spoke of the necessity of diligence and faithfulness and of the judgments to be poured out in the last days and that they would commence in Zion. Alluded to the temptations around the pathway of the young people at the present time.

Sister Julia C. Howe followed and spoke of the spirit of God manifest in the meeting, and of the higher duties and responsibilities of this people.

Sister Mary Silver spoke encouragingly to the Scandinavian sisters and of their integrity to the Gospel, also referred to the evils of the present day and the calamities coming upon the earth.

The sisters joined in singing, "There's a feast of fat things" etc.

Sisters Corbett and Brown each bore testimony. Sister E. S. Taylor spoke a short time upon the duties of the Saints and the individual work each one had to do, urged the sisters to greater faithfulness. Sisters Snow, Smith and Forseith each one bore testimony to the truth.

Sister H. C. Young spoke of a prophecy in regard to the Scandinavians and advised them to teach their children their own language.

Sister Mary E. Bassett, Sister Margaret State and others each bore testimony and at the close Sister Webb expressed her good and kindly feeling and that the good spirit had been with us; spoke of the work to be accomplished for the redemption of the dead. Adjourned with singing, and prayer by Sister E. S. Taylor.

On July 30, at the Ladies' semi-monthly meeting, the President, M. I. Horne, presided. Opened by singing "Where the voice of friendship's heard," prayer by Sister H. C. Young, singing "O, happy souls who pray." Minutes of previous meeting read and approved. President Horne made an interesting speech upon the prophecies and their fulfillment. Spoke feelingly of the labor troubles and strikes throughout the land and thought we should all watch and pray without ceasing. Sister H. M. Whitney dwelt upon spiritual things, and of her sorrow at the condition of the world, desired to see the Temple completed, and alluded to her anxiety for the young.

President Zina D. H. Young spoke upon charity and the healing of the sick, also concerning testimony and many other things.

Sister Parry of Cassia Stake bore a good testimony, also Sister Cook, Sister Silver, Sister B. W. Smith, Sister Brown, Sister Phelps, Sister Stevenson and Sister Howard. President Horne closed with some interesting remarks, and the sisters sang "Our God we raise to Thee;" benediction by Sister E. S. Taylor.

August 13, 1892, Counselor B. W. Smith presiding: singing, "Come O, thou king of kings," prayer by Sister E. Webb, continued by singing, "Our God we raise to thee." Sister Smith spoke a short time and was followed by Sister S. M. Kimball, who spoke upon co-operation and improvement and urged all to seek for intelligence. Sister E. Stevensen spoke upon sacrifices and missionary labors and other important matters.

Mrs. Ashbrook, M. D., was invited to speak, she alluded to the opinions of the outside world concerning this people, but she had proved them to be honest and upright; stated that she desired to overcome her pride and accept the truth, and asked an interest in the faith and prayers of the sisters.

Sisters C. C. R. Wells, Corbett and others bore testimony and Sister B. W. Smith closed with some remarks about the love we should cultivate for each other. Singing, Doxology, benediction S. M. Kimball.

MARGARET A. CAINE, Sec., *pro tem.*

#### STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

MINUTES of the semi-annual Stockholders' meeting of the W. C. M. & M. Institution, held August 13th, 1892, in the 14th Ward Assembly Rooms.

Meeting was called to order by Vice President M. Y. Dougal, President M. I. Horne being absent from the city. Prayer was offered by C. C. R. Wells. The minutes of the previous or annual meeting were read and accepted. The semi-annual report of the financial condition of the business was then rendered by the Secretary.

The following names were presented as nominees for members of the Board of Directors, that quorum never having been full: Mrs. Lula Greene Richards, Mrs. Minnie James and Mrs. Sarah Howard, of Bountiful. Also the name of Mrs. E. H. Woodmansee as Treasurer, and Gladys Woodmansee as Secretary, they having previously been appointed to those positions by the Board of Directors. The vote was called for and proved unanimous in favor of sustaining these ladies as members of the Board, and as Treasurer and Secretary.

Vice President M. Y. Dougal then spoke favorably of the enterprise and dwelt upon the many advantages to be derived from such an institution. She urged the sisters to patronize the store, and to agitate the matter, thus advertising it among their friends. Was pleased with the report which shows that we are not dead yet, but we must have more patronage and a larger capital to work with if we would make a success of this undertaking.

Mrs. E. H. Woodmansee then said that in behalf of herself and daughter she would say that it was in deference to the wishes of the Board of Directors that they had again accepted these positions, as Mrs. Minnie James and Mrs. Carrie Thomas, being occupied with domestic affairs, were not able to devote their time to the Institution. Spoke of the benefit of being able to apprentice our daughters under a good influence, and said if we will be patient some one, in the not distant future, will have the pleasure of declaring a dividend. Mrs. M. W. Wilcox spoke encouragingly of our condition, and urged the necessity of selling more stock; mentioned the pleasant influence which had always existed in our Institution. Mrs. C. C. R. Wells said that the Institution is as safe as the bank so far as we have gone, but our hands are tied for the want of more capital; urged the sisters to take more stock and sustain this Institution, as it will be for our benefit in many ways.

Meeting adjourned for six months or until the Saturday nearest the 15th of February.

GLADYS WOODMANSEE, Sec.



## ITEMS FROM THE NORTH.

*Editor* EXPONENT:

DEAR SISTER:—I am always pleased to receive my EXPONENT, it seems like having a good visit with an old friend. I was acquainted in my younger days with several of the sisters that write good articles for the paper and it fills my heart with joy and satisfaction to read them.

The health of the Saints in Bannock Stake is, generally speaking, good at present. I had the honor with Stake President Temperance Hinckly of the Relief Society, to accompany President Ricks and his Counselors, (as also Sisters E. Ricks and C. Smith in behalf of the Young Ladies' Association) on a tour around the south part of Bannock Stake. We held twenty meetings, traveled two hundred and eleven miles and home again in ten days. We had an enjoyable time, were met with welcome and good cheer, wherever we went with the Saints. It seems to me that those who desire to live their religion can see the necessity of doing so more and more every day. I can testify to the fact that there is a united band of faithful sisters in the Bannock Stake Relief Society, willing to respond to every call made upon them.

I forgot to mention Patriarch A. E. Hinckly was with President Ricks on his tour; he blest the Saints in the congregations, also their fields and all they possessed, that they might grow and increase; also N. C. Watkins, Principal of Bannock Stake Academy traveled and talked in behalf of having religious classes for those that could not attend the Academy. How wise in President Woodruff! He is truly a father looking after the interests of our children, the poor as well as the rich, to see that all are educated in the principles of the Gospel, the future hope of Zion.

These are a few rambling ideas; excuse me for encroaching on your valuable time and believe me a sincere friend of the EXPONENT.

MRS. M. S. ANDERSON.

KAINTUCK, BINGHAM COUNTY, IDAHO.

Aug. 5, 1892.

## NATURE.

WE are all lovers of the beautiful I believe, yet we must all realize that imitation will not compare with that which is real, accordingly the God of nature must surely have the preference, in our love and admiration, because His intelligence supersedes all else.

There is however another class of people who are not capacitated to imitate nature of this kind, yet learn useful lessons by observation and reflection.

We have a specimen of this kind in our school books which I read in my youth, but they have long since been called in and others now supply their place; the one I would refer to is a poem called the "The Shepherd and Philosopher." I think I can repeat it. It reads thus:

## THE SHEPHERD.

"His head was silvered o'er with age  
And long experience made him sage;  
Through summer's heat and winter's cold  
He penned his flock and fed the fold.

His hours in cheerful labor flew  
Nor envy nor ambition knew,  
His modest worth and generous fame  
Through all the country raised his name.

A deep Philosopher whose rules  
Of moral life were drawn from schools,  
The Shepherd's homely cottage sought  
And thus explored his reach of thought.

Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil  
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?  
Hast thou old Greece and Rome surveyed  
Or the vast sense of Plato weighed?

Hath Socrates thy soul refined,  
Or hast thou fathomed Tully's mind?

The shepherd modestly replied:  
I ne'er the paths of learning tried;  
Nor have I roamed in foreign parts  
To read mankind their laws and arts.

The little knowledge I have gained,  
Was all from simple nature drained,  
In constancy and faithful love,  
I learn my duty from the dove.

The hen, which from the chilly air  
With pious wings protects her care;  
And every fowl that flies at large  
Instructs me in a parent's charge.

My dog, the trusty of his kind,  
With gratitude inflames my mind;  
I mark his true and faithful way  
And in my service copy Tray."

This reminds me of our Savior's words, "Except ye become as a little child ye can not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Do not we see in this poem what the God of nature can do for one who has honesty of soul and sincerity of heart in believing there is such a Being who overrules the destiny of the human family if they will only lend a listening ear to the still small voice which naturally belongs to man who is made in the image of God and has a germ of the Deity to begin this journey of life?

Yes, it both ennobles and refines the character of those who will make themselves acquainted with its marvelous charm, for such it truly proved to be to the shepherd, giving him the deportment of an educated person.

Please read the history of our Savior Jesus Christ, see what attainments He arrived at, yet uneducated in worldly wisdom, though He was compelled to learn both.

Let us remember then that we did not come into this world just to eat and drink and sleep, but to learn these lessons, which we can do if we practice the lessons that Jesus gave.

M. E. K.

Aug. 15, 1892.

## R. S. REPORTS.

## JACKSON.

Report of the organization of the Relief Society of the Laklata Branch, of the Burnham Ward, organized Mar. 27th, 1892, as follows: Sister Lydia Taylor was chosen to act as President, Sisters May Rogers, and Agnes Smith Counselors, Sister Mary Taylor Secretary, Miss Lillie Taylor assistant Secretary, Sister Amanda Taylor Treasurer. The brethren who officiated in setting apart these officers, were President F. A. Hammond, Bishop L. C. Burnham, Elders F. A. Young, J. S. Smith, and D. J. Rogers.

MARY J. TAYLOR, Sec.

## DAVIS STAKE.

Minutes of the Relief Society Conference of Davis Stake, held at Kaysville, July 22nd, 1892. Pres. Susan Grant presiding. There were present from Salt Lake City President Zina D. H. Young and L. G. Richards, also Bishop Barton of Kaysville and others. Meeting opened by singing, "Glorious things of Thee are spoken;" prayer by Counselor Janie Holt; singing, "Truth reflects upon our senses." Minutes of the previous Conference read and approved.

Pres. Grant expressed her pleasure at again meeting in the capacity of a Conference. I know it is very busy times here and we can't expect very many to come to Conference; many of us have spent our lives in this Kingdom, and it would be too bad not

to hold out to the end and get the blessings that are in store for the faithful. Myself and Counselors have visited the northern branches of the Society and have organized one new Society at Summit Basin; where ever we go we find a few faithful souls and they are the ones that will receive the choicest blessings.

Pres. Zina D. Young spoke of the necessity of the young sisters attending the Society; referred to our sons and daughters marrying out of the Church, many of them have seen the error of their ways. Let us all have a spirit of forgiveness and kindness to all; said that our little duties should be attended to.

Bishop Barton: It is the very busiest time of the year with us, if it was a few weeks earlier or later more could attend. When we speak it is not the many words we use but the sincerity of our hearts; spoke about using our influence for good, there never was more need of faith and perseverance than now, when we neglect our duties darkness takes possession of our minds. Paul could see the present day, he said the people would be more lovers of pleasure than Godliness. I trust that we may always feel the spirit of humility and never forget to show our gratitude to God. I feel, Sisters, to appreciate your labors; let us all be true to God and ourselves.

Pres. Muir represented West Bountiful as doing well and all seemed to want to do their duty.

Pres. S. B. Layton made some very interesting remarks; said she desired to live in the fear of the Lord all her days; was thankful for having had a knowledge of this work when young, also that her lot had been just as it had. She then spoke in tongues, which was interpreted by Sister Clark, Sister Zina bore testimony to the truth and correctness of the interpretation.

Counselor Hatch represented South Bountiful.

Meeting was then adjourned until afternoon; singing "Now let us rejoice in the day of Salvation." Benediction by Bishop Barton.

Afternoon Services: After the usual opening exercises Sister Lula Greene Richards addressed the sisters. "How beautifully our Father in heaven has organized this Society; the branches are all linked together; if we neglect any one thing the Lord has given us to learn, it will show itself somewhere;" spoke very earnestly about prayer, said that we should have it in our hearts all the time; if we make sacrifices to do good we will not lose any thing by it; we should try to reform our children and ourselves. "I think it is a great privilege to be here with Sister Zina and I ask the Lord to bless us all."

Sister Aurelia Rogers made a few remarks: "I feel that I dare not shrink from my duty." Spoke about children, said we should teach them good principles. "I love to come to these meetings and have my spiritual strength renewed."

Sister Zina spoke upon traditions and obedience, said if we wanted obedient children in the Church they should be taught obedience home. Spoke of prayer and of ordinances for the sick and referred to clothing the dead for burial; spoke of the duties of the teachers and secretaries and many other important matters.

Sister Lizzie Smith spoke of the interest she felt in spiritual things and thought our time should be more spent in learning spiritual things and less in temporal, etc.



Coun. Jane Holt was deeply interested in this latter-day work especially in the young people and in the primary Associations, spoke upon prayer and several other subjects.

Pres. Grant said we have heard many good things and been truly edified and blest. Singing "How beauteous are their feet who stand on Zion's hill." Benediction by Brother Smith. Conference adjourned for three months to be held at East Bountiful.

PHEBE C. SESSIONS, Secretary.

## W. S. A. REPORT.

SOUTH BOUNTIFUL W. S. A.

On invitation from the Woman Suffrage Association of South Bountiful, Dr. Elvira S. Barney and Mrs. E. McFarlane of Salt Lake City, also Mrs. Lucy A. Clark of Farmington, and Mrs. Martha Fackrell of West Bountiful visited the association of South Bountiful.

The first speaker was Mrs. Lucy A. Clark who gave instructions pertaining to the World's Fair; and other business was laid before the association. Mrs. McFarlane next addressed the house, spoke of the ballot for woman and treated the subject in an interesting manner, and touched on other points pertaining to the suffrage question. Dr. Barney after expressing herself well pleased with the work of the association, dwelt at some length on EQUAL RIGHTS; explained many things in regard to the situation and position of woman today; a few spicy jokes were mixed in with her remarks which were very appropriate. All wished to hear from Mrs. Fackrell, and she responded in a brief speech in behalf of suffrage and equal rights. Meeting adjourned for one month.

SARAH H. HOWARD, President.

## A PIONEER ADDRESS.

BY MRS. ELECTA BULLOCK.

[Delivered at the celebration in Provo, July 24, 1892.]

The 24th day of July! The pioneer day of Utah it is called; and why do we contract the term to apply only to Utah? Why not give to it its full and true application, and say: "The 24th day of July! The pioneer day of the Inter-mountain region and the Pacific Coast."

Truly this is the day when every man and woman who has been the recipient of the God-given privilege of this Divinely favored land, between the Missouri river and the Pacific coast, should bow their heads in humble reverence, and lift their hearts in earnest praise and thanksgiving to their Father in heaven for this day—the anniversary of the day when that brave and inspired band pitched their scorched and tattered tents in the Great Salt Lake Valley and seized upon the key that opened up to our race the new and golden world.

I am asked to speak to you today in behalf of the women, who have taken so noble and prominent a part in the almost incomprehensible drama that has been played for the last forty-five years upon this land, to which the eyes of the world are turned today.

To do my subject even an approximate justice, or to give their unparalleled history

a passing notice, would require more time and ability than I have at my command.

On the 7th day of April 1847 the pioneer company left the Missouri river and commenced their journey toward the setting sun. It consisted of 148 souls—143 strong, brave men, three equally brave and courageous women, and two children.

History tells us somewhat of those noble, self-sacrificing women, how their untiring efforts and cheerful influence were brought to bear upon the hearts of those earnest toilers in their weary march; and in every line of their record we find inspiration to noble deeds and higher thoughts.

When preparing for the perilous journey to the unknown west, and the hearts of Israel were o'ershadowed with anxiety for the friends with whom they were about to part, for how long they knew not, the shadows of gloom were all dispelled by the inspiration of song, and in one grand chorus the hosts of Israel sang:

"The time of winter now is o'er,  
There's verdure on the plain;  
We leave our sheltering roofs once more  
And to our tents again.  
Oh! camp of Israel onward move,  
O! Jacob rise and sing;  
Ye saints the world's salvation prove;  
All hail to Zion's King."

And brightness took the place of gloom, hope banished despair, faith removed and took the place of doubt, and under the music of that pioneer song, the march was taken up, the camp-fire was made more cheerful, the stout hearts of brave men made more hopeful and courageous, and those inspired words and that music were given to Israel by a *woman*.

And when the fleeing hosts took up the journey to follow their leader into the wilderness, that song of a woman brought cheer and sunshine to the exhausted souls, after their weary day of travel. Through all the terrible vicissitudes of that memorable journey, and the innumerable trials of those who came hither subsequently, woman's noble work and elevating and refining influence were seen and felt in a thousand different ways. We see her when devoting her attention to the helpless and in many instances half-starved children; and again by her encouraging words and unswerving faith, banishing from her husband's, brothers' or sons' heart every shadow of discouragement and planting there the grandest purposes and noblest ambitions, perchance mounting her steed and driving stock upon the trail, or managing her ox or horse team, as the situation at the moment demanded, suiting herself to every circumstance, and cheerfully meeting every emergency, and with a faith peculiarly her own, seeing the hand of God in every condition she was called upon to meet.

When the valley—the resting place and future home—was finally reached, we see her hand in hand with her husband and father, toiling along uncomplainingly at every legitimate occupation presenting itself to her, whereby she could assist in earning the common necessities of life, and make a home for family, and render assistance to friends.

And when the great tide of emigration commenced across the continent to the "Land of Gold" and the exhausted pilgrims arrived in the Salt Lake Valley, the created oasis in the desert, sick in body and at heart, the ministrations of the tender hands of those pioneer women have nursed many

and many a dying soul back to life and ultimate prosperity; and how cheerfully were all labors of love and charity performed by them! I have the distinguished honor of knowing from personal experience and observation, the truth of what I say. In the opening up and settling of new countries history presents no parallel to that of pioneer Utah. Never in human experience has such a band of grand pioneer men been surrounded by such noble, high-minded, pure, and earnest women. In the organization of the social fabric of our great commonwealth, woman has ever been the principal factor, and her gentle refining influence has borne its divine fruit, in the rearing throughout these Rocky Mountain valleys the most intelligent, refined, prayerful, virtuous and progressive posterity that the pioneers of any country were ever blessed with.

It is universally conceded that Utah has the greatest amount of musical ability of any country on earth in proportion to its population, and I ask you if that fact is not one of the direct results of virtuous, pure-minded Christian mothers? It is said "by their fruits ye shall know them," and I stand here today and proudly invite your attention to the fruits of the social system that those pioneer women assisted in establishing, and with religious devotion have maintained, and challenge the intelligent world to say they are not good.

We have but to look into the faces of those bright, sweet little darlings around us here today—listen to their angelic music, follow them to their comfortable and happy homes; note their advanced condition in all educational matters, and bow to the fruits of pioneer principle and effort.

In the commercial history of our commonwealth woman is no less prominent than in the social. For many many years in the early history of Utah, there was but little clothing worn that did not pass through the hand of woman—first to the hand card, thence to the hand spinning-wheel; thence to the hand loom, and from there to the wife tailor, to the household knitter, and the female hatter. All that the cunning and device of human hands could perform under the circumstances those women zealously seized the opportunity to do and with brain and hand labored to save and maintain the credit of their husbands and fathers, both at home and abroad, and formerly there was no country on earth whose credit was superior to that of Utah.

As to the female literary ability among us but little need be said. It is too well known to require comment from me today. It is unnecessary for me to bring before you the brilliant array of female literary talent, so well known to the educated world, but suffice it to say, that according to advantages and population we have no peer in this or any other country either in prose or song.

And do you ask me about our political record? If you do, let me briefly answer you. From time immemorial we have carried in the front, held up to the eyes of all the world the banner we proudly wave today, "*Not Superiority, but Equality.*" Memorial after memorial have we modestly but earnestly forwarded to the legislative authority of our great country asking that our principle be recognized; we have never wavered from our purpose, and with the help of God we never will until we are in the full possession of that which we know we have earned, for ourselves and our daughters and our daughters' daughters,—the recognition of "*Political Equality.*"



We believe that woman has given to the politics of our land that which is purest and best in them. We believe that when she receives the recognition of political equality she can and will eliminate from politics many of its evil and most damning influences of today; we believe that when given the opportunity she will do as much for our political system as she has done for our social, commercial, and literary systems.

We can point proudly to the brief period when we enjoyed the well earned privilege of franchise in our Territory and truthfully say to the world that there was no citizen elected to office by our votes that proved unworthy of the public trust reposed in him. We are proud of the fact, that while we were exercising our franchise, there were no disgraceful disturbances at the polls and that there was less blasphemy than there was before, or has been since.

And when the elective franchise was ruthlessly taken from us, under our most solemn protest, it was done by just such corrupt means and measures as women will cast out of politics when the time shall arrive that they are empowered to accomplish that much desired end.

And in conclusion permit me to say that we realize and fully appreciate the facts that we are—

Equally taxpayers with the men;  
Equally amenable to the laws of the land,  
Equally interested in seeing the laws properly administered and vindicated;  
Equally earnest in every material advancement of our commonwealth.

And as pioneer mothers of the Great West we feel that that which is our right is being withheld from us, but we have faith that our strong progressive sons will stand nobly by our banner until their mothers, wives, sisters and daughters will receive their proper recognition—"Political Equality" not superiority.

#### MODERN ADVERTISING.

[Extract from the writings of Thomas Warwick.]

Few people realize the extensive use that is made of newspaper columns for blackmailing purposes; but a New York detective, who makes it a point at stated intervals to answer all the personals in the papers, states that in one case, out of eighty letters he received in return to his inquiries, there were only half a dozen on the score of which he had any doubts, the others all coming from well-known gangs of blackmailers.

The method employed by these men for "working the racket" is as follows: The ad. first appears in the paper in the regulation style so familiar to every one: "Refined young lady of twenty, bright blue eyes, lovable disposition, seeks companionship of educated young man."

There are always plenty of fools ready to answer such an advertisement, and the young man is soon so deeply tangled up in an affair that when he wishes to break off he finds it too late: the blackmailers hold letters and other tangible proof against him, and inform him roundly that he must either pay a few hundred dollars or have his name brought into the courts on a breach-of-promise suit. Of course, in many instances their schemes are successful, the young man or his family paying the required sum in order to avoid any scandal.

The opposite case is also of frequent oc-

currence. The advertisement that appears this time is that of the educated young man seeking the companionship of the refined young lady. It is surprising how many young ladies of good family there are who answer these advertisements, "just for fun," and who have their letters addressed to one of the numerous private postoffices in drug stores, etc. But, like the ostrich which hides its head in the sand when pursued, they soon learn to their cost that they are no match for the hunters. After carrying on their amusing correspondence for awhile with their unknown advertiser, they tire of it, and endeavor to put a stop to it. Immediately they begin to receive letters in their own name and addressed to their own homes, threatening to publish the letters they wrote in jest unless a certain amount of cash is forthcoming. The wily blackmailers play a sharp game, and easily ascertain the identity of their fair correspondents from the very beginning of the affair.

If the aid of a good lawyer is secured the treacherous letters may be usually bought back at from twenty-five to fifty dollars, but when the young woman is afraid to confess the matter to her parents, and has property of her own, the swindlers often receive large sums in this manner.

But the devil does not confine his attention to the advertising columns of the newspapers. He knows too well the value of printer's ink to overlook the possibilities of the reading matter, and the fact that his ads. are inserted free of charge is not calculated to deter him from pushing work in this direction. I refer now more particularly to the column upon column of space which the newspapers devote to creating and extending the notoriety of criminals. There cannot be the shadow of a doubt that these newspaper accounts do more to stimulate crime than almost any other one cause. Not only does it act by appealing to the love of notoriety of those who are already criminals, and so encourage them on to worse and worse deeds, but it appeals to those who are too ignorant to attempt crime by themselves, but who, on reading of the doings of others in the papers, find here examples ready set for them, and which they can easily follow. Moreover, constant contact with vice blunts the moral feelings, and constant reading of the acts of criminals is apt to have the same effect, and to so familiarize the minds of the people with crime that it loses its first repulsiveness. We must not forget that one of the greatest safeguards against crime is the instinctive feeling of disgust which it inspires, a disgust which arises from education amid fine surroundings, and that without this first feeling many crimes would have been committed which are now unrecorded. \* \*

A step in the right direction would be for the reputable newspapers to abolish the personal column. As to the sensational reading matter, it would probably be out of the question to do away with this, as the public demand for this kind of news is so great that the publisher who refused to print it would soon find himself without subscribers. But there is one step which the best papers could and should take. It is the suppression of the name of the criminal in the accounts of his crime. The individual man being thus merged into one general class, with no distinction whatever, the notoriety would be greatly diminished, and would be less of an incentive to crime than it is at present. In other words, crime would be shorn of its glory, or at least of a

great part of it, and this would be a good and valuable work accomplished.

#### PRIMARY STAKE SECRETARIES.

The stake secretaries of the Primary Associations are requested to send in their yearly reports by September 15th, 1892. The new report blanks can be obtained by sending to Miss May Anderson, 108 South, Seventh East, Salt Lake City, General Secretary, P. A.

MRS. M. E. VAN, M. D.

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# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of all Nations.

VOL. 21.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SEPTEMBER 15, 1892.

No. 6.

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## A SILENT LESSON.

I AM sitting by a streamlet,  
In a cool and shady dell,  
Where the grass and tiny leaflet,  
In profusion love to dwell.

Here and there I spy a daisy,  
Pearly-white and russet-brown,  
Nodding bright in sunlight hazy,  
Modest glances casting down.

Up above in branches bending,  
Little songsters, in and out,  
Sweetest melodies forth-sending,  
In soft cadences about.

While the tall and stately willows,  
To and fro in silence swing;  
Like the undulating billows,  
To the heart sweet music bring.

At my feet 'neath fern leaves drooping,  
There the rippling water flows,  
Over rocks and pebbles leaping,  
Down the valley to repose.

Golden gleams of sunlight stealing  
O'er the velvet covered ground;  
Flashing sunbeams slowly creeping  
Up and down and all around.

Flutt'ring butterflies still hover,  
Dressed in white, gold, brown and black,  
Over buttercups and clover,  
Seeking sweetness neither lack.

Busy bees with ceaseless humming,  
'Mong the moss and watercress—  
Heavy-laden homeward coming,  
Dost thou wish thy burden less?

Whence derived that subtle odor—  
Fragrance from an unseen spot?  
O'er my scattered senses wander,  
Mem'ries ne'er to be forgot.

Once again sweet perfumes wafted  
By the softly sighing breeze;  
'Tis some flower closely shaded,  
By verdant grass and leaves.

Hither, thither, quickly seeking,  
By the banks with dew-drops wet;  
Calmly sleeping, shyly peeping,  
Lo! there dreams a violet.

Lowly, humble, little flower,  
Thou art solace to my heart;  
Like an ever welcome shower,  
Thou to me sweet hopes impart.

With a tender, rev'rent feeling,  
I shall bear thee from this spot;  
And I'll place in sacred keeping,  
Whisp'ring, "I'll forget thee not."

Oh, the lesson, little flower,  
Thou hast taught me I shall keep;  
Ever praying for my dower,  
Traits like thine, pure, good, and meek.

And to live a life so holy;  
Sin can never be a part;  
Though it be unknown and lowly,  
It may cheer a drooping heart.

May thy beauty never perish,  
Ever radiant may it last;  
In my mem'ry thee I cherish,  
As a token of the past.

HYACINTH.

ALPINE, Aug. 1, 1892.

## IN RURAL ENGLAND.

### XXII.

The journey from London was comparatively dull, Lady Anna grieved being separated from Maitland, and Miss Conway was full of vague uncertainties as to her meeting the Doctor; Clair was the only really cheerful one of the party; he was returning heart whole, and with bright prospects of future prosperity in store. He tried to keep up a brilliant run of conversation with the young ladies, but it was impossible even for him, with his youthful exuberance of spirits; and the second day out, he relapsed into silence.

The old coach horses jogged on and the hours wore away, there was very little to interest one in the scenery at this early season of the year, the clouds were dark and the March winds blew fiercely, so that there was no chance of opening the coach windows, and Clair whistled and sang snatches of songs for his own amusement until his sister Anna complained, and then he teased and worried her about Maitland and Rob Harrison in sheer desperation for want of something to occupy his time.

Never was a young woman in more thoughtful mood than Jane Conway during the entire journey; she scarcely spoke at all, except when it was positively necessary, but on reaching the grounds near the park, she felt it an imperative duty to herself and others to rouse from the reverie that had enveloped her all the way from London, and to make an effort to respond at least to the cordial welcome, if homely one, she knew would be given the party on their return to the Castle.

Some rods distant from the great gateway, horsemen were seen coming towards them, and Jane's heart beat rapidly feeling sure Dr. Bland was one of the company. Sure enough it was the Doctor and a few of his friends, to escort them in. Jane Conway knew by this demonstration that he felt sure of her, or he would have come unattended; she was not certain of her self-control but summoning courage she stood the test modestly as became the occasion, and no one unless skilled in love matters

could have detected the embarrassment she really felt.

"The feast is spread, the servants in holiday attire and the gateways festooned with trailing evergreens from the park, and you will be welcomed in the most courtly manner; a few of the neighbors have been invited to welcome home the young master of Hilliard Castle and estates," said the Doctor, after the first salutations were over.

"I was in hopes our home-coming would have been with out parade or demonstration after so long an absence," replied Miss Conway.

"It would have been impossible after the message sent down by Burke and Hemenway that Mr. Hilliard was to take formal possession in place of his father, and the Rector himself has been invited, so you see it becomes a duty of the nobility he represents to have some formality, in order to give a sort of legality to the affair, and really the gathering is very small compared to the wealth and rank of the young heir. It shall be made as light as possible for you, Lady Anna will be expected to show herself equal to the honors, but the principal thing will be to make the right impression upon all present, and especially the old retainers and tenantry who are critical on these customs and usages at festive ceremonies."

"We must have time to change our traveling dresses for dinner costume, after responding to the salutations outside, my good Doctor," said Lady Anna.

"As to that you are the best judges, I see nothing amiss, your maids will attend to the dressing, whatever an old fellow like me might have to say. I see you have a new attendant, and the Doctor bowed politely to the pretty French maid who rode with them to be near when wanted. The coach drew up to the wide massive doorway and the ponderous oak doors were unbolted with great ceremony and there stood in state, not only the porter and attendants but the late Baronet's solicitors Burke and Hemenway, whom the in-coming party had supposed were at their office in London; the young Baronet was almost carried off his feet, and so little did he know of the strange proceedings that he was scarcely coherent in his replies. The young Lady did much better, and Miss Conway whose part in the involuntary program came last was so reserved, only bowing, nodding and smiling that she quite awed the crowd of enthusiastic admirers, who thronged the hall and outer landing.

"How handsome the young heir has grown, what a magnificent figure and bearing he has! A charming foreign accent and wonderful eyes! He'll set the whole country wild!" These and many other similar exclamations from the crowd were heard as they passed along, as well as favorable comments upon Lady Anna's figure and appearance, "so like her mother," some were remarking, "the same delicate features, and heavenly eyes;" finally the girls reached the apartment made ready for them, where warm wood fires and pale yellow lights cast gloomy shadows in the dark



rooms; and a shiver of nervous fear ran through Lady Anna as she recalled the scenes that had transpired of late, and she could not avoid saying aloud "what a home coming this is." Her maid caught the remark and began praising everything, telling her she must not indulge in idle fancies, but hurry up with the preparations and consider what to wear on such an auspicious occasion.

"The most elegant and decidedly plain dinner dress I have in my wardrobe," said Lady Anna with a positive tone that made Marie look up in amazement, but she yielded the point, though she had prided herself on having her resemble a fairy queen in *crepe* and pearls which best suited her style.

The great bell rang announcing the banquet and Clair was on hand to escort his sister, the Doctor waited impatiently for his *fiancee*, for he had not been alone with her yet; he took her arm in his and led her aside for a moment; with the calmness of a saint at the altar of sacrifice she received his tender embraces, and he was too much wrought upon to notice her coldness, and attributed her silence to the excitement and the importance of the responsibility which was pending. He was so certain of the prize he had won that no doubt of its slipping away from him ever entered his head.

The dinner was a tedious affair as such feasts generally are, everything was on such a large scale, and Clair unaccustomed to presiding at table for the small family of three, would have been lost without Dr. Bland's efficient help, who lightened his task (for such it was) in every conceivable way.

Clair had been informed when he first arrived that there would be dancing later on, a thing unknown in that place, in fact no one present could recall such an event never at any time during the recollection of the guests assembled now, so said one after another.

"There is no help for it" said Anna to her cousin, "we must dress again, though I'm dead tired, and don't want to dance with these country bumpkins, Clair and the Doctor are the only good partners, and I want to go to bed, after such a jaunt and all this fuss and flurry. Clair is welcome to all the honors, and I shall not dispute any claim, and therefore he should do all the honors, and excuse me from any 'part or parcel' in the matter; which seems to be wholly for his glorification."

"O, as to that" replied her cousin, "it is pretty evenly divided between you, but save for the fact of his masculinity my opinion is, we never should have heard of his existence."

Anna looked as if she but half comprehended the insinuation but said, "Clair is older and seniority counts a great deal among the English nobility, it might have been more unpleasant for me, had he not been a boy, with those bewitching eyes of his; I'm glad it's no worse, and really what makes you say we should never have heard of the heir if he had not been a boy." "Because it is a *stubborn* fact of which I am fully assured; have you not observed in the course of your short life the deference paid to men of title in contra-distinction to women of rank who were far more deserving."

"O, but it's so different with us, we're of very little consequence until we're married, we have no prospect of public trust as papa used to say, 'all this bosh and humbug of

elections, spending a lot of money to get some one into office so as to keep up with the rest of the world," he believed in the old feudal times of the Barons when every man's castle was his stronghold, and he was master by right of his inheritance."

"He lived up to that as well as he could in those times, methinks; but, honor bright cousin mine, it's all wrong this discrimination against our sex, we ought to have the same rights as our brothers; but we must dress to dance with the guests of the *fete* in honor of the new master, whatever dislike we may have to the *reverent* company," and so the colloquy ended for the time being. The hours sped gaily notwithstanding, the great variety of costumes and colors, the quaint and uncouth manners of the country people gave merriment to the festivities, and the young ladies were highly amused, and danced and laughed and forgot their weariness and ill-humor in the general hilarity.

Even stately Jane Conway grew more genial under the influence of the music, and her old bachelor lover felt quite at ease in the warmth of her smiles, though not a loving word passed between them until the time for departure, which was very late, the great clock of the castle had long since sounded the midnight hour, and in crowds the guests were leaving, when, drawing Miss Conway aside, her lover whispered in her ear, "tomorrow I shall be here early, and now my best beloved, Good-night," and he pressed her hand warmly.

The guests were all gone, the lights were extinguished, Clair and Anna had retired, everything was quiet only Jane Conway restless and dissatisfied with herself, paced up and down her room fretting like a caged bird, beating against its bars. "Tomorrow he will come and what does my heart say? That I would rather a thousand times live out this poor life alone, than be united to one I cannot love unreasonable, and yet he is so noble and so true, why not make this sacrifice of self for his happiness? he deserves it from me, and I can devote my whole life to him, would it be right? I know not. No man in the wide, wide world will ever care for me perchance as he does, and I dread the future. Anna will marry soon and go to her own home; in time Clair will bring to the old homestead a fitting bride, and I should be a pensioner, as it were in my late uncle's domain. No! I shall not, I will keep my troth, I am resolved, come what may," and she threw off her apparel hastily and jumped into bed as though afraid to meditate longer. Once sound asleep after the fatigue and worry of the day, she dreamed such a dream as one seldom forgets.

"She was in a strange land, everything was rude and primitive, she was dressed in dead black from head to foot, and stood in the midst of a crowd feeling utterly alone; she gazed afar off and saw the great boundless ocean heaving and surging, and she heard the sobbing and moaning of the sad, sea waves as she had often heard it when a child. She strained her eyes in the distance, and discovered afar off a speck in the dim horizon or on the great sea waves; the others seemed to be all going in the same direction: she felt her hand grasped with a warm clasp and, looking down, saw a little boy, fair haired and sunny-hued, his golden curls streaming over his velvet collar, he too was all in black, and her heart smote within her as if some terrible calamity had befallen her. She gazed athwart the sea

again and nearer came the speck dancing as it were upon the distant waves. The noise of the crowd upon the shore seemed shrill and cruel in her ears and she tightened her hold upon the child's hand, who looked lovingly into her face and unconsciously she exclaimed "so like Dr. Bland," and the boy wept; but she shed no tears, nor did she try to soothe him, but gazed afar until the deafening shouts, went up from the landsmen "ship ahoy! see she comes this way!" and then she turned and hurried inland; mechanically along a winding path till she came upon a cluster of hamlets in the deep forests unlike any she had ever seen, rougher and heavier built, one or two women met her on the way, they were going towards the seashore, and they spoke pityingly, but she passed on not heeding them; all the time the cries and shouts of the people on the beach were sounding in her ears, and echoing back from among the green woods; the child turned often to look backward, but she kept on her way and entered the low doorway of one of the rude cabins seemingly to rest for she felt very weary; the child begged her to go back to the shore to see the ship, and finally she rose and followed the little child, who hastened towards the sea; the people nodded pleasantly and some saluted her gallantly, one or two dark-skinned and warrior-like in stature and equipments, such as she never remembered having seen before, spoke kindly and patted the lad's head, though their faces were painted and they were bedecked with feathers, beads and the fur of animals; she recalled having read of such people in the old, old books; she must have lingered long away in that hut in the forest she thought, for the ship had landed, and putting up her hand to shade her eyes, for she was dazzled, she saw coming ashore, and questioning the by-standers as he came Rob Harrison; but he was much older, though she knew him at a glance, and blushing she turned to fly from him, but the boy was not at her side and she felt she must not lose him; while she hesitated, the stranger had overtaken her, and without asking, kissed her there upon the highway, the crowd bustling around them; the boy was there too and when the man found utterance he said, "where is my cousin Anna?" So shocked was she to hear a familiar voice among strangers, that she woke, dreaming that she was sobbing upon the bosom of this strange man from whom she had been so many years separated; the great clock was striking and her own maid standing over her in bewilderment, for she was really sobbing in her sleep.

MRS. BELLE C. JOHNSON is editor of the Salem (Ill.) *Republican*.

MISS ZELIA NUTTALL, of San Francisco, is making her mark as an anthropologist. Just now she is in Dresden, Germany, where she has a fine collection of books on Mexico. She is remarkably well-informed in Aztec history and arts. In the last number of the "Internationales Archivfur Ethnographic" she publishes an illustrated article upon the feather shields of Mexico. In a recent visit to Florence, Italy, Miss Nuttall discovered in the library an Aztec manuscript with pictures. It turned out to be a treatise upon dress and ornament, and contains a text in Spanish. This, reprinted in facsimile with critical notes and an English translation, Miss Nuttall will present at the next Congress in October.



## TO THE NIGHT.

AS I enter the shadowy portals of night,  
To stray in her solitude vast,  
Pale memory whispers a vanished delight  
And summons a shade from the past.

Lo! my Marguerite plays: the sweet passion and  
skill  
That we loved speak again in her art.  
How the strains of her violin sound, at her will  
Like the chords of a human heart.

It is only a dream, such as travelers say  
Thirst gives in the lands of the sun;  
And the sad, sweet face and the form pass away—  
The music and glory are done!

I call on my love in grief's passionate words,  
If only one moment to stay;  
But all that I hear is the twitter of birds  
That wake in the morning gray.

Where the far distant Alps seem a cloudland of  
snow,  
Are a lake, and a valley so fair,  
And a sculptured stone, with its record of woe,  
To tell she is sleeping there.

W. GOW GREGOR in *Once a Week*.

## O, WHERE DOST THOU WANDER?

O, where dost thou wander, and whither hast  
fled,  
My friends gather 'round me and say thou art  
dead;  
Tell me what is its meaning, say what have I  
done,  
That forsaken I weep in my desolate home?

I tried to be always a dutiful wife,  
Was proud of thy love as I was of my life;  
How then have I grieved thee, that so soon thou  
hast flown  
And left me to carry life's burden alone?

Hear the wail of our children, thy babes and  
mine,  
For the love of a father ever they pine;  
Oh! Father in heaven give me strength to en-  
dure,  
And wisdom to lead them in ways that are pure.

I know thou hast promised the widow to bless,  
And will comfort and cherish the fatherless;  
Thou hast said to the widow a husband I'll be,  
Then Father in mercy look Thou upon me.

Whatever my trials in thee will I trust,  
Though sorrows o'erwhelm me I know thou art  
just;  
And if I will be patient—learn life's lessons well  
The peace of thy spirit my bosom shall swell.

Already I feel its sweet influence here;  
My husband in spirit I know will be near,  
To encourage and cheer me adown my lone way,  
Till rent is the vail and I see the bright ray—

Of Glory that gleams from my husband's abode,  
And thou hast commanded me—lay down thy  
load;  
Henceforth thy pure spirit from earth's anguish is  
free,

Come, and dwell with thy husband eternally.  
R. M. F.

## DIVINE LOVE.

GOD is over all, And His tender mercies  
are over all His works." Since He tenderly  
provides for all His creatures He will  
certainly care for His children who trust in  
Him. All who live and trust Him will be

free from anxious care, and have every need  
supplied through the working of His well  
ordered Providence, for "to them that love  
God all things work together for good."  
It is God's care to provide for all who serve  
and trust Him. It is our care to maintain  
our trust and religious character, casting all  
our anxiety upon Him "who taketh care for  
us." The ground of Divine care, and of  
our love and trust is that God is our Father,  
and that we are His earth born children.  
Faithful and affectionate children have no  
anxiety concerning their comfort and well  
being, which is provided for them by their  
careful parents. Through faith and right-  
eousness the children of the Heavenly  
Parent may confidently trust the Divine  
care and providence. All glory then to  
Him who knew whereof He wrought. "All  
glory too, so that transmitting power which  
brings such sweetness from such bitter  
things, good still from evil, bliss from bane,  
from weakness strength, from losses gain."  
L. M. H.

## WORSHIP IN OLDEN TIME.

If we could carry ourselves back to those  
olden days, and were to approach a New  
England village about nine o'clock on Sun-  
day morning, we should hear some one beat-  
ing a drum, or sounding a horn, or blowing  
a conch shell, or possibly ringing a bell to  
call people to worship. If we came nearer  
still, we should see a flag waving from a  
log-built church or "meetinghouse." En-  
tering the village we should see a strong  
fence of stakes around this meetinghouse,  
and a sentinel in armor standing near it;  
and we should see some of the men, as they  
went in, leaving their muskets in his care.  
We should, perhaps, see a cannon or two  
planted near the meetinghouse; and we  
should also see some strange wooden frames  
not far off, these being the stock and the  
pillory, put there to punish offenders.  
Looking at this church we should see that  
it had very few glass windows, and that  
these had very thick and small panes, dia-  
mond-shaped, and set in leaden frames. We  
should observe that the other windows had  
oiled paper instead of glass; and we should  
see between the windows the heads of  
wolves that had been killed and displayed  
there during the year.

If we were to look inside the little church  
we should not see the families sitting to-  
gether, as now, but they would be dis-  
tributed according to age, sex, or rank. In  
those days the old men sat together in one  
place in the church, the young men in  
another. The boys all sat on the pulpit  
stairs or gallery, with constables to guard  
them. Each of these constables had a wand  
with a hare's foot on one end and a hare's  
tail on the other. These were to keep the  
people awake. If any woman went to  
sleep, the constable touched her on the fore-  
head with the hare's tail; but if a small boy  
nodded, he was rapped with the other end  
not quite so gently. No doubt the wand  
was often used, for the services were some-  
times three or four hours long, the sexton  
turning the hourglass before the minister  
at the end of every hour. The only music  
consisted of singing by the congregation  
from a metrical version of the psalms, called  
"The Bay Psalm book." The whole num-  
ber of tunes known to the congregation did  
not exceed ten; and few congregations  
could go beyond five. This was the Puritan  
form of religious service. And people were

not allowed to stay at home from it; for  
men called tithingmen were sent about  
town to look for those that were absent.  
Men were fined for every unnecessary ab-  
sence; and, if they staid away a month to-  
gether they might be put into the stocks or  
into a wooden cage.—*Hearth and Hall*.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Baroness Grippenbergh, of Finland,  
who has organized a women's council in  
her native country, writes: "Look out or  
you will be left behind by the council of  
women who are Fins."

MISS M. C. Taylor, of New Orleans, has  
been appointed State librarian of Louisiana,  
by Secretary of State T. S. Adams, and has  
been in charge of the State Library since  
the 10th of August. For four years Miss  
Taylor has been assistant librarian of the  
State library, Mrs. Cecile Hamilton having  
been librarian for a number of years. Miss  
Emma S. Adams, daughter of Hon. T. S.  
Adams, is assistant librarian.

MRS. GOUGAR spoke recently at a largely  
attended meeting at Haverstraw, N. Y.  
Upon her platform were ten clergymen, in-  
cluding the rector of the Episcopalian  
Church and Father McGare, of the Roman  
Catholic, all voting Prohibitionists. It was  
the first time the Reverend Father had ever  
heard a woman speak in public, and he ex-  
pressed himself as delighted. This world  
moves.—*Organizer, Indianapolis, Ind.*

## INTERESTING ITEM.

WE have received the following notice from  
Utah County which shows the women of that  
County are wide awake in the interest of the  
Utah Silk Exhibit in the World's Fair.

PROVO CITY Sept. 14, 1892.

Editor EXPONENT:

We desire to inform all those having cocoons to  
reel that we have engaged the services of a com-  
petent reeler. Those wishing cocoons worked up  
can confer with the President of the Silk Associa-  
tion.

Also wish to state that we are having a number  
of dress goods woven at the Provo Mill and we  
are about to make a Silk Flag for the World's  
Fair also a Silk Shawl and other minor articles.

M. A. TILL, Pres. U. C. S. A.  
MATILDA OLSEN, Sec.

## FRIDAY AND THE FAIR.

From the *Washington Post*.

It was on Friday that Columbus set sail from  
Palos, Friday he first saw the new world, Friday  
he reached Palos on his return, the 400th anni-  
versary of the discovery falls on Friday, and on  
Friday this country was Christened after Americus  
Vespuccius, the Florentine discoverer.—*Omaha  
Bee*.

It was on Friday that congress passed the bill  
providing for the World's Columbian exhibition,  
the bill was signed by the president on Friday,  
on Friday congress determined in favor of  
Chicago as the place for holding the said exhibi-  
tion, on Friday the committee agreed to report  
the five-million loan bill to the house, on Friday  
the loan was incorporated in the sundry civil bill,  
on Friday the "Durborow bill" was introduced,  
amended so as to make a gift of \$2,500,000 to the  
exhibition instead of a loan of \$5,000,000, on Fri-  
day the gift bill passed both houses, and was  
signed by the president on Friday.



# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

EMMELINE B. WELLS, - - - Editor.

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## AT HOME AGAIN.

AFTER an absence of four weeks from our post of duty, trying to rest and recuperate as well as visit, we returned home to assume the every day work of life. Many changes have taken place during that time some that were very sad; a beloved baby grandchild had been called home, though perfectly well when we went away, and we were unable to reach here in time to see her sweet face once more; how little we know when parting from friends for only a short time what may transpire ere we meet again. While away we did not send home sufficient copy to get the paper of September 15, out on time and therefore must ask our patrons to forgive the delay. In our next issue we will publish some notices which ought to have appeared here, viz: the death of the venerable and able woman Ernestine L. Rose and also that of Geo. Wm. Curtis, another Apostle of the Woman's cause.

We also hoped to have made some notes of the work Mr. Edmund Russell is doing in his particular line in Salt Lake City, of which we were uninformed until after our return home; having anticipated his being already in San Francisco, whither he intends to go about the first of October. Really there are so many things that deserve special mention and there is so little space in a small journal that one cannot do justice, but we shall hope to make some good notes for October 1, which will soon be here, and also the Conference and the Territorial Fair which brings many people consequently important news and business to the City.

The Woman's Department of the World's Fair have been holding meetings and making some progress in the work of organizing and distributing information, circulars etc. Abroad in the world things do seem to be hurrying on to a climax and events significant of momentous changes are transpiring. Prophecies of the Scriptures and of modern prophets are being rapidly fulfilled so that—"He that runneth may read."

The Convention of the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association will be held in San Francisco Sept. 21, 22, and 23. Miss G. L. Brown of this City has gone there to attend its sessions, we too had hoped to go but were disappointed at the last moment, in fact there is too much to do at home.

## BABY ELEANOR.

SAD indeed is the sudden death of a little child even though all know who read the Scriptures aright that "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Fair and sweet and beautiful was the little darling of whom we write. Intelligent beyond her age, sprightly in every action, winning and attrac-

tive in manner and expression, she was endeared to all and had entwined herself so closely about the hearts of her parents and little brothers and sisters, that her departure must indeed leave an aching void in the previously complete and happy household.

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there!  
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair."

Eleanor Adey Cannon, infant daughter of John Q. and Annie Wells Cannon, was born in Ogden, January 24, 1891, and died at the family residence there August 29, 1892 at the age of one year, seven months and five days.

The little one's illness which was pronounced *cerebral spinal meningitis* only lasted two days and on the morning of the third about seven o'clock she fell asleep to waken no more until the resurrection morn. The father, mother and little brothers and sisters were with the dying babe who breathed her last in the fond mother's arms. Never was a little one more tenderly beloved; all that love and constant care and attention could bestow she received during her brief stay here. But God knew best and "He giveth and He taketh away."

Friends were near with kind words and loving hearts to do all in their power for those so sorely bereaved. Gifts of flowers brought with tender messages and everything that affection could suggest.

Wednesday morning August 31, the immediate family with relatives and friends, bringing the little casket with them came to this City in a special car; at the depot here they were met by President George Q. Cannon and the other relatives of both families, Cannon and Wells, and the procession proceeded to the cemetery, where the funeral services were held in the open air. Apostle Abraham H. Cannon having charge. A quartette of young men led by J. D. Spencer sang "I need thee every hour," etc.

After the singing which was heavenly, Bishop O. F. Whitney made appropriate remarks expressing tenderest sympathy for the sorrowing relatives and eloquently portraying the light and glory of the life beyond.

The quartette then rendered the beautiful hymn,

"Shall we meet beyond the river" etc.

Apostle Abraham H. Cannon tendered thanks to all who had been helpful and kind during this time of grief and affliction, and President Joseph E. Taylor offered up a fervent prayer dedicating and consecrating the ground, then the white casket containing the body of little Eleanor was laid in the grave.

The floral offerings were numerous and of the choicest varieties of flowers, and beautifully arranged, in almost every form, stars, wreaths, crosses, baskets, pillows, gates ajar, bouquets and loose flowers, not a single spot that was not covered with these emblems of purity.

Sweetly sleep thou little darling,  
Angels sing thy lullaby,  
Gentle vespers softly breathing  
Of the sweeter bye and bye.

## PINES, MINES AND STAGE LINES.

FROM Wallace, Idaho, to Murray the County seat of Shoshone County, twenty-two miles distant by stage line is a most romantic drive and positively delightful, if one has no nerves, or is utterly destitute of fear. The mountains rise to a stupendous height, and the road winds round and round from one mountain to another passing through deep ravines meanwhile, until at times on the route you may gaze backward on four roads or parts of the same road over which the stage has passed. Those accustomed to the drive think very little of the danger, and chat

and laugh and discuss politics, or the live question of the recent Strikes as though they were traversing the safest route in the world.

Talking of Strikes reminds the writer of the present status of the troubles and the conditions as existing on the ground, the U. S. Soldiers and officers who have been ordered to the scene of the late riot and who they are etc. The companies were called from Ft. Keogh, Ft. Sherman, Missoula, Spokane and Vancouver, and among them were some officers who had been stationed at Ft. Douglas in days gone by, and knew Utah and some of her people well.

We met in Wallace, Captain W. W. Mc'Cammon a most polished gentleman and with scholarly attainments, who remembered distinctly Bishop John Sharp, Captain Hooper, Horace S. Eldredge, Esquire, the Hon. Wm. Jennings and other leading men, and spoke kindly of old friends and acquaintances in Salt Lake City, asked particularly after Mrs. Jennings and the daughters, also the Hooper girls and some others. Leut. Patterson was another of the officers who had pleasant recollections of Salt Lake City, and we met also two or three young Lieutenants who recently entered the service at Vancouver, and Ft. Sherman who knew one of our boys now at West Point, "Brie," Briant S. Wells. The ladies at Wallace have taken considerable pride in entertaining the military, and have we believe made their sojourn less tedious at any rate than it would otherwise have been.

Of the camp at Wallace and the hospitable people we will have more to say later on, but in this article we were describing the stage line to Murray and the appearance of the country, which is very like in many respects, dear old New England, the pine woods are just as fragrant, and the hemlock boughs as gracefully drooping, and the ferns very similar, though the mountains are higher and the newness of the whole, strikes one as entirely at variance with the well-worn roads, and hard trodden pathways, through the Eastern woods. Then again the miners cabins and mining tunnels are totally unlike anything in the East; how men have the courage and diligence to drill the solid rock as they do in these places and invent ways and means and put in machinery, blast and drill in these mountain regions, and bring to the surface the silver and gold in such rich quantities, is indeed wonderful. A great deal of precious metal has been taken from this part of the country known as the Cœur D'Alene's and still the miners are prospecting and delving into the mountain sides, and the supply seems to be sufficient to keep a large number of men constantly employed at a fair per centage for their labor.

To say the scenery is grandly picturesque does not half express its beauty and therefore we leave it to the imagination, and content ourselves with telling some features of the landscape, and the sentiment of lofty grandeur it inspires.

After passing some way side towns and an attempt at farming here and there, in a turn of the road to your right is Carbon Centre; this place is named we believe for a prospect of carbon which proved false, but more generally known as "Kitty Kavanagh ranch." There is a log house, comfortable looking, a barn and shed etc., a sort of clearing, in what has the appearance of a strip of meadow; a garden and field well tilled, cows, pigs and chickens, horses too, we were told, and the owner and proprietor who has established herself in this lonely place and actually made these improvements is a youngish unmarried woman. She was born in Ireland, but has taken out naturalization papers in Idaho and holds legal possession of her property; knows how to defend herself in her castle in the woods, and is not afraid of anything. She owns some mines too, that she has discovered herself, and works sufficiently to hold them securely.



Think of prohibiting a woman, with such pluck energy and ability to maintain herself in the heart of a wilderness, from being a full-fledged citizen even to the franchise. She buys and sells sows and reaps, plants and gathers her own sheaves of wheat and of corn, raises her potatoes, works her own mines, pays her taxes the same as any man would do, but has not the legal right to say who shall make the assessments on her property, or what disposal shall be made of the accumulation of taxes from her hardly earned property. Such a woman it would seem in justice to her courage, prudence and economy, should have due consideration for the example she has given to men in that locality. Her place is a picture, a pastoral scene in the great wilderness mountain country, we saw her one morning standing near her cabin, clad in garments such as another woman might wear, white basque, and skirt of some brown material, feeding her brood of chickens, and this little incident in itself having heard something of her strange surroundings and past history, gave a certain charm to the whole affair, that was like an ancient tale, and our thoughts went back to Hagar in the desert, and we felt how much women had risen in dignity and self-help since that day.

A pretty romance containing much truth, and delineation of character might be woven out of this wonderful and mysterious character, who has crossed the great ocean and the wide expanse of land from the broad Atlantic into the Rocky mountains and further still the land bordering on or near the Pacific, plunged into the very depths of the wilderness where bears, wolves, coyotes, and savages abound, apparently without fear, trusting perchance, or it may be rebellious and defiant, who knoweth? Here is a problem to be solved, a woman capable of living isolated from human society, in voluntary solitude, apart from the world, such an one must be a rare type, an anomaly. It would be a pity if she should die, without its being known, what has caused this peculiar and unusual mode of life. She looks like other women, she talks well, is kind-hearted, gives food and shelter to the weary traveler and wayfarer, when he is hungry or benighted; is somewhat shrewd in the management of her property and estate. She has undoubtedly deliberately chosen this sort of life.

One finds many things in this wild mountain country widely different from the ideas previously entertained. For instance one is apt to think, that the people living so far removed from large cities would be uncouth in manner, and not versed in the etiquette of society of modern times, in fact ignorant and uneducated for the main part. Travelers and visitors here however, soon find to their astonishment, that many of the people gathered into these vales in the mountains, are people of refinement and culture; they have come here for health or for wealth, and sometimes, linger because they love the country and the associations they have formed here. Hospitable to a degree unsurpassed in any locality, punctilious in respect to the little amenities and courtesies of life.

Murray is not quite so flourishing apparently as when we were here three years ago, but we found some of the same people who were so profuse in their attentions then, still living here and others had gone, some changes in family relations that were sad and surprising, but the beauty of the pines and woodland walks was unchanged. The pines murmured and sighed as sweetly and pathetically as ever, and the nooks and dells in the deep recesses or ravines, were as romantic and fairy like. The shrubbery that gave the most gorgeous effect to the scenery was the beautiful mountain ash laden with great clusters of scarlet berries, and these were set off and contrasted by the gracefully bending elderberry bushes, that drooped laden with rich clusters of

purple fruit; snowberries in great abundance, gave a softening tone to the vivid colors and the pretty hair-bells hung their dainty heads in all sorts of rough places with a welcome sweetness that mingled with the odor of pine and hemlock wafting fresh fragrance through the ambient air.

One cannot help a certain sense of restfulness in these vast solitudes of nature, and thoughts and memories are spontaneously awakened that have been dormant in the soul for years, perchance for ages, who can tell? Truly as the immortal Byron has said:

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods."

Solitude hath its charms for a little season, the murmuring pines however have voices that sometimes seem almost human, they sing to us the weirdest melodies, and one of imaginative temperament could well fancy wood-nymphs inhabiting these sequestered and lonely haunts in the mountain wilds and fastnesses, where human feet have scarce trod for lo, these many years, save the wild red man, who bounded stealthily through the woods in pursuit of game; the woods resound now and then with the echoing blasts of the miners fuse of powder and dynamite, the mountains in places are being tunnelled and the beautiful forests cut away that the gold and the silver may be quarried through veins of mineral from the heart and bowels of these solid and stupendous mountains, that men may grow rich and prosperous in the earth, may build great cities and carry out the discoveries of arts and sciences brought to light in this age of invention and enterprise.

In our next we shall give a description of a trip to the Gem mine, and other interesting incidents of our visit to this country of pines and mines.

#### EDITORIAL NOTE.

THE Quarterly Conference of the Relief Society of this Stake of Zion will be held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall in this City on Friday, September 23, meetings commencing at 10 a. m., and at 2 p. m., as usual. Officers from all the branches of the Society in the county are urgently requested to come, that there may be a fair representation of the work with its growth, development and progress temporally and spiritually.

#### JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE distinguished New England Quaker Poet, J. G. Whittier, departed this life Sept. 7, 1892. Deceased was born Dec. 17, 1807 and was in his 85th year at the time of his passing away. Perhaps there has not been an American writer so near to the hearts of the people as this beloved and illustrious poet and patriot. Certainly his heart overflowed with love of all good and noble and humane work for the uplifting of the human family.

The greatest poets America has produced, Bryant, Longfellow and Whittier, are gone now and who shall take their places? To be sure the works they have produced are living still and will be as long as American literature survives, but they are gone to the higher life beyond.

The great, noble and grand labors of Mr. Whittier in the anti-slavery movement the active part he performed during those early days when anti-slavery was very unpopular, are worthy the proudest recognition by all true lovers of liberty.

Mr. Whittier was for forty years one of the most staunch, firm and ablest friends of the cause of woman suffrage that the country has produced. At the time of his death he was Vice-President of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association.

Recently Mr. Whittier made the following emphatic declaration so says the *Woman's Journal*: "For forty years I have not hesitated to

declare my conviction that justice and fair dealing, and the democratic principles of our government, demand equal rights and privileges of citizenship, irrespective of sex. I have not been able to see any good reasons for denying the ballot to women."

Here is another very forcible expression of Mr. Whittier's on this subject. "A prophecy of your triumph at no distant day is in the air; your opponents feel it and believe it. They know that yours is a gaining and theirs a losing cause. You can afford in your consciousness of right to be as calm and courteous as the Archangel Michael, who we are told in Scripture, in his controversy with Satan himself, did not bring a railing accusation against him."

Although the death of this illustrious poet, patriot and Christian casts a shadow over those who loved him, yet his death was simply beautiful. The passing from this dark and benighted world into the light of eternal day, with such a record as he had made must have been a triumph.

It was our good fortune in the winter of 1886 to meet the venerable gentleman and poet Mr. Whittier at his own, old home in Amesbury. Some interesting items of that visit were published in the *EXPONENT* after our return home, but we have never felt that we could give expression in words to the enjoyment of that day.

We conversed together like familiar friends. It was a very cold wintry day, the wind blew fiercely outside, and no other visitors ventured out, therefore there was a better opportunity for talking. Mr. Whittier informed the writer it was the first time he had seen a "Mormon" woman, and he seemed to take a special interest in inquiring concerning our faith and practises, in the most kindly manner. We talked of woman suffrage and he expressed then and there his implicit faith in the principle of equality of sex. Poets and poetry were topics alluded to and he asked several questions regarding some of our writers of whom he had heard notably Eliza R. Snow and Parley P. Pratt. Very delicately he put the question "And have I not heard that you sometimes write verses as well as edit a paper?" The question led us farther on and on and finally when about to say good-bye after he had given a picture of his room and one or two other remembrances, he so insisted on our remaining and dining with him that it would have been positively rude to refuse.

His voice was sympathetic, his manner courtly and tender, his words well-chosen and impressive. Altogether he was decidedly charming in appearance and bearing.

Among the precious relics stored away by the writer is a letter from this renowned author and poet which is to be carefully preserved and handed down to our children and grand-children.

With the name and fame of the poet Whittier are associated many illustrious heroes of the time, nearly all of whom went on before him. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, James Russell Lowell, Lucretia Mott and only recently George William Curtis, and Ernestine L. Rose. The three during this month were George William Curtis, John G. Whittier and Ernestine L. Rose.

Oliver Wendell Holmes for so many years his true and well-trying friend must feel bereft indeed. Among this class of men who have not been mentioned here one remembers of the departed N. P. Willis, Bayard Taylor, Walt Whitman, Henry Ward Beecher and others, gone but not forgotten.

The following poem was written by Mr. Whittier a very short time before his death to his dear and life-long friend Oliver Wendell Holmes

Among the thousands who with hail and cheer  
Will welcome thy new year,  
How few of all have passed, as thou and I,  
So many milestones by!



We have grown old together; we have seen,  
Our youth and age between.  
Two generations leave us, and today  
We with the third hold way.

Loving and loved. If thought must backward  
run  
To those who, one by one,  
In the great silence and the dark beyond  
Vanished with farewells fond,

Unseen, not lost; our grateful memories still  
Their vacant places fill.  
And, with the full-voiced greeting of new friends,  
A tenderer whisper blends.

Linked close in a pathetic brotherhood  
Of mingled ill and good,  
Of joy and grief, of grandeur and of shame,  
For pity more than blame—

The gift is thine the weary world to make  
More cheerful for thy sake,  
Soothing the ears its Miserere pains,  
With the old Hellenic strains.

Lighting the sullen face of discontent  
With smiles for blessings sent.  
Enough of selfish wailing has been had,  
Thank God! for notes more glad.

Life is indeed no holiday; therein  
Are want, and woe, and sin,  
Death and its nameless fears, and over all  
Our pitying tears must fall.

Thy hand, old friend! the service of our days,  
In differing moods and ways,  
May prove to those who follow in our train  
Not valueless nor vain.

Far off, and faint as echoes of a dream,  
The songs of boyhood seem,  
Yet on our autumn boughs, unflown with spring,  
The evening thrushes sing.

The hour draws near, how'er delayed and late,  
When at the Eternal Gate  
We leave the words and works we call our own,  
And lift void hands alone

For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul  
Brings to that Gate no toll;  
Giftless we come to him, who all things gives,  
And live because He lives.

--*Atlantic Monthly*, for September.

#### MRS. MAY WRIGHT SEWALL.

AN acute observer of personal growth has said that in five years the three most prominent women in this country would be Mrs. William C. Whitney, Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mrs. May Wright Sewall. The news of Mrs. Sewall's triumphs abroad this summer which come to us through exchanges copied from foreign papers would seem to confirm such a prophecy at least as far as her part of it is concerned. Rarely has an American woman been so *feled*. Receptions were given her in all the leading cities of Germany and her visit with the Empress Frederick will do much for the cause of woman. In a long conversation the Empress expressed the deepest interest in the plans of the National and International Council of Women and also in the plans for the women's congresses at the World's Fair. Her Majesty requested Mrs. Sewall to continue in correspondence with her.

This success was repeated in Brussels and Paris, Mrs. Sewall lecturing in both French and German. Her portrait was published in "*Le Monde Illustré*," and interviews and portraits in more than sixty French papers. This portrait is from the Paris *Figaro*.—"Among the many guests of distinction Paris counts in this moment—Mm. May Wright Sewall one of the most distinguished women of the United States—*une belle personne, un visage sympathique, encadré d'une chevelure d'un blanc de neige*. One must not believe that Mrs. Sewall partakes in the question of 'rights,' of those exaggerated ideas which, in France and elsewhere, would for example, make masculine the vestments and suppress those thousand graces which form the

*parure* of a woman and give her her greatest charm. Far from this Mm. Sewall is *fort recherchée* in her toilettes, *un bein coquette meme*." E.

#### DEATH OF A SWEET CHILD.

*Dear Aunt Em:*

May I tell your readers about a little girl whose loving ways and sweet disposition endeared her to all who became acquainted with her?

Grace Victoria, daughter of Thomas G. and Jane Batt Winn, was born in Smithfield, Cache County, on the 29th of February, 1884. Her home was in Smithfield until the spring of 1890, since which time, with her mother and two brothers, she has lived in Salt Lake City, until her death, which occurred on the morning of August 4, 1892.

Little Grace had been a great sufferer, for more than a year from the effects of scarlet fever. These were rheumatism, and then dropsy and disease of the heart, which rendered her little life a burden instead of the joyous, happy time generally known to childhood. Yet she was so patient, and usually so cheerful that it was very outchng to watch or listen to her.

Often, she would request those who were around her to sing for her; and at the time when her last breath was drawn, they were singing her favorite hymn, "O! my Father, Thou that dwellest," she opened her eyes for a moment and smiled upon her friends, last of all, her mother, then closed them as if in peaceful sleep.

She loved her Sunday School and Primary Association very much, and so won the hearts of her little associates of the 11th Ward, (where she had lived most of the time since coming to the City,) that every attention they could bestow upon their suffering friend was gladly given by the little girls. At her funeral, members of the Primary of the 11th Ward and their President, Sister Louie Felt, with her Counselors, sang the sweet hymns of peace and rest Gracie had loved so much in life. Six of the little girls were also the pall bearers. The little white coffin was covered with lovely flowers; one beautiful white floral pillow, bearing in its center in purple blossoms, the sweet name, "Gracie," was presented by the Primary to which she had belonged and will be preserved as a precious memento by the sorrowing mother and little brothers.

The services were conducted by Bishop Robert Morris of the 11th Ward. Very consoling and instructive words were spoken by Elders Wm. W. Salmon, L. W. Richards, J. H. Felt, E. J. Brooks, and Bishop Morris. Many friends were in attendance from different wards. At the grave, the dedicatory prayer was offered by Elder Joseph H. Felt. Then "O! my Father Thou that dwellest," was sung; and little Gracie's remains were left to the sweet repose of the pure and innocent.

LOUISA.

#### R. S. REPORTS.

##### PANGUITCH.

*Editor WOMAN'S EXPONENT:*

Dear Sister: Our annual conference convened August 3, agreeable to appointment, had a very good attendance of both home and visiting sisters.

After singing, Patriarch J. L. Heywood opened the meeting services with Prayer. Hymn sang "Lord we come before thee now." President Barbara Myers made a few opening remarks, felt thankful for this opportunity of meeting again in this capacity, also for the visit of the sisters from Salt Lake City. Would like to hear the

reports from the different branches of the Society in the Stake.

Counselor M. B. Heywood of Panguitch was sorry the President was unable to attend through sickness, so it became her duty to represent the Society hoped to be able to do it truthfully and satisfactorily, could say that the Society was alive and doing a little, out of one hundred and fifteen names enrolled had an average attendance of about twenty, just a few who kept the Society along, felt that there was a good spirit among the sisters and that the Society was a blessing.

Sister Heaps of Escalante reported their Society in a very fair condition, was pleased to meet with the sisters again, as it was sixteen years since she moved away.

Sister Isabella King reported the Kingston, had but eight members, consequently did but little, still felt blessed in being organized.

Sister Ruby reported Circle Ville, had thirty members enrolled and an average attendance of eight, sometimes felt almost discouraged in trying to keep up the meetings.

Sister Esther King reported Marion, had thirty members enrolled, but were badly scattered, mostly living on ranches, all seemed to feel well and willing to attend when possible.

Sister Elizabeth Howard of Salt Lake City was introduced and addressed the conference, regretted that we had not convened in the Tabernacle owing to the heat and crowded room. Hoped every sister repeated in her heart the opening prayer, found things here about the same as elsewhere, said why was it the sisters in Zion would neglect their meetings, instructed the teachers upon their duties, and advised them to go in humble prayer before going out to teach. Spoke at some length upon that and other subjects.

Sister Della Eardley of Salt Lake City, was next introduced as a representative from the Y. L. M. I. A. began her remarks by reading the second Hymn, spoke upon the subject of prayer; and the record we make each day, should study and emulate the lives of all great and good men and women.

Counselor Sarah P. Crosby spoke a few words in explanation of our conference becoming annual instead of quarterly as elsewhere. Singing, prayer by A. Reding.

2 p. m., Sisters convened in the Tabernacle, hymn sang "Oh, my Father," Prayer by Haden W. Church. Singing "Praise ye the Lord."

Sister Pinney reported the Georgetown Society, Sister Lafevre the Cleveland both in about the same condition as other branches.

Sister Eardley again addressed the conference, spoke at some length upon the evils of Sabbath breaking, the word of wisdom, and the government of children.

Sister Howard followed with excellent instructions on different subjects, referred to many evils indulged in by our young people, one of which was excessive waltzing contrary to counsel. Tendered Sister Zina's love to the sisters and solicited their faith and prayers in her behalf, closed with a few words in behalf of the EXPONENT and Deseret Hospital.

President J. W. Crosby also spoke of the evils of Sabbath breaking, and thought the sisters in Zion were living their religion better than the men.

President Barbara Myers endorsed what



had been said, and thanked all the sisters who had come to attend this conference. Announced a meeting for the Primary Thursday afternoon.

Mary Sevy gave notice that the Young Ladies would meet at 8 o'clock. Hymn sang "The Spirit of God," benediction by President J. W. Crosby.

#### PANGUITCH PRIMARN.

The Primary children met at 2 p. m., and sang "Ere you left your room this morning," prayer by Patriarch J. L. Heywood, singing "Beautiful Zion built above."

Bishop Miller announced the necessity of reorganizing the Primary as the former president had moved away. Sister Mary E. Schow was elected President, Mary Ann Cheele and Susanna Lambert as Counselors, Adalaide Tebbs, Secretary.

Sister Eardley spoke to the children upon many subjects, dwelt at length upon the mission of Joseph Smith the Prophet.

Sister Howard followed with many good things for the children, long to be remembered.

Those sisters just elected to office were requested to remain at the close of the meeting and be set apart. Singing "There is beauty," benediction by President J. W. Crosby. Conference adjourned for one year.

H. A. CROSBY, Cor. Sec.

#### "WHY SO MANY MEN DO NOT MARRY."

SOME thoughts have been suggested to my mind through reading an article upon this subject in the May 15th Number of the *Juvenile Instructor*, which was written by the Editor of that valuable magazine. The result of a conversation with "a young man of good education, and of an old American family, who from his position had access to the best society."

This young man in conversing upon the subject which I take for my text, stated it something after this fashion. "My friends" he said, "are wealthy, I am welcome to their houses, I see the luxury with which they are surrounded and to which their daughters are accustomed; and however strongly I might be inclined to marry, my respect for these young ladies is such that I have not dared to ask one of them to share my lot and be my wife. My circumstances are such that I could not furnish them with that style of living. I do not want to ask a girl to step down and occupy an inferior position. Besides by marrying I would deprive myself of advantages, which as a single man I now enjoy. *These considerations restrain me from marrying*, and they restrain many more of my acquaintances."

The Italics are mine. I like the refreshing candor of this young man upon one point viz. "that by marrying he would deprive himself of advantages which he now enjoys," and it is my opinion that this is the *main spring*, which moves the whole man-marrying-machinery.

The Editor further says, "In Utah we are beginning to experience the same influences that have operated to bring marriage into disfavor elsewhere. In view of these things parents cannot be too careful in training their daughters, so that they have correct feelings upon this subject."

Concerning the condition of affairs in

Utah, I fully agree with our beloved brother. Concerning the advice to parents about the training of their daughters, I feel sure that he will pardon me when I say, that according to my views, he might with great propriety have added and *their sons*.

That a spirit of extravagance is rife in our midst I am only too painfully sensible of! My heart aches, and so I am sure do those of many other mothers, who see their children partaking of the spirit of the world that has come amongst us, which fosters extravagance, by which means class distinctions are brought about, and the passport to "good society" would to a sensible, deep-thinking observer, seem to consist in the disposition and ability, to spend for their own self indulgence, the means which their fathers and mothers have toiled hard in their younger days to accumulate in order to have something laid by for old age and possible infirmity, in the accumulation of which, they have probably denied themselves of every luxury and possibly the comforts of life.

And what is "good society" according to the general acceptance of the term in our day?

Well opinions differ upon this point as well as upon all others, what goes by that name, by some, might be termed merely fashionable society. And while one holding that opinion might be thought by some not competent to judge, by another equally as intelligent they might be thought to be the very best authority, and so it goes, each judging from his or her own standpoint to which they have a perfect right.

For instance, one set of people endowed with the gifts of wisdom and knowledge, industry and economy, of truth and virtue, charity and benevolence, of temperance, honesty and integrity, and all the refining elements, which go to make up a noble character, might consider that a class of people possessing these qualities might be called "good society."

While yet another set, who devotes its time to a study of the fashion plates, attending operas, balls, excursions, promenades, and amusements of any and every kind in and out of season, willing and seemingly determined, to spend the means which others have earned, scorning to perform the like labors by which others have earned it, drinking gambling, debauching, leading the innocent and unwary astray, might consider that such *only* could claim the title of "good society."

So each class may set up a standard for itself, and by its influence draw those to them who are congenial, but it will be like a pebble cast into a body of water, which forms its own circle, but whose extent is limited, another, cast in the same silent stream, makes a separate one just as distinct. While wealth is a mighty factor in moving the machinery, which carries on the affairs of this world, I think it is very much over-estimated as a means of bringing about happiness.

This representative "young man" whom we have been quoting, *confesses* that by marrying, he would deprive *himself* of many of the advantages which he now enjoys.

As I before said, I believe this to be the *main spring* of the situation! Let us look a little more closely into the evidence before us. For whom does the average young lady dress, and adorn her person, if it is not for this same young man? does he not generally seek for the most fashionably dressed young

lady at the balls, picnics, etc. Does he not by his own admission, "visit at the houses of the rich and fashionable," thereby giving the impression that, that is what suits him? also giving the young ladies whom he visits reason to think that it is "their sweet society" which he craves, and what more natural than for them to imagine him to be in love, and that he wishes to secure love in return for all time. Are they not justified in thinking, that if he preferred another's society than their own, he would seek it?

As custom, controls in these matters, and men are free to seek whom they will, would it not be easy for a man who occupies a position yielding only a moderate salary, to find among the *many* overworked women of *his world*, *one* whom he could love for her good qualities, and perhaps equally as pretty face, fine talents, and engaging manners as her more fortunate sister under cultivation, (which he might be the means of assisting, when she became his wife) that the world might be better for his having lived in it.

When a man confesses, that he dilly dally's around the rich and fashionable who would not make him welcome, if he were not their equal in fortune, he confesses to about the same kind of a weakness, which a girl displays when she indulges in extravagance in order to catch him, only to find that she is blamed for his disinclination to marry on account of her extravagance. I am of the opinion that the stock represented by the aforementioned "young man" may as well be allowed to run out. There is already too many of him; and marriages entered into with *such* men, generally end in the Divorce Court.

But to come to our own children. If they could be converted to the Gospel, they *would* marry.

Marriage is an institution of so sacred a nature that it should not be lightly entered into, and unless young people view it also in that light, it had better not be undertaken. It seems to me that the most frequent cause of divorce, lies in the carelessness with which people now-a-days enter into the matrimonial state, either on the part of one, or both, of the contracting parties. If a man looks upon marriage as a divine command, he will be looking for a whole-souled woman to link her destiny with his, and if he is *worthy* of that kind of a woman he will be preparing to take care of her and her children.

But if he is like a great many of the young men among us today, our sons, who cannot keep out of debt on a steady salary of \$2.00 per day with no one but themselves to keep, a young lady would display a great deal of courage (my first thought but I think recklessness a more suitable term) to join forces with and attempt to bear and rear a family by such a man, even if she should get the chance.

How many of our young ladies today are working in factories, in families, in stores, in schools, in dressmaking and millinery stores, in printing offices, in lawyers offices, house cleaning, washing and ironing, hair-dressing, as telephone and telegraph operators, typewriters, nurses, doctors, lawyers, and in numerous ways earning their living, and bid fair from all appearance, to go to their graves unwed, while the young man with nearly always a salary double the size of theirs; and if he is in some professions, three or four times as large, cannot keep out of debt and afford to marry.

As I said before, when our young people



receive the Gospel, they will marry! When they have learned that in this, the most important event of their lives they require the light of the Holy Spirit to guide them, and humbly come before our Father, willing to be guided, realizing that unions here should reach into eternity, and proving their faith by their works, there will no worldly considerations enter into their calculations upon this subject. But! what is the mind and will of the Lord? Father guide me to the one, with whom I can journey in unity and love, through time and all eternity.

Why should people marry, unless they marry in this spirit? To multiply their species? To what end? That their offspring may be destroyed when ripe in iniquity? When "the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation?" For has not God revealed in this day and age in which we live, that he will utterly destroy from off this land, those who will not serve him and keep his commandments?

Our beloved brother further says: "Already some mothers are indulging in the fear, and almost seem ready to justify themselves in the thought, that if their girls marry they must go outside of the Church to find husbands."

"The indulgence in such a thought prepares the way for such a result to be brought about."

My opinion upon this point is, that *no girl* who is a Latter-day Saint at heart, and realizes the position in which she stands, can for one moment entertain such an idea as giving herself in marriage to a Gentile! Indeed it would manifest a weakness, and a lack of moral courage, which any well-balanced, Latter-day Saint young lady would be ashamed of. For if she had any leaning that way, she would not *dare*, if she understood things correctly, descend from her high position as a Saint of the most high God, to unite herself with one who ignores Him! though millions were the tempting bait.

My opinion differs considerably from the young man whom I have before quoted: "who could not ask a girl to step down and occupy an inferior position." I think that though a girl be accustomed to all the luxuries which wealth can procure, that when she is united to a good and noble man, though he be poor, she is exalted thereby, to an extent to which she never can attain alone, then how much more is she raised in the scale of exaltation by becoming united to one endowed with the Holy Priesthood; with its wondrous powers and privileges which she shares in connection with him. She *steps up* from the groveling things of this earth, and *grasps* the *wealth* of the Gods! Gold is the power of this world. The *Priesthood* is the power by which worlds were formed and created, we have it; and are the richest people upon the face of the earth, though we were clothed in rags! Now as to the mothers who "almost seem ready to justify themselves in the thought, that if their girls marry they must go outside of the Church to find husbands." What a sacrifice they are willing to make! When they left home, father, mother, all their kindred in many instances; the graves of their ancestors, and all they held dear in this world, for the Gospel's sake and the hope of eternal life which it held out to them in that hour, what would they have said to one who would have tempted them to have given up their principles for wealth

with a man of the world attached? has the glitter of gold so blinded them that they have lost sight of the *greater riches* of eternity, if so, then no wonder that their daughters wander away. If our children are self-willed and will not be controlled and we do our duty by them by precept and example, then our skirts are clear of their blood; but woe unto us as parents if we do not our duty; we may revel in luxury, and pass the time away in idle frivolity and in pandering to the ways of the world, but the day of reckoning will come, and God will require of us the jewels committed to our care, and woe unto us if we have betrayed the trust.

I will close my article with a few words to the daughters of Zion. Preserve yourselves in purity from the contaminating influences of the world, and above all, as I said in an article which I wrote upon the subject some years ago, and which I now reiterate, "make yourselves worthy of the best and noblest of men and resolve to accept no other" no matter what his social or financial condition in life, favorable or otherwise, they will only endure for time, but see that he possesses those qualities that will elevate him to the position of an exaltation in the celestial kingdom, and you cultivate those qualities that will exalt you to a place by his side, then you will have taken a step toward the high destiny to which you are entitled by being born in Zion, in the New and Everlasting Covenant of the Gospel, and if in the providence of God our Heavenly Father, you may have to wash for a living, be sure it will not degrade you! honest labor can never do that. What wealth could our elder brother boast of while he sojourned here upon the earth? Did He not say, "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head," and are we better than He?

We have to be tried in all things, that we may know for ourselves the bitter as well as the sweet, and hold all things at their true value; then let us labor to "lay up treasures in heaven, where moth and rust doth not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal," that when we shall come into our inheritance, it may be an everlasting one, and we shall know that we have earned it.

C. C. R. W.

SALT LAKE CITY, May 20, 1892.

#### RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Whereas the Allwise Father has seen fit to remove our dear sister, Orelia Hansen Edwards, from this sphere of action, to a more exalted one above, therefore be it

Resolved, that we, her associates in the Relief Society of the Diaz Ward, do deeply mourn her loss and that we cherish her memory and emulate her many virtues.

We can truly say that her failings "e'en lean to virtue's side." She manifested that true charity which flows from a sense of duty, and a hope in God.

Resolved, that we sincerely sympathize with her many friends and collaborators as she was a faithful laborer in the Manti Temple. Her whole soul delighted in this work.

Resolved, that we send a copy of this to the WOMAN'S EXPONENT, and also place a copy on our record.

Farewell dear sister, rest in peace and may the Lord grant that our future be as bright and hopeful as thine.

LUCY E. JOHNSON, President.  
ANNA JORGENSEN,  
VERONA WHITING,  
Counselors.

ADA EARL, Secretary.  
COLONIA DIAZ, MEXICO, July 20th, 1892.

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# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of all Nations.

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## ISABELLA.

OH, Woman! Genius, power, kingdoms,  
Thrones, with all their charms and prestige—  
Sceptres, subjects, ministering spirits—  
Hover round thy footsteps, to watch thine eye,  
To catch thy lightest word and that obey;  
To stand in highest altitude, erect and firm,  
And ne'er turn dizzy with the regal height—  
Who still is WOMAN, still her nature holds,  
Pure, unsullied, as a queen should be,  
Who has an ear for Truth, for Genius,  
In whatever form it comes, though stript  
Of worldly grandeur—all the world calls great;  
And standing like the far-famed obelisks  
Of far-famed Egypt, alone, unread,  
With naught to herald it but that intense,  
That persevering Genius God bestows  
On those He singles out to do His work;  
His work on earth where man his agent is,  
And woman too, his partner and co-mate  
In all the grand essential moves upon  
The mighty chess-board of the game of life.  
Such was Isabella, Sovereign of Castile  
And Queen of Ferdinand and Spain.  
To Ferdinand—himself a king—she brought  
Her throne, her kingdom, subjects, and herself,  
And laid them at the feet of him, to whom  
More, more than all, she gave her loving heart—  
A gem of which a monarch might yet be proud;  
And he—most rarely found—proved worthy,  
Of all the wealth she showered on his head.  
They lived, and loved and reigned conjointly,  
Hand and heart united in their regal work,  
When lo! a man in humble guise presents  
Himself, and with them craves an audience.  
He is admitted. In person, regal  
As the pair to whom he is presented;  
She has an eye at once to read the man;  
A heart to feel he bears upon his form  
The duplicate of HIM who gave the mission,  
And sustained throughout, in every need the man.  
Ferdinand gives attention—Isabella  
Enthusiasm. She felt the man of God  
A messenger direct, and hence prepared  
To learn his mission and obey his voice.  
Columbus spoke! and then at once a queen  
Stood forth as the apostle of his cause;  
A queen, a woman, a proselyte of truth,  
A truth that did enrich his day and age;  
Was first received by woman's gentle heart;  
Isabella was that woman, and she  
Never waver'd, but until death was true.  
Before her court's indifference, before  
His enemies, or his reverses, she  
Believed him true, and was upon the throne  
His proselyte, and to the grave his friend.

Ferdinand, in this, was worldly-minded;  
Isabella saw, with spirit eyes, he  
Was a man of destiny! a man of God!  
And told the man appointed to investigate  
The claims Columbus advocated,  
That they were haggling with God the price of  
Empire, and of souls, whom to idolatry  
Their infidelity would leave. The king  
Had not the faith that he could meet expense  
So mighty as a naval outfit for  
The man, who, in returning, promised  
An Empire that should astound the world  
And ages yet unborn.

Isabella listened to the colloquy, then with a  
Burst of heavenly enthusiasm cried,  
"I will undertake the enterprise alone  
For my crown of Castile; I will pawn  
My diamonds and my jewels, in MY eyes  
Most worthless, compared with what is offered  
By this great, good man, whom God has sent to  
us."

This noble burst of woman's feeling triumphed.  
The king chagrined, consented to inspect  
His treasury and see what could be done!  
"Disinterestedness is the true wisdom  
Of great politicians!" Columbus  
Was re-called. He bow'd at the feet of her  
Who'd nobly won for him the victory;  
His soul was full of sweet emotions,  
And she wept tears upon his noble head;  
Ferdinand was moved and ratified the deed,  
And into unknown seas the explorer passed.

HANNAH T. KING.

## SOUL MESSAGE.

WORDS are the lights which the generations carry, these kindle lamps along the track of life, some of them give a glorious lustre, clear as the most brilliant star, while others are dim flickering and uncertain.—We may read sermon's in stones and running brooks, it is said, and marvelous tales are whispered through forest trees, through song of bird and hum of bees, but there came to me this hazy, chilly morning a message through a small shell and little pebble picked up on the shore of the sacred Sea of Galilee. That little pebble and tiny shell placed in my hands as a memento of travel in the Holy Land were unconsciously the bearer of a real soul message. It lifted me from out the four square walls of my room, bore me away from common cares and common things, and from all sense of tired feet or weary brain.—Holding them in my hand I went out with thee, *dear one*, over the mountains and by the sea of Galilee through the gardens of Jerusalem, to the Red Sea, River Jordan bathed in its tide, went up to the mountain of Temptation and over the plains of Gennesareth wandered through towns and cities that were once busy with life and swarming like a great bee-hive, now in ruins, desolate and deserted.

North and East, over the valleys and cities of Syria, far beyond the great desert to the plains of Assyria and Babylonia where once were teeming multitudes and magnificent palaces,—we stood together by the mighty pyramids while they told us of

the past greatness and splendor of a renowned kingdom—we gazed out and over the desolated, queenly City of Tyre once the heart and centre in many respects of *the world's life*—we looked back and down the ages where we saw countless caravans moving over the mountain passes and along the narrow coast tracks bearing the wealth of Arabia, of Babylonia, of India, and from the busy harbor saw the mighty ships sail away laden with the same merchandise for the Colonies planted along the shores of Greece, Italy, Africa and Spain.—Proud City of Tyre! once rejoicing over the fall of Jerusalem thinking to enrich thyself still further from its ruin.

Where is thy greatness and beauty now? Where are the silver and fine gold that thou didst heap up as the dust and as mire of the streets? Where are thy swift horses and magnificent gilded Chariots, thy sons and daughters, and pleasant houses? Thy lofty watch towers? Thy proud Navy and Merchant princes? The Lord God has brought the deep upon thee, and great waters covered thee," and thou who wert once so famous art now but a heap of ruins.

The Hebrew prophet proclaimed the message against thee which God had given him. That message has been literally fulfilled. Heaven and earth shall pass away but my word shall not pass away.

L. M. HEWLINGS.

## IN RURAL ENGLAND.

### XXIII.

And Jane Conway awakened by her maid, was conscious of her wonderful dream, and also of the realities of the present so full of importance and of doubt and misgiving concerning herself. She dressed hurriedly and was soon seated at the breakfast table doing the honors as though nothing had happened to disturb her serenity.

Burke and Hemenway were going away but would ride over the adjoining grounds first with Clair, and that was a relief, she ardently hoped they would invite Dr. Bland to join them; but why should she postpone the issue that awaited her? She asked herself this question silently. "Cousin Anna you had better remain below and speak to your guardian about your affairs when he comes in this morning?" said Miss Conway as she saw her cousin about to go as the Doctor came up the walk towards the castle. O, my affairs are all right, I am not in the least concerned, not half as much as I am for you my dear cousin; you look pale and tremble, you are not in love with Dr. Bland, and yet you have promised, how I pity you, why didn't you ask Uncle Rob what to do?" And as she spoke Jane blushed scarlet, but Anna did not perceive it. "I know whatever you decide now will be right," Anna continued, "for you have such forethought and measure everything you do with line and plummet, but here he is and now *bon jour*," and away flew Anna that her cousin might be alone with the man she had pro-



mised to marry. The interview was a long one, Clair and his lawyers returned from their ride, and the two men departed on their journey in fact the sun was in the meridian ere the Doctor and Jane emerged from the drawing room. Both looked very grave yet withal satisfied, and before an hour had passed, Jane had informed Anna that her marriage was to take place as soon as the preliminary arrangements could be made.

"And I always thought you would be a spinster and so did papa, and keep our house and take care of us all and our children."

"You were all wrong as you will see in a few weeks, and my dear cousin you will be the responsible person in the house, and it requires tact to keep an establishment like this in running order, everything is at sixes and sevens now with this grand *fete* and Mrs. Burke is on her high heels with having her gentleman cousin down from London, "the great solicitor of the late Sir Edward," as she says, and it will take some days now to get all the household machinery in order again."

"Dear Jane do give me a few lessons in management before this wedding comes off. By the bye where are you to be married? and what will you wear, and how many bridesmaids will you have? Do tell me all about it!"

"Don't talk so rapidly dear asking so many questions in a breath, and I will answer some of them. We are to be married in the little Church near by, and as for bridesmaids I had not thought of them at all, and you know we are still in mourning for my uncle, that decides the dress."

"How very stupid, we went to balls and parties in London, without the insignia of mourning, why should you feel it essential to wear black at a wedding, particularly the bride, my old nurse told me when I was a child that it was bad luck to wear black to a wedding, and I'm sure it must be for the bride to be in black."

"That point is settled Anna neither the Doctor or myself are at all superstitious, and therefore it will make no difference whatever your nurse may have told you."

"How about the house cousin when can we see it, will you go to day to look at it, and take me with you? I think it must be very nice to go to a new place, and not live in such a weird, dusty, dark, old ruin as this is, where the very owls and bats prowl about at night."

"As to that, I have a fondness for this house, it has a history, that is exceedingly interesting, think of the long line of ancestry that have occupied these rooms, and the daring exploits of the brave men who fought in the great battles of the country; I love to look at the armory though it is rusty and neglected."

"I have no taste for all this paraphernalia, I like the living present, full of life and beauty and activity. Clair is welcome to this tumble-down rookery, and I hope when I marry Maitland that we shall have a new house and live in London and visit all the fine places, and not go round and round, over and over, the self same identical places and walks and drives, year in, and year out as we do here; I'm so tired of this place, and as for its history who knows it? I didn't even know about my own mother until uncle Rob told me."

"I often fancy I see the people coming and going through these rooms Lords and Ladies and Dowagers, and hear them talking to each other indistinctly, and depend

upon it Anna people are impressed by their surroundings, whether you believe it or not." said Miss Conway. "O, Jane you make me feel queer, what has come over you, to give way to such fancies? I shall not like to stay here, when you are gone, if you go on like this, I shall be expecting to see something, one of those old men or women, who lived so long ago, really you make one shiver with dread."

"Anna these people are not coming back, it is just my imagination that is so vivid, I would like to see them if it were possible, and if I should not be too much alarmed, I want to know about the *unseen*. What has any one ever told us that is satisfactory? Nothing! absolutely nothing! Ask whom you will, they don't know. My mother told me more during her illness, of the Bible and its teachings, than I have ever heard from any one however learned. There must be something in the future more than our ministers teach, and I long so to know, I yearn for that knowledge which divines and philosophers talk of, but they do not possess."

"I'm sorry your not a minister yourself Jane, you could tell us something more than Mr. Phillips does, he is so stupid, he can't talk about anything in the world, or beyond."

"My father was a clergyman and I may have something of his nature and tendency, but Anna my mother was as lofty in her ideals and as pure in her aspirations, and as conscientious in all her life as any minister could possibly be however devoted, and I feel that I shall some day find a better way than we have been taught, one in which we can do more good, we do not make any sacrifices; we scarcely go out of our way to relieve suffering: we nurse and tend our own, and think in doing that we are heroic."

"Jane you do surprise me with your peculiar views of morality and religion. I know you have the most exalted ideas of life and its service, and the Doctor will cooperate with you in the charities that seem suited to such temperaments as yours; as for me I'm too indifferent to do good even though I do appreciate it in you and honor you for your freedom of thought and expression; just now I'm thinking of Maitland and that absorbs my time and intellect too."

"You have a kind heart Anna and should circumstances change, you might yet feel as I do that we should live for something outside our own domain, experiences in life often bring out rich qualities that have lain dormant and neglected."

"Don't say such dreadful things to me Jane you make me feel like a culprit, its very unpleasant—I'm sorry you are not in a happier mood just after your interview with Dr. Bland, he must have ruffled your feathers methinks, I never knew you quite so prosy."

"I think we've talked enough on this subject, but seriously Anna I never have had so many grave reflections before, possibly it is because of the new *role* I am about to enter upon that is making me feel how very important a thing it is to give yourself into another's keeping."

"It may make that sort of impression upon you cousin Jane, but it seems to me if I were to be married so soon I should be the happiest girl alive, united with Maitland never more to be separated to be always together henceforth, must bring superior happiness."

"I trust you will find that sweet content in your married life that will satisfy the highest aspirations of the human soul my dear Anna; for my own part I do not expect it, there must be something higher in the world than simply living on from day to day as people do, and I long to reach those high ideals that to us now seem unattainable. I would that I knew more of science, the science of life, what it really is, and for what purpose we were created."

"Doctors know a great deal about those mysteries don't they cousin? Dr. Bland will be able to enlighten you on those points surely when you are married."

"Candidly Anna he understands no more than I do the things I long to fathom, nor does any one I fear, we must have greater knowledge to comprehend these occult sciences. God alone knows; and the old prophets had light revealed to them direct, but in our day there is no revelation from heaven save that which comes to us inwardly, these perceptions that we only feel but cannot express."

"I wish Jane you were better satisfied with things as they are and not reaching out after the unattainable, or if you want knowledge, study with some of the greatest divines and see whether they could tell you the things you long so ardently for."

"No Anna I am going to marry Doctor Bland and be a faithful, obedient submissive wife—that seems to be the line of duty marked out for me now, only occasionally I have these misgivings and then I shake them off and bury myself in everyday work, nevertheless the time will come when women will have a broader platform to work upon and life will be so much more desirable."

This conversation showed plainly the drift of Miss Conway's mind and heart. She was a woman of strong mentality, capable of great undertakings, and she felt within her the boundless possibilities of a mighty work in raising the standard of womanhood, to a lofty independence and freedom of thought and action, but she realized how helpless woman herself was under existing conditions; yet the prophecy of the future was prescient within her soul.

Time sped onward rapidly and Jane Conway realized how soon the wedding ceremonies must be solemnized. She had sometimes accompanied the Doctor in his morning visits to patients in the vicinity carrying with her flowers and delicacies such as invalids require and withal taking into these lowly homes a sweet influence and a spirit of cheerfulness, and many a dear old soul had said, "what a happy pair, how well they are mated." The Spring had come and the fields and meadows were green with the fresh grass, and dotted with cowslips and butter-cups, the hedges were teeming with fragrant blossoms that filled the air with sweet perfume and on every tree the birds were caroling songs of melody and all nature rejoiced in the spirit of loveliness.

Maitland Walton had returned from the metropolis and every day rode to the castle, Lady Anna and Clair joining him in riding or walking through and around the beautiful grounds and parks that were teeming with beauty and bloom. Lady Anna was profoundly happy and everything wore *color de rose* for her; and she could not see why her cousin should be so melancholy, at the approaching nuptials.

Coming into the room one day suddenly after a saunter through the fields she dis-



covered her cousin in tears, and without stopping to consider, threw her arms around her and thinking to console her; with telling her good news said, "don't cry Janie Uncle Rob is coming and we shall have the jolliest times and he'll be best man at the wedding." The very best medicine Jane Conway could have had was to hear that Mr. Harrison was coming, for she knew she must be brave now, there must be no shadow on her brow, he must not suspect her secret (if in deed she had one) and to avoid her cousin Anna's suspicions of the real cause of her desponding, she professed to be delighted at the same time inwardly accusing herself of hypocrisy.

"When is your Uncle coming?" she inquired as if apparently anxious. "We must prepare rooms for him Anna, you know he likes apartments rather secluded as he has so much writing to do; I will see to it immediately, it may take some time to get the rooms well aired, for Mrs. Burke will persist in keeping them so close, that they really get musty." All this to keep Anna from noticing her excitement and away she went to look after the comfort of the expected guest. And sure enough she had not much time to lose, for he arrived the same night. Miss Conway was not there to greet him, though he asked for her directly after his coming into the house,

"And what a dear old place this is," he said to Anna, "it is like a fairy tale or legend to be here, everything is so quaint and antique; one ought to have wonderful dreams of the past in a place like this whether waking or sleeping. And so your cousin is to be married very soon Clair tells me" said he addressing Anna "and the Doctor, is he young and accomplished that he carries off such a prize?"

"No Uncle Rob he is not young he is getting grey, but he is very wise and good, and excellent in every respect."

"And so is your cousin wise and good as you say of the Doctor, I hope she will be happy, she deserves the best of husbands;" this last with an emphasis that made Anna stare, and she wondered why he was so particular about the matter. "You will see Dr. Bland tomorrow I'm sure, Uncle Rob and of course you will like him; the wedding is to take place a week from tomorrow."

"So soon," said her uncle, and Rob Harrison with out further comment, asked to be shown to his room.

#### VACATION.

BY ALFRED L. TOWNSEND.

A stretch of rapids, shadow flecked;  
A fringe, of rushes, fresh and green;  
A sloping mountain, pine bedecked;  
A waste of brush, spread in between;  
A breath of breezes softly blown,  
A whispering sound of rustling leaves;  
A haze the forest fires have thrown;  
A mossy rock the water cleaves;  
A slender willow river swung;  
A circling eddy cool and dark;  
Some far off music softly sung,  
A floating bit of broken bark,  
A shady nook beside the stream,  
A dainty hand. A lovelit eye;  
'Tis joy to live, 'tis bliss to dream,  
'Twould be a pleasure e'en to die.

*The Californian Illustrated Magazine,*

#### WHITTIER.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

His fourscore years and five  
Are gone, like a tale that is told.  
The quick tears start, there's an ache at the  
heart,  
For we never thought him old.

Straight as a mountain pine,  
With the mountain eagle's eye,  
With the hand clasp strong, and the unhushed  
song,  
Was it time for him to die?

Prophet and priest he stood  
In the storm of embattled years;  
The broken chain was his harp's refrain,  
And the peace that is balm for tears.

The hills and the valleys knew  
The poet who kept their tryst.  
To our common life and our daily strife  
He brought the blessing of Christ.

And we never thought him old,  
Though his locks were white as snow.  
O heart of gold, grown suddenly cold,  
It was not time to go.

*Harper's Weekly.*

#### THE DEACON'S SON.

THE Deacon and his son Bill,  
Live on a farm down East.  
Each, had the others ill will  
It seemed, for life time leased.  
Somehow, they never could agree,  
To please both, you dar'nt please one.  
Some grieved and wondered why,  
Others said, he's a Deacon's Son.

Bill was queer from the first.  
The older he got, the queerer he grew,  
When most boys were at home,  
He was somewhere, nobody knew,  
But me, and I dar'nt tell  
The stern, old Deacon his father,  
He had gone to visit the widow,  
Just to save the Deacon the bother.

A kind heart had he, and a will  
That was never known to weaken.  
When others were gone, he stayed home,  
And took care of the Deacon.  
Tilled the farm like an old man,  
Fed the young that had no mother;  
But when the father loved the widow,  
The son would love no other.

One day—Bill was happy then,  
He found the Deacon smiling and said,  
With dignity rare in one so young,  
Father, she's my choice. May we wed?  
The Deacon suddenly grew tall, and  
Looked as if his life's work was done,  
Then answering in withering tones  
Said: "No he's a Deacon's son."

MRS. L. S. DICKINSON,

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

May Wright Sewall is compiling an article for a syndicate of papers on "The President's Home."

The Indian exhibit at the World's Fair will include representatives of every tribe from the extreme north to Terra del Fuego.

Sarah Janette Duncan, the Countess Norraikow, Frances Harrison, Sophie Almon-Hensley and Mrs. Sarah Curzon are dis-

tinguished Canadian newspaper women who have made their mark.

Laura Sedgwick Collins, the talented Lyceum entertainer, is called by critics the Mrs. Scot-Siddons of America. She has a composite frame. She is a scholar. She is a writer. She is a musician. She is a beautiful woman.

MISS SOPHIA C. HAYDEN has been called to Chicago to furnish designs and dimensions of the Woman's Building, of which she is the architect, for the information of those women throughout the country who desire to furnish certain parts which are to be ready for placing in the building before they are presented. Miss Hayden expects to be able to have these designs and dimensions ready to send out by the last of the present month.

REV. CAROLINE J. BARTLETT writes to the Kalamazoo, Mich., *Telegraph*, that she has been taking part in English politics, making her first political speech in a foreign land. Accompanying her friend, Miss Florence Balgarnie, to a workingmen's meeting in North London, at which the latter was to speak, Miss Bartlett was also introduced to the audience, composed of hundreds of workingmen, who listened "with their hats off." Miss Bartlett also describes a short interview with Justin McCarthy, the Irish leader.

Mrs. Potter Palmer, President of the Board of Lady Managers, who has recently returned from a European tour, reports that the women of Europe, particularly of Great Britain, France, Germany and Belgium, are deeply interested in the World's Fair, and are working hard to make the womans's branch of it a splendid success. The women's commissions, which have been formed in these countries, include many of the most distinguished and honored women known at court. The outlook is most promising for a great exhibit of women's industrial, educational and charitable work, from both this country and from abroad.

#### CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS N. A. W. S. A.

[To the Officers and Members of the N. A. W. S. A.]

As the time is drawing near for our next annual meeting, I earnestly call your attention to the following article of our Constitution, and ask that if you have any ammendment to propose you will send them at once to me, that they may be published in good season in the suffrage papers, as required.

ARTICLE V. This Constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote at any annual meeting, after one day's notice in the Convention, notice of the proposed ammendment having been given to the business committee not less than three months in advance, and by them published in the suffrage papers.

I will gladly send a copy of the Constitution to any one wishing it.

RACHEL FOSTER AVERY,  
Cor. Sec. N. A. W. S. A.  
Somerton, Philadelphia.

I have no fear that men will be less manly or women less womanly when they meet on terms of equality before the law.—  
*John G. Whittier.*



# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

EMMELINE B. WELLS, - - - Editor.

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SALT LAKE CITY, - - - OCTOBER 1, 1892.

## CONFERENCE NOTICE.

THE Sixty-third Semi annual Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will convene in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, at 10 o'clock on Thursday morning, October 6th, 1892.

The officers and members of the Church generally are cordially invited to attend the meetings of the conference.

WILFORD WOODRUFF,  
GEORGE Q. CANNON,  
JOSEPH F. SMITH,  
First Presidency.

## RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE.

THE general semi-annual conference of the Relief Society will be held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall in this city on Monday, October 10, 1892, meetings commencing at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. Officers and members of this organization from all the several Stakes of Zion are most cordially invited to attend these meetings, as there will be important business pertaining to the Relief Society brought before the conference.

ZINA D. H. YOUNG, Pres.  
JANE S. RICHARDS,  
BATHSHEBA W. SMITH,  
Counselors.

## PRIMARY OFFICERS MEETING.

There will be a meeting of the officers of the Primary Association held at the residence of C. B. Felt, 155 North Main St. Thursday Oct. 6, at 7 p. m. Representatives from each of the Stakes of Zion are requested to be present.

### PRIMARY CONFERENCE.

The Third General Conference of the Primary Association will be held in the Assembly Hall in this City, Oct. 7, at 7 p. m.

All interested in the Primary work are cordially invited to attend.

LOUIE B. FELT, President.  
LILLIE FREEZE,  
CLARA C. CANNON,  
Counselors.  
MAY ANDERSON, Secretary.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

THERE will very likely be a meeting called of the Utah Woman's Press Club while Conference visitors are in the City.

WE must apologize for not giving in this issue the article on mines and disturbances in Northern Idaho, particularly describing our interesting visit to the Gem mine. There are so many local

affairs to be mentioned that things of less importance must wait.

THE Territorial Fair to be held in this City the present month promises to be the most varied in kind and mammoth in proportion of any that has preceded it. It ought to be in view of the representation expected for the World's Fair in '93. Certainly the management is in good hands and the people are right in expecting the best results of the enterprise. It opens on Tuesday October 4th.

THE W. S. A. Ter. Convention will be held in the 14th Ward Assembly Rooms in this City Wednesday Oct. 5,—beginning with an Executive session in the morning. Delegates are expected from all parts of the Territory and the President Mrs. S. M. Kimball and an Ex. Com. are preparing an attractive programme of exercises. In the evening a reception for the Association delegates and friends will be held at the residence of Mrs. Phebe Y. Beattie, Ch. Ex. Com., at 55 N. West Temple—elaborate preparations are being made and suitable decorations will be a feature of the reception.

## UTAH WOULD'S FAIR COMMISSION.

The following letter will explain itself and it is ardently hoped that the ladies of Utah will avail themselves of this opportunity to show their interest in the matter.—ED.

Mrs. E. B. Wells,

President Board of Lady Managers, Salt Lake County.

DEAR MADAM:—The floral emblem for Utah will be balloted for at the coming Territorial Fair in October. The Board of Lady Managers have selected the following flowers as candidates, Sego Lily, Yellow Primrose, Indian Paint Brush, Wild Rose, and Marguerite. Please notify the Ladies of your county so that all who attend the Fair in Salt Lake City, may cast a ballot for their favorite flower. All who do not attend the Fair may send their ballot by Postal Card. The polls will be open until the 25th of October. Let us impress upon you the fact that notice of this, should be immediately, and widely spread, and all ladies should cast a ballot for our emblem, in order to show their interest in Utah and her exhibit, at the World's Columbian Exposition.

Yours Respectfully,  
MAY PRESTON, Secretary.

## WORLD'S FAIR WORK.

### S. L. COUNTY LADIES ORGANIZED.

AT a meeting of ladies held in the Social Hall in this City, Monday Sept. 26, at 2 p. m. an organization for Salt Lake County was effected. There were on the platform the two Lady Commissioners for Utah, Mrs. Margaret B. Salisbury and Mrs. Whalen, also Miss Keogh, Alternate and the President of the Ter. Board of Lady Managers for Utah, Mrs. F. S. Richards and Mrs. C. W. Lyman, Mrs. Zina D. H. Young, Mrs. M. Isabella Horne, Mrs. Sarah M. Kimball, Mrs. James B. Boggs, Mrs. George Y. Wallace and other representative women of the Territory. Mrs. E. B. Wells President of S. L. Co., having previously been elected by the Ter. Board acted as Chairman, Mrs. May E. Talmage was appointed Sec. *pro tem* and read the call, also the minutes of a meeting held in the Templeton Hotel, Sept. 10, for a similar purpose.

Some explanations having been made the business of electing officers was proceeded with. Mrs. Geo. Y. Wallace was elected First Vice Pres. Mrs. Priscilla P. Jennings Second Vice Pres. Mrs. Bertha Bamberger Treas. Mrs. Margaret A. Caine Sec. Board of Directors as follows: Mrs.

Amelia Folsom Young, Mrs. James B. Boggs, Mrs. E. C. Clawson, Mrs. C. E. Allen, Mrs. Grace Young, Mrs. J. C. Royle, Mrs. Nettie Y. Snell, Mrs. A. K. Smith, Mrs. Ann D. Groesbeck, Mrs. Ferdinand Fabian of this City, Mrs. Elizabeth Howard, Big Cotton Wood, Mrs. Maria Holt, South Jordan; Mrs. C. C. Goodwin, Mrs. C. W. Bennett, Mrs. Elizabeth Pixton, Taylorsville; Mrs. Hattie Hooper Young, Miss Emma McCornick, Mrs. W. W. Riter, Mrs. Wendell Benson, also of this City; Mrs. H. P. Kendall, Camp Douglas.

During the afternoon short and appropriate speeches were made by Mrs. Zina D. H. Young, Mrs. M. Isabella Horne, Mrs. Sarah M. Kimball, and Mrs. F. S. Richards. The speakers alluded to the early days in Utah and expressed an earnest wish for a creditable representation at the Columbian Exposition in 1893. Mrs. Whalen of Ogden greeted the audience pleasantly and invited all the ladies to attend an important meeting to be held in Ogden on Saturday, Oct. 1st.

## DELSARTE AND EDUCATION.

MISS Maud May Babcock B. E. who has recently come to teach in this City and has been engaged by the Faculty of the Utah University is certainly a very pleasing and attractive person as well as an accomplished educationist and teacher of Delsarte.

Mrs. Susa Y. Gates met Miss Babcock last summer at Harvard, and was instrumental in securing her services for Utah during the fall and winter months, though she is under engagement to teach at Harvard again next summer. She has already taught at that university two years.

The young lady comes with most excellent references, and these with the impressions she makes personally are a sufficient guarantee of her winning favor and achieving success.

The notices in leading papers of New York and other cities are very emphatic in praise of her recitations and readings of the most difficult pieces, tragic, dramatic lyric and sensational.

Miss Babcock graduated from the National School of Oratory of Philadelphia with honors receiving the degree of Bachelor of Elocution; and has since made a study of Delsarte Expression and Shakespeare under the best exponents of these branches in New York and Boston.

Miss Babcock in teaching physical culture follows the methods of Franklin Sargent of New York City who has a theatre and Lyceum combined at Berkley New York.

## EDMUND RUSSELL AND DELSARTE.

EDMUND RUSSELL has been in this City over six weeks, and during that time has familiarized himself tolerably well with the City and its surroundings, as well as the people taken as a whole, and a few in particular. He has given several lectures in courses and in classes, and has really been over-crowded with work for the time being. Very busy people like the writer have not had the privilege of hearing many of his talks or lessons, but we have heard one course of three lectures, that we enjoyed very much indeed, and from which we gleaned much valuable information that we hope to apply in doing good, if only in self-development. And really one cannot improve one's self without benefitting others.

There is so much more in Delsarte methods than one could possibly believe before coming in actual contact with the work, or having it explained in the pains-taking way in which Mr. Russell has been kind enough to give it.

One hears of Delsarte as of a great artist, painter or scientist, without realizing that the art he made a life-time study had methods, rules and practises that would apply to every individual all along the lines of lifework.



The first lecture of the course we attended was of Delsarte himself, his life and work, and was one of the most interesting sketches we have ever had the pleasure of hearing. This lecture of itself would it seems to us give any one a desire to know more of the fine art of expression in life, and the happiness to be attained through the best and highest development of the physical as well as the mental, moral and spiritual which is so sought after by many; how to reach this standard of excellence is just beginning to be understood by a few. Light has come into the world and is increasing, if there is any good thing or true principle that some of us have not yet reached, by all means let us avail ourselves of any opportunity to possess it that is open to us, and make it applicable, useful and beneficial. Delsarte is said to be "a cure for nervousness," then by all means American women, should make it a study; and it might add much to their power for good, and certainly to their influence at home and elsewhere.

To most women the home is the one place where they desire to be appreciated and understood, and how very often, they spoil everything by that nervousness that is so common in women of fine-strung, or as is often said, high-strung temperament; and misunderstandings arise so frequently and are attributed to being "out of sorts" that if there is an art or a study that will heal or help this malady; no time should be lost in getting at work. "To be healthy is to be happy," is an old familiar saying, and much does depend upon health, and if the Delsarte methods tend to an improvement in this direction to a fine physique, the building up of the constitution, or human body as a whole, then indeed should we hail with gladness such a heaven-sent boon.

The prolongation of human life with all one's faculties sound and good is one of the objects that this people called Latter-day Saints have sought to achieve; there is no doubt that correct rules of living, such as are given in the "Word of Wisdom," would do much towards accomplishing the results sought for; how few comparatively observe these requirements, the fact is, all want the blessing, without the effort.

It is true as Mr. Russell says, we are not likely to receive benefit, without doing as well as hearing.

Many who have attended series of lectures, lessons and talks have testified to the great advantages they have derived from Mr. Russell's suggestions and instruction; and would be glad to avail themselves of further opportunities under his teaching. He goes to San Francisco from here and will be given a reception by the Century Club of that City October 5th. He has letters of introduction to leading ladies and gentlemen there that ensure for him a welcome, and with the wealth and prestige of that great City, there will be a wider opportunity for success in his profession, yet we doubt if there will be a higher appreciation of his talents and his work in Delsarte.

#### WOMAN'S WORK ON THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

PERHAPS some who have an idea that the missionary sisters of these Islands have one continual summer's holiday in "Gathering up the shells from the sea shore," and in searching pretty ferns from the Gulches, and gathering curiosities of different kinds for themselves and their dear friends at home, may be interested in learning just how we do spend our time, and what our object in view is. Then if any of us return not as well supplied with the above mentioned desirables, be not disappointed dear friends. For we realize that there is much to be done here among the women of this nation and we are trying to teach them both by precept and

example the great work there is for women in this age of the world. Our harvest is great and the laborers are few, and the returns of our toil seem slow though our faith is strong in the belief that if "we cast our bread upon the water after many days it shall return."

We have gained a testimony for ourselves that in the performance of duty, be that duty what it may, there is joy, satisfaction and contentment of spirit, and that the neglect of duty brings the reverse. Eight months ago we formed ourselves in a school of the missionary sisters, eight in number and have since that time held regular weekly meetings, studying the principles of the Gospel, and other subjects pertaining to the advancement of woman. We have also observed certain by-laws which have governed satisfactorily our labors both temporally and spiritually, and each of the sisters has expressed the pleasure she takes in the performance of her labors and of the unity existing between us. On the 6th of July last at the anniversary of the organization of the Relief Society of this branch, a special meeting was held in which missionary sisters were selected to visit the adjacent Islands assisted by a native sister; which appointment we willingly accepted, trusting that God would make us equal to the task before us and fit the back for the burden. Some may have doubted the prudence in sending women to travel unassisted by an Elder over such roads as there are upon these Islands, but as that was out of the question, they having been several months at their respective fields of labor, we were willing to prove that while woman is necessitated in depending upon man for much, she is not dependent for her energy and courage.

Sister Katties Hottendorf assisted by Kealalina was appointed to the Island of Kanai and sailed from Honolulu July 25th. The remainder of us were detained till the 9th of August when we boarded the comfortable, clean Kinau for our respective islands. The day was calm and presented a favorable appearance for a pleasant voyage, and we had sailed nearly an hour without being sick, and were about to think we were going to escape that dreaded malady, when an Officer remarked, "That little cloud yonder will soon make you feel more uncomfortable than you do now," which proved to be true, for strong winds and high swells, caused the Kinau to toss herself recklessly from billow to billow, regardless of her precious freight, and we were forced to become tributaries to the mighty Pacific. The sight from the ocean, of Honolulu to Diamondhead as the land fades in the distance to be seen once is always to be remembered. The peculiar formation of the once active craters of "Punch-bowl" and "Diamondhead" now covered with beautiful tropical vegetation surrounded by the modern improvements of civilization present a picture that would take space to describe.

Our first stopping place was at Maui, and we rouse ourselves to see where we are, and there is Lahaina sleeping in the shadow of her mighty mountain. The white caps of the rolling deep flashed back the light of the full clear moon. The air had a tropical languor, the boats are lowered mid confusion and splashing of oars, to take passengers and freight ashore. Here we are surprised in meeting with Brother Duffin who had come aboard to meet his wife and accompany her to her place of appointment, they decided to go over to the next bay, about fifteen miles, as horses cannot be obtained here for traveling. So it is up anchor and away through the moonlight over the rolling deep to Maalaca bay where we bid "Aloha nui" to Brother and Sister Duffin, and Napoluelua her assistant, and then on to Makena where the surf breaks on barren rocks under the great dome of "Haleakala," here the channel had the appearance of a wild rushing river and it was hard to imagine we

were at sea. My room companion expressed her fears in landing saying she was once lost in this bay early in the evening and had no hopes of seeing land again, but daylight brought to her troubled mind relief.

Makena bay is left and we reach the nearest point of Hawaii, "Mahukona," by 8 o'clock in the morning, here our patience is tried by a long stay, in the strong hot wind blowing off shore, but the sight of the domes of the three mountains, "Hualalai" "Mamakea" and "Manna Loa," together with the encircling mountains of Maui, and the island of Molokai in the distance furnish a study for the mind and relieves the monotony.

We stop at Kawaikae and Upolo, then go back on our way to Hilo. The entire scene is one of varying beauty beginning with the cane fields of Kahala which stretch their sea of green almost to the edge of the red cliffs, and here numberless spots walled in by rock fences designating the homes of the ancient Hawaiian, and the immense population that must have existed on that apparent barren land.

We pass the Waimanu bluffs which extend in one long blue sweep from the inland heights until it makes its tremendous 1600 foot leap into the surf. At Laupahochoc the fresh land breeze comes across the water bringing with it odors of ferns and woodland vegetation; here a tramway extends from the surf abruptly to the top of the cliff on which all imports and exports are taken to the Plantation above. The village is pretty and unlike any other we have passed in occupying a small basin between two immense mountains. Two hours after leaving here we are for the first time since leaving Honolulu in a calm sea and to our joy are at our destination at Hilo bay.

Though it is half past 2 o'clock Thursday morning, making a thirty-six hour sea voyage, and though strangers in a strange land we are glad to put our feet once more on land, and our company three in number took a special boat, with the rest of the "Reverends" as we were honorably titled, to shore, where for a short time there seemed to be considerably excitement among the natives over our arrival, many saying it was the first time they had seen a Missionary Sister of our Church.

LIBBIE NOAL.

[To be continued].

#### SOLUTION OF THE LABOR PROBLEM.

THE Carnegie troubles with the laboring men have brought the labor problem to the front in the minds of all. The only solution lies in the divinely given Golden Rule "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also unto them." This has been strikingly illustrated by the millionaire merchant prince and Evangelist Mr. Charles N. Crittenton, who has taken into partnership five of the heads of departments in his great wholesale house in New York, pronounced by the *New York Times* "probably the largest in the world." The *New York press* is full of praise for this notable deed. The *New York Herald* says: "On its face the transaction was simply the reorganization of the house of Charles N. Crittenton as an incorporated company."

As a matter of fact it was a voluntary surrender by Mr. Crittenton of a considerable interest in his very prosperous business to five of his old employes. Many employers have adopted one means or another of making their employes sharers in the profits of their business and thereby securing their hearty co-operation. But the voluntary transfer by a man of large means of a large interest in his business to his employes without the payment of a penny, is unique.



Edward G. Wells, Third Vice-President of the company says: "It is capitalized at \$800,000, Mr. Crittenton having turned into it every dollar's worth of assets of the house of Charles N. Crittenton, of which he was the sole owner. The stock is all taken, being held by Mr. Crittenton. Messrs. Alfred B. Kennedy, William A. Demarst, Franklin B. Waterman, Thomas E. Delano and myself. Mr. Crittenton is President of the company.

"All of the men who have been taken into the company are old employes, the youngest of the five in point of service being myself with a record of thirteen years in Mr. Crittenton's employ. Mr. Kennedy, who is the buyer for the house, has served twenty-six years, Mr. Demarst, the head of the retail department, twenty years; Mr. Delano, the general manager, twenty-eight years, and Mr. Waterman who runs our advertising department, sixteen years. *Others may be taken in.*

"I presume that we were selected on account of our long service and thorough familiarity with every detail of the business of the house, but I should not be surprised if some other old employes were taken into the company later."

Mr. Crittenton is himself devoting his entire time to Evangelistic work and his fortune to founding Florence Crittenton Missions for the rescue of erring girls. The story of their founding touches all hearts to tenderness and all eyes to tears. A few years since his little four-year-old Florence on her dying bed pleaded "Papa sing 'The Sweet Bye and Bye.' With choking voice and breaking heart her father sang the beautiful words and her beloved spirit floated heavenward on the wings of song. Though the Bye and Bye might be sweet, the present without his darling seemed so overwhelmingly dreary, that he did not care to live. But in his sorrow the Savior who had taken the little child in His bosom, brought comfort to his bleeding heart and he found strangely true the words of Christ "My peace I give unto you."

Then he began to prove that he was indeed a follower of the lowly Nazarene who forever dignified labor by being Himself a carpenter, who in the midst of his toil uttered these royal words which would forever settle all strife between capital and labor, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another."

Mr. Crittenton was so full of love that he went down into the slums and helped to uplift the fallen, and one night when he was pleading with a poor erring girl to leave her life of shame, he said in the words of Christ, "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more." Through her tears she said, "Where can I go? Quick as a flash came the thought "Where *can* she go?" scarce a door save a door of sin is open to her and then and there he determined as a memorial to his own little Florence to found a home where other father's little girls lost in the whirlpool of shame, might be rescued and restored to a life of virtue. So at 21-23 Bleeker St. New York, nine years ago was opened the First Florence Crittenton Mission, a large double four-story house where food and shelter and clothing and a home are freely given, and under the influence of Mother Prindle the W. C. T. U. Matron, hundreds become Christian women. Over five hundred girls annually find a home here and three-fourths of them are redeemed.

Mr. Crittenton has also established Florence Crittenton Missions in New Brunswick, N. J., San Jose, Sacramento, Los Angeles and San Francisco, California. The latter was formerly known as "The Pacific Rescue Home," successfully carried on by a number of philanthropic people, but since Mr. Crittenton has become its President the name of his darling child has been given to it.

These Missions represent an investment of

nearly a million dollars, while his private charities foot up nearly as much more. It is the dream of his life to found a Florence Crittenton Mission in every large city in America and Europe, and plans to that end are made with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, under the leadership of Miss Frances E. Willard and Lady Henry Somerset.

As an Evangelist Mr. Crittenton is wonderfully blessed of God, thousands having started heavenward under his loving ministrations. He gives his services freely, and though himself an Episcopalian, being an officer of Holy Trinity Church, Harlem New York, he is perfectly at home in pulpits of all denominations, where he is warmly welcomed by the pastors. Perhaps the one distinguishing characteristic is the universal love he inspires in all hearts, which make many think as a little child said, "Mamma, don't you think Jesus when he was on earth must have been like Mr. Crittenton?"

W. G. C. EDHOLM,  
Supt. Press, World's W. C. T. U.

#### A TRIP TO BANNOCK STAKE.

ON Friday morning August 12, accompanied by Sister Lillie Freeze I left Salt Lake City to visit the sisters in Bannock Stake. We left on the 10.5 a. m. train for Idaho Falls. We had a very pleasant visit with Brothers John Henry Smith and C. C. Card who were going to attend the Bannock Stake quarterly conference. On arriving at Idaho Falls about seven o'clock we found President Ricks with a carriage waiting our arrival; and were soon on our way for Lewisville, a distance of sixteen miles, arriving at ten o'clock very tired and dusty. We were kindly received by Brother Miller and wife with whom we remained the next three days. Saturday morning (13th) at ten o'clock we met with the Primary Association and after I had made a few remarks to the children, Sister Freeze addressed them and took an active part in their exercises which was very educational to the children.

At 2 p. m. we met with the Relief Society (Sister Jardine President), and the Young Ladies. We instructed the sisters on the importance of the organization of the Relief Society and their duties as wives and mothers, Sister Freeze spoke to the young people in a very interesting manner, exhorting them to live pure lives, and be Latter-day Saints in all their associating together. Sister Freeze is well qualified to instruct the young people of Zion.

Sunday morning, 14th, at 10 o'clock the Stake Conference commenced. The house was filled to overflowing, people coming from 12 to 25 miles with their families to attend the meeting. Much valuable instruction was given by the brethren; a good spirit prevailed in all the gatherings of the saints.

President Ricks invited the visiting sisters to occupy the stand on Sunday evening, we consented; the house was literally crammed, the brethren were present in large numbers and we felt encouraged by their presence. We had an excellent time together. Attended conference the next day Monday, 15th, at four p. m., after the meeting closed we started for Rexburg, distant sixteen miles, arriving about sundown. The writer was hospitably entertained by Patriarch Arza Hinckley and family, Sister Hinckley is the Stake President of the Relief Society. Tuesday, 16th, we started again at nine o'clock for Parker Ward, where

meeting was held at two o'clock, the house was filled with the people from Egin and other wards.

Sister Winters drove her own conveyance and brought a load of the sisters from Rexburg returning the same evening traveling twenty-five miles as well as fording Snake River twice. I forgot to mention our having to ferry over Snake River on our way from Lewisville to Rexburg which detained us a while on our journey. The meeting was a spirited one the sisters being urged to a more faithful discharge of their important duties in the organizations. They were all glad to meet and shake hands with us. Our company spent the night with Bishop Parker and family, who did all they could to make us comfortable. Sister Parker went into the garden and picked fresh raspberries for our supper which was a great treat in that far off Northern country; Brother and Sister Parker were old friends of ours and we enjoyed ourselves very much.

Wednesday, 17th, drove to Willford, distance six miles, ate dinner with Sister Pratt, President of the Relief Society, held meeting at two p. m., another full house, the visiting sisters and President Ricks occupied the time. At 4 o'clock started for Rexburg a ride of ten miles where we met (in the evening) with the Young Men and Young Ladies in their conjoint meeting; a full attendance; a good spirit prevailed, much good instruction and counsel was given; we met old friends and made many new ones. Thursday, 18th, met with the Relief Society again, the house was filled; it being the first visit that the sisters from the city had made, all seemed anxious to hear their teachings. The choir came to all our meetings their lively singing adding much to the spirit of the meeting, we had an excellent time together which will be long remembered by all present. Sister Freeze met with the children; a great many bright children were present, and were well behaved. Sister Freeze in her happy manner interested them about an hour. At 5 p. m. we were on our way to Menan, arriving at sundown, eighteen miles ride. Stayed all night with Bishop Stephen's family.

Friday, 19th, were again on the move at eight a. m. traveled twenty-five miles, arriving at Iona about noon, held meeting at 2 o'clock with the Relief Society also Primary Association.

I was astonished at the extent of country and the quantity of water everywhere. Such large canals which extended for miles, I asked President Ricks if he could give me an estimate of the length of the canals. He said there were two thousand miles of ditches and canals. We rode through miles of beautiful wheat and other grain, fenced on either side which was wonderful, when we were told that all the work had been done in such a short space of time; it being only nine years since the first houses were built.

At about 5 o'clock we started for Idaho Falls arriving safely at 6:30, distance from Iona seven miles. Met with the Relief Society at eight; again a full house, people coming from fifteen to twenty miles to attend the meeting. Mothers with children in their arms knowing it would take them till midnight to ride home.

A Primary was organized after the meeting. This ended our labors in the Bannock Stake. We spent a very pleasant evening at Bishop Thomas's; with President Ricks and wife also Counselor Steele. At 12.30



we left for the depot; in fifteen minutes the train came along; we shook hands with our friends, stepped aboard the train and were soon speeding on our homeward journey arriving at nine o'clock in Salt Lake City very tired yet thankful to our Heavenly Father for his preserving care over us. We had a pleasant but arduous trip, traveling six hundred miles. Too much praise cannot be given to President Ricks for his kind fatherly care over us, in seeing that we were comfortably provided for; meeting us at the train and traveling with us around the Stake, and seeing us aboard the train for our homeward journey. We shall never forget our trip to the good folks of Bannock Stake.

M. ISABELLA HORNE.

### EMPRESS FREDERIC AND WOMEN'S FEDERATION.

PARIS, FRANCE, Oct. 20, 1892.

*Editor Woman's Journal:*

In my last letter, written from Berlin, I briefly characterized many of the interesting associations composed of women, and institutions founded by them, which I had been privileged to visit. One fact concerning them I reserved for this article, of which it forms a necessary part.

From the "Scheppler Lette Verein" to the "Volks' Kuchen," all of the societies and works referred to are "Under the protection of Her Majesty, the Empress Frederick." It was some time before I realized the full import of this phrase. In spite of what I had long ago known of the activity of the Empress, while yet Crown Princess, in establishing courses of university lectures for women, and in facilitating educational opportunities for girls of all ranks, I still unconsciously associated "Her Majesty's Protection" with the royal patronage which bakers and brewers, tailors and milliners, in all monarchical countries, are wont to use as a trade-mark indicative of the superior quality of their wares. But, when I found, in the "Pestalozzi-Fröbel House," games and studies presented by the Empress; and in Frau Heyl's wonderful cooking school a case of phials from the royal hand, containing the chemical constituents of the common grains, vegetables, and fruits, presented by Her Majesty on one of her visits of inspection; when I learned that the Princess Victoria was Frau Heyl's first pupil in the art of gardening; when I knew that the Empress had recently inspected "Tanneck" (the country home where Fraulein Crain lives with the "Pension" portion of her pupils), and had gone from observatory to dog-kennel in her survey of the premises; when, in "The Victoria Training School for Nurses," I saw numerous evidences of Her Majesty's personal vigilance and sympathy, I began to understand that the phrase "Under the Protection of Her Majesty, the Queen and Empress Frederick" was of vital significance to all things to which it is applied; and, moreover, that it is a sure pledge of noble motive and capable management in the institutions enjoying it. Presently, I discovered that most of the remarkable group of women by whom I was welcomed were members of what they constantly referred to as "The Empress's Circle." I noted that the tone in which the "circle" was mentioned by its members had an accent of proud, noble, modesty, but no hint of boastful vanity. I found every member of this "circle" to be a woman of serious

purpose, engaged in some work whose motive lay outside of self. Every one of the "circle" whom I met realized and deplored the relative weakness consequent upon isolating her own work from that of others, and as we discussed the means of securing a federation of forces for the common interests, one after another explained the obstacle to such a union, always ending with an expression of eager desire for it, and with the statement: "The Empress Frederick has always desired just such a federation, and if it can be accomplished at all in Germany, it will be only through her influence." Several of these leaders, each in a personal interview, suggested my seeking an audience with the Empress and unfolding to her the ideas of the National and International Councils of women and the plans for the general World's Congress of Women at Chicago in '93, with a view to enlisting Her Majesty's aid in securing for this Congress a good delegation of German women.

It may be difficult to believe that the suggestion was, at first, not agreeable; such, however, is the fact. As a simple American woman, unfamiliar with the manners of Empresses, possessing a tongue untrained to the phraseology employed in addressing imperial personages, I felt that I should be quite out of place in a Queen's audience chamber. Deliberately to seek an interview with the Empress, and thus to become responsible for the impression produced in the royal circle by the plans for the work of the Congress Auxiliary of the Columbian Exposition, was a *role* to which I felt unequal; and not until it had been pressed upon me as a duty by many deeply interested, did I consent to ask for an audience. I received a favorable response from Her Majesty's chamberlain, and the audience was set for Saturday, August 6. The summer residence of the Empress is at Homburg, a watering place eleven miles north of Frankfort-on-the-Main. The *Schloss* is an interesting building, formerly the residence of the Electors. It was once occupied by the daughter of George III., who married a German prince, and like most European castles it is clothed with historic reminiscences. After traversing numerous courts and corridors, we reached an antechamber where we were received by the Countess Perponcher, chief lady in waiting of Her Majesty. After a few minutes conversation, which showed her to be conversant with the object of my visit, the Countess conducted me to an interior apartment where Her Majesty presently appeared, the Countess at the same time quitting the chamber.

In a moment the gracious cordiality of Her Majesty's welcome gave me the ease of an accustomed guest, and in the more than an hour that the Empress kindly detained me, my mind was fully occupied with the subjects before us, viz.: the condition of the women of different countries, particularly of those of Germany and the United States, as respects opportunities for education, for employment, and for the exercise of personal liberty, and the best methods of securing on the Committee of Honor for the Congress of '93 the German names that would carry most weight at home and abroad, and be truly representative of the best that Germany has attained, so far as its women are concerned. As, in reply to Her Majesty's searching questions, the complete outline of the plans for this Congress was revealed to her, she expressed the warmest approval, and her strong de-

sire that Germany should send worthy delegates who can gather as well as give, and bring back for home use an enlarged comprehension of the significance of "the woman movement," and new enthusiasm for its advancement. Her Majesty was also deeply sympathetic with the ideas that underlie the organizations of the National and International Councils, and the urging the usefulness of their application to societies of local scope. She talked freely of her own efforts to federate the different societies and institutions organized by the women of Berlin through the "circle" of which I had learned so much in that City, and to which I have above referred as "The Empress's circle." During the winter it is the habit of the Empress to invite the members of the Circle" to take tea with her once or twice a month. On these occasions each one (who, as I have before intimated is the working head of some institution or society enjoying the Empress's protection) reports the state of her own work. All advise together, and endeavor to make their works mutually supplementary. The Empress spoke of their little meetings as if they were a source of great pleasure to herself, told me some incidents to illustrate the helpfulness of even such informal federation of interests, and expressed the strongest desire to see such a federation take national proportions under permanent, formal organizations.

The Empress deplored the present state of unrest among the working people, and protested strongly against the injustice of those who attribute it to the fact that education has been made accessible to the masses, and hold liberal reformers responsible for it. With the democratic conviction to which one is accustomed in a republic, but which one does not expect from royal lips, Her Majesty declared with emphasis: "It is not too much education which produces these revolts and outbreaks, among the people everywhere, these strikes and dissensions; not too much but too little education is the trouble." Her Majesty expressed the opinion that intellectual and industrial education should accompany each other in all classes of schools for all classes of people; that respect for useful things and for the people who can produce them, together with a desire to be useful, should be inculcated in every child; and that all systems of education which ignore this part of their plain function fail on the side of practical morals. In discussing industrial education, the Empress Frederick can speak with the authority of experience, for, as a child, she was educated to habits of industry, was instructed carefully in household arts, and has worked all her life very perseveringly in her studio; producing both sculpture and paintings which indicate that, had she not been born to other duties, she would have been a professional artist. Moreover, the leading industrial and technical schools for girls in Berlin have been founded under Her Majesty's protection, and she, with the Emperor Frederick, was active in the establishment of the "Kunst Gewerbe" museum.

When I explained that the "General World's Congress of Women" would be divided into several departments, and that it would be the aim of the committee charged with preparing the programme to secure from the delegates of each country a report that would give both the history of the progress of women in their respective countries and their present status in



respect to the subject considered—the Empress expressed the most cordial interest, spoke of the vast help that the published reports of this Congress will afford to students of social economy everywhere, and said that they will, indeed, be a cyclopædia of all phases of progress that affect woman's life.

Several times Her Majesty said, "I would go to Chicago myself, I would attend this Congress, were I not such a bad sailor." Repeatedly expressing her desire that Germany be well represented in the Congress, she gave me the address Frau Minna Streckler, who has charge of the institutions founded by the still universally mourned Princess Alice, and urged me to see her. I endeavored to do so, but the absence of Frau Stricker from Darmstadt made it impossible for me to meet her, though her interest in the Congress is assured.

Nothing certainly could be more gratifying to American women, or more helpful and gratifying to German women who interest themselves in progressive movements, than to have the Empress Frederick accept the protectorate of the German committee and delegation in the Congress of '93, if circumstances permit her to do so.

Requesting to be kept informed of the plans as they mature, and making valuable suggestions, which I trust may be executed, Her Majesty terminated an audience which, instead of proving an ordeal, was to me the most interesting experience of a summer which has been full of vivid enjoyments.

The Empress talked on many subjects only indirectly connected with that reported here. Her manner was characterized by uncommon simplicity and frankness. I left Homburg with the consciousness that I had been in the presence of a truly royal mind; of a mind accustomed to originate and to contemplate large views. I felt that I had seen a woman who has taken life seriously; who has developed her own powers by the steady use of them; who has warmed her heart not only in the glow of that family affection which, inculcated in her English home, ripened into an ideal domestic life in Germany; but also in persistently maintaining the wider human relations which have made her a co-worker with the noble women who are striving to elevate the ideal of German womanhood, and who look up to her as their revered chief.

The Empress contemplates a conception of womanhood that may be universally accepted as the Ideal. As Her Majesty developed this idea somewhat, I was impressed with her frank assumption of the oneness of humanity, and with her aspiration to further the recognition of the solidarity of human interests. I left the castle with the conviction, which has grown upon me as I have recalled Her Majesty's questions and utterances, that I had enjoyed an audience with "the cleverest woman in Europe," for this is the title often bestowed on Victoria of Germany.

MAY WRIGHT SEWALL.

Ex.

#### OBITUARIES.

##### RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Resolutions of respect to the memory of Sister Mary Goatman, who departed this life at Mendon Utah, on Wednesday, July 6th, 1892, aged sixty-seven years.

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father has in his infinite wisdom removed from our midst our beloved sister, and

Whereas, her faithful labors as a counselor in the Relief Society, and a generous, and useful member thereof, a beloved neighbor and companion. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we the officers and members of the Mendon Ward Relief Society do mourn her loss realizing that we have lost a noble sister whose hand was ever ready to help the sick and afflicted.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to her bereaved family.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be placed on the records of the Relief Society, and a copy be sent to the WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

MARIA BAKER, President.

MARY SONNE, Counselor.

EMMA HUGHES, Ass't. Sec.

##### RHODA ANN FULLMER.

Died at her daughter's residence in the 7th Ward, Salt Lake City, at 2 a. m., August 18, 1892, Rhoda Ann Fullmer, widow of the late David Fullmer, and daughter of Zera and Rhoda Marriion. Deceased was born in Union Township, Luzern County, Pennsylvania, Feb. 12th, 1813. Married Sept. 18th, 1831. Embraced the Gospel and was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, July 1836.

She was a member of the first Relief Society organized by the Prophet Joseph in Nauvoo, and underwent many trials and privations with her family and the Saints in that place. Emigrated with the early settlers of Utah in the fall of 1850, suffering many hardships with fortitude and patience. Deceased was selected as Second Counselor to Sister Hickenlooper who was President of first Relief Society in the 6th Ward of this City.

When the 5th and 6th Wards were connected, she was chosen and set apart as President of both Wards. In Sept. 1877, was again called to act as President of the 6th Ward Relief Society (the two wards having been separated), which position she held with honor and integrity up to the time of her demise. Sister Fullmer was a true Latter-day Saint, a kind and affectionate mother; was the mother of eleven children, nine of whom live to mourn her loss, besides many grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.

##### RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Resolutions of respect to Rhoda Ann Fullmer who departed this life, having been our beloved President of the Relief Society, twenty-five years, from 1867 to 1892. We her co-laborers in our Relief Society meeting Sept. 1st, 1892, deem it fitting that we record our appreciation of her labors.

Whereas in the providence of our Heavenly Father we have been called to mourn the loss of our beloved President and friend, who having led a life worthy of imitation has been called home. We desire to pay a tribute of respect to our sister.

Resolved that in behalf of the 6th Ward Relief Society, we tender our sympathy to the bereaved family, having lost a loving mother and friend. We pray the divine healer of all sorrows to comfort and bless them and may that Spirit that brings peace and consolation, be with them in time of trouble.

Resolved that a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family. Also entered upon the Relief Society record and a copy be sent to the WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

ALICE BUTTERWORTH.

ELLEN WATSON.

ELIZABETH W. CONDIE.

#### DOCTOR MATTIE HUGHES CANNON,

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# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

*The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of all Nations.*

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## COLUMBUS.

A moment let me view, as on the disk  
Of mental vision—and by the aid of  
Memory's mystic gift, the portrayed  
History draw of this most patient man!  
The majesty of man, in him, behold!—  
His stature tall, erect, and powerful,  
Ever towering above his fellows;—  
He wore a bland, yet thoughtful countenance,  
The impress bearing of divinity.  
Pale by study, brown'd by sun and sea;  
No levity, or carelessness were trac'd  
Upon his form or visage, every gesture,  
Gravity and deliberation showed.  
Among the potentates he stood a king,  
Though poverty enwrapt nought could hide,  
The majesty, that as a mantle cover'd him;  
The prime of life he scarcely had attain'd,  
Yet mental care had prematurely bleach'd  
His auburn locks, and streaks of grey appeared.  
His voice, deep, sonorous, and impressive,  
Like one accustomed to profound reflection.  
He wore a modest self-respect the aspect  
Of a worshiper in audience of Diety.  
Columbus!—Yes 'tis he! whose name has rung  
Throughout the circumnavigated globe!  
Strange! that the Hemisphere exhumed by him,  
And placed as "Beacon on a hill" before  
The wond'ring world, bears not his noble name!  
His great, his noble, mystic, thrilling name!  
—Like imbecile ingratitude this seems!  
No matter! he has yet a FUTURE—  
And among the Harmonies of heaven,  
Myriads yet will tune their golden harps  
In praise of him; endowed of God, and sent  
To bring before the world a hidden land,  
And fore-ordained to cradle gospel-fruit;  
And be the Nursery of the First-born Church.  
Columbus! Blessed genius! Blessed name!  
God's instrument for a work stupendous!  
Isabella, with all her strong convictions,  
Her warm and rational enthusiasm,  
And all the whisperings within her heart,  
E'en SHE dreamed not the glory of her work!  
She saw Earthly Empires and present good,  
And in a measure this was true and right,  
But little did she dream GOD'S KINGDOM  
Was to rise from out the Empire Columbus  
Was impelled to seek and resurrect,  
"God's Kingdom cometh not with observation."

So the work progressed, the day has dawned.  
And light breathes in upon the mystic work  
That Isabella and Columbus organized;  
And their names shall be enthron'd forever,  
And Ferdinand the TRIO shall complete.  
Pioneers of untold glory were they!

God worked with them to impel them on,  
Hence nought could daunt them.—On and on  
they went,

And HE, the instrument, was made to bear  
Calumny, and scorn, and pinching poverty,  
And the imputation "Thou art mad!"  
Maniac, dreamer, visionary man!  
And thus he lived, assuring them of truth,  
Till youth was gone and much of manhood's  
prime

Until a WOMAN God inspired to hear  
The message, he for years had yearned to tell;  
A regnant queen his helpmeet was to be,  
And she his mission nobly did endorse,  
And unto death remained his firm ally.

How strange an atheist is man! Show him  
A NEW TRUTH, and he will spurn you from his  
door.

He rarely says, reason be THOU my guide,  
I will INVESTIGATE, and then decide;  
But no, it comes in contact with my views,  
My theory, and my understanding;  
The "canon's full," and I am also full,  
Being fed on such a nutriment. I,  
On such a canon, hence, will live and die—  
Such was my father's creed, and therefore mine!  
Such is the logic of the worldly-wise,  
And such the "Daniels" in the judgment seat;  
So TRUTH is veil'd till GOD sees fit to tear  
The mummy wrapping, and HIS truth declare,  
Then those who've crushed conviction rise to  
truth,  
And worship her with all the warmth of youth;  
And then she'll reign immortal and for aye—  
And all her mandates they with joy obey.

HANNAH T. KING.

## IN RURAL ENGLAND.

### XXIV.

The preparations for the wedding of Dr. Bland and Miss Conway were completed, and the nuptials solemnized with due ceremony in the little Church at Dunstan Rectory by the young Clergyman who had only recently taken up his abode in that diocese the Reverend George R. Hayward, whose unassuming manner had endeared him to the people among whom he was called to labor and as his father had been a college friend of Dr. Bland's he took a special interest in the young man, and, though not a church going man, had really been instrumental in getting him settled in that vicinity, as soon as a vacancy had occurred.

Rob Harrison Esquire was present at the wedding and gave away the bride, much as his own heart rebelled against the marriage. Many such tragedies occur in every day life, only as in this instance the world are not aware of the real truth, that lies concealed underneath the mask society wears. The truth was Rob Harrison loved Jane Conway, from the moment he first saw her, plain and unpretending as she appeared in the eyes of others, he knew and felt the magnet of her presence and appreciated the beauties of character that passed unnoticed by the society in which they moved. He was loth to acknowledge even to himself this passion that possessed him, and when he found her the betrothed of another he was

shamed within himself that he should be so weak. After coming to Hilliard Castle he made the acquaintance of Dr. Bland and the two became fast friends, so that when the preliminaries of the marriage were being arranged and the Doctor innocently asked Mr. Harrison if he would give away the bride as she had no near relative who could be present, he consented at once. What else could he do? And indeed he was equal to the occasion for he had already passed through ordeals that had given him the strength and courage to suffer and endure without outward sign of grief or pain.

Jane Conway in her ignorance of his true feeling towards her struggled with herself, and bore her part nobly and when the ceremony had been consummated, those who were present saw only a smiling happy bride and bridegroom and showered upon them congratulations thicker than the flowers which bestrewed their path from the Church door to the carriage in waiting, for Dr. Bland bore away his blushing wife to the old home where anxious relatives were waiting; the home coming of one long absent, and to meet and welcome the young woman so faithfully described in his letters to relatives in his childhood's home. Strange indeed to the young wife was the experience of the next few weeks, the journey by lumbering coaches, the rural scenery in the Spring time when all the hedges were full of blossoms, the quaint old-fashioned inns or hostleries where they stopped at night—and the different dialects of the provincial districts through which they passed were all new and interesting in the extreme to the young woman, who had seen so little of her own country people, except those of her own class; now she was brought in contact with the people, saw something of the actual condition of the bone and sinew of those residing in the rural districts apart from the bustle of City life and indeed from the manufacturing and trades-people, cottagers and farmers who were in a manner self-supporting and as independent in their way as the gentle folks who drove in their own carriages with servants in livery. As a matter of fact these people were less slaves to custom, and fashion more their own masters and mistresses than many of the titled aristocracy, who often had to resort to all sorts of subterfuges to keep up appearances.

These things became clear to this high-minded young woman especially after she reached the North of England where the Doctor's relatives resided, and her husband explained to her many things connected with the affairs of the plain, honest, working people, and she discovered what false views were entertained by many of the young folks with whom she had been associated in regard to those who were really entitled to greater honor than the aristocracy, who too often looked down upon them and gave no true recognition of their rights and privileges as free-born men and women. Dr. Bland was a great-souled man in all that concerns humanity, and his wife appreciated more and more day after day his true nobility of character.



His family were not titled people but more of the professional struggling class, his father had been something of an astronomer and mathematician, and his mother the daughter of a clergyman who had held rather ultra views concerning women and in various points of doctrine, and the doctor himself had kept outside of all the established churches. But of both father and mother there only remained the mounds in the Church yard, but there were brothers and sisters and aunts and cousins, and they strove with each other to show the most respectful attention to the newly married relatives.

Much as Jane Conway had dreaded the marriage beforehand she enjoyed her honeymoon as well as many who anticipate such great happiness, and acknowledged to herself, that she was greatly favored to have such true enjoyment and to be learning so much of the real lives and homes of her own country people of whose circumstances and feelings she had heretofore been in such complete ignorance.

We are often led by an unseen guide into the ways that seemed marked out for our destiny, we know not why or wherefore, but in the sequel we learn it was to give us experience or to prepare us for an unknown future. So it seemed with Jane Conway now Mrs. Bland, though her individuality was too pronounced ever to be merged into that of any man however strong the character of such an one might be, or what reverent love she might cherish for him as a husband.

Dr. Bland fully appreciated her strength of mind and superior intellect and he had the experience that comes with years, and the liberal profession and large practice of a thoroughly educated physician. Possibly had his wife never met Mr. Harrison she might have given herself more fully to his interests, but as it was she did not look beyond, except as the peculiar dream she had just previous to her marriage would come into her thoughts whatever plans she made.

After some weeks spent in the country places among relatives and friends the newly married couple returned to the home which had been so carefully remodeled. The family at Hilliard Castle were anxiously looking forward to their arrival and Lady Anna was in great trouble with her household affairs and much in need of sound advice. Like many young housekeepers Anna Hilliard had betrayed her ignorance of management to every one in the establishment and had dismissed one after another of those employed until scarcely one remained of the household that had been trained by her cousin: her first greeting on the arrival of Mrs. Bland was, "Cousin Jane there never was such totally unmanageable set of servants as I have at the house; everything goes wrong and I must have some reliable woman to oversee the place or Mrs. Burke will soon take entire control and put me out."

"I am very sorry but until I see how I am to manage my own affairs, I cannot think of making suggestions to you, after that we will see what can be done."

"Haven't you seen some one in the country suitable for such a position, I sent you dozens of messages, and I supposed you would think it important in view of my ignorance of all such things."

"The people I saw were as independent of such work as we are cousin Anna, and I assure you that I have learned some very useful almost invaluable lessons during my

visit in the country, and it will make my life broader and better, and I trust I shall see things with a clearer vision than ever before, and I trust be of more use in the world than I would otherwise have been."

After having stated these facts to her cousin Mrs. Bland sought to help her to bring about a more settled state of affairs in the castle and to show her the need of firmness and dignity in the management of those in her service. All this was beneficial to Lady Anna though she was not one who could ever undertake to do a great deal without substantial help in the way of advice or a strong arm to lean upon. Her cousin knew this, and she could see how weak in any such capacity Maitland Walton would be, and it made her feel that she must do whatever she could for her protection.

In after years Lady Anna found how much she owed to her cousin's wise training and straightforward example.

Dr. and Mrs. Bland were soon settled in their own home and everything prospered with them, but things were not to remain so tranquil for very long, and within a short time many events occurred that could not have been anticipated unless by the spirit of prophecy. Mrs. Bland felt by a remarkable intuition that they were soon to leave their native land yet what was to bring it about she knew not. Lady Anna was preparing for her marriage and Lady Walton was almost constantly with her helping with suggestions and advice such as every young girl needs who has no mother to watch over her, and both Maitland and Anna were as happy in the prospect of the union as possible; the father had reluctantly consented though he had had several serious quarrels with his wife, and at one time threatened to disinherit his son if he had no more respect for his feelings than to marry into the family of one who had been his sworn enemy to the day of his death. A flood of strange occurrences were sweeping down like an avalanche upon Hilliard Castle and those in its vicinity.

#### WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

An executive session of the Utah Woman's Suffrage Association was held Oct. 5th, in the Fourteenth Ward assembly rooms. Sarah M. Kimball presided. The meeting was opened by the chaplain, Dr. E. S. Barney. The minutes of the previous session were read and accepted. The treasurer's report was read and approved.

The following Territorial officers were re-elected; S. M. Kimball, president; E. S. Richards, first vice president; Ann Groesbeck, second vice president; C. E. Dye, third vice president; Nellie Little, Sec. Julia Taylor, Cor. Sec. Ruth M. Fox, Treas. E. B. Wells, Ch. of Pub. Com., with L. G. Richards and R. B. Pratt members of that committee; P. Y. Beatie, chairman of Ex. Com., May Talmage, Margaret Caine, Elizabeth McCune, Lydia Pierce and Emma Finch members.

Sarah M. Kimball, having been appointed delegate to the Woman's Convention at the World's Fair, was sustained by the ladies present.

Utah, Cache, Davis and Salt Lake Counties were reported by their delegates, Celestia Reese of Box Elder was also present.—Afternoon at 2 p. m. a Territorial Convention was held in the same place and largely attended. Sarah M. Kimball presided. Bathsheba W. Smith opened the

meeting with prayer.

Miss Maude Pratt favored those present with a song entitled, "Thinking." The names of the officers elected at the executive session were sustained by the convention.

Letters were read from Cor. Sec. of Nat. W. S. A. and Nat. Council of Women in relation to the World's Fair.

Addresses were given by E. S. Richards, E. B. Wells, S. M. Kimball, M. I. Horne and other ladies present.

ADA C. CANNON, Sec'y,

#### A DELIGHTFUL RECEPTION.

Mrs. Phoebe Y. Beatie of this City gave a reception at her residence on West Temple Oct. 5th in honor of the delegates to the Ter. W. S. A. convention held in this city. \* \* \* Her handsome parlors were brilliantly lighted, and at 8 p. m. the guests began to arrive. About fifty ladies assembled and spent a most delightful evening.

Mrs. Sarah M. Kimball, territorial president of the Utah W. S. A., Mrs. Emily S. Richards, lady president Utah World's Fair Commission, Mrs. Electa Bullock, president Utah County W. S. A., Mrs. Lucy A. Clark, president Davis County W. S. A., Miss Celestia Reese, delegate from Box Elder County W. S. A., Mrs. Hannah Lapish, president American Fork W. S. A., Miss Lizzie Smith, president Kaysville W. S. A., with many other prominent ladies interested in woman's advancement, were present.

Delicious refreshments were served to the guests in the spacious dining hall, the table being profusely decorated with beautiful autumn flowers, the suffrage yellow predominating. Many of the ladies wore their suffrage badges. Miss Maude May Babcock, teacher of Delsarte and elocution, favored the company with some choice selections in her truly artistic, eloquent and perfectly natural style. The first rendered was entitled "Woman's Power," then came "Catching the Train", humorous, followed by the "Negro Mammy Putting Baby to Sleep." She was heartily applauded by the appreciative audience. Music came next, rendered by Hugh Dougall accompanied by Mr. Merrill. Altogether the reception was a perfect success in social enjoyment and the hostess, Mrs. Beatie assisted by Mrs. Groesbeck, did the honors in that easy, graceful manner that made all feel at home with each other.

WOMEN have had equal rights with regard to property from time immemorial among the Basques, the oldest people in Europe, whose Country is situated in the north of Spain along the coast of the Bay of Biscay.

THE board of Lady Managers is contemplating bringing out for the World's Fair an encyclopedia of the organizations conducted by women, not only in the United States, but the world. They are very anxious to secure a full and correct list. Will the president of every such organization send to us *at once*, the name and address of the organization that she represents? Send to Helen M. Barker, 409 Rand-McNally Building, Chicago, Illinois.

By order of President of the Board of Lady Managers.

BERTHA M. H. PALMER.



## "THE EYES THAT CANNOT WEEP."

The saddest eyes are those that cannot weep;  
 The loneliest breast the one that sobbeth not;  
 The lips and mind that are most parched and  
 hot  
 Are those that cannot pray, and cannot sleep;—  
 It is the silent grief that sinketh deep.  
 To weep out sorrow is the common lot,—  
 To weep it out and let it be forgot,—  
 But tears and sobs are after all but cheap.  
 To weep for worries, frets and trifling cares,  
 For toys we've broken and for hopes that were  
 And fancied woes of passing love affairs;  
 But only One can raise the breast of her  
 Whose hurt for fruitless moans had gone too  
 deep.  
 Pity, O, God, the eyes that cannot weep.

*The Woman's Recorder.*

'THE hope of truth grows stronger day by day;  
 I hear the soul of man around me waking,  
 Like a great sea, its frozen fetters breaking,  
 And flinging up to heaven its sunlit spray,  
 Tossing huge continents in scornful play,  
 And crushing them, with din of grinding thunder,  
 That makes old emptiness stare in wonder;  
 And every hour new signs of promise tell,  
 That the great soul shall once again be free,  
 For high, and yet more high, the murmurs swell  
 Of inward strife for truth and liberty.

LOWELL.

## A POET'S RECOMPENSE.

SARA LOUISA OBERHOLTZER.

WHEN friendships shout and fan the pile to blaze,  
 When forks of fame reach up, nor know their  
 height;  
 When tenderness stoops down to gently praise  
 And what we value most and least to raise  
 Beyond their equilibrium, we smile.  
 When censures hurl and blaze is lost to sight,  
 In the chill bitterness of passing night,  
 And tenderness becomes a rose of thorns,  
 Petals and fragrance gone, again, the while,  
 We all unconscious smile; the same we feel  
 Errands of song we joyfully fulfill  
 Are but half ours. A rare and subtle sense  
 Of what they are; the violets of God's will,  
 Is great and all sufficient recompense.

*The Woman's Tribune.*

## PRESIDENT AYLESWORTH ON SUFFRAGE.

At the woman suffrage banquet given during the recent Mississippi Valley Suffrage Conference at Des Moines, President Barton O. Aylesworth, of Drake University, responded as follows to the toast, "Attend to the Women."

"Attend to the women!" If this is not assuming authority with a Czar-like viciousness! Not even an invitation—gentle, persuasive, adroitly leading up to the decisive point, but a stern command! Moreover, the subjects of attention seem to be many. Premature age has fallen upon me like the shadow of a ghost, in my vain attempts to attend to *one* woman—I had nearly said a single woman, but attentions came easily then, with the myriad of gentlenesses with which you women have taught us we must woo you from the paternal roof.

But which women? I still had hope, vain as it now seems, until your committee answered, and nothing in the tone of voice reassured me in the least, "The women who do not want to vote." I immediately threw up my arms, but not as a menace to

either the committee or the tabooed women. I tremblingly stammer my fears: "Who shall attend to them? Surely not I." The potentates nodded their official heads, and you beheld me, with my sleeves rolled up metaphorically, for the fray. But no; the metaphor is ill-chosen. These are women, their mode of warfare otherwise.

It is true that there are women who do not care to vote, just as there are now and then anomalous cases who do not even wish to be married, much less seek opportunity. I once knew a woman who thoroughly believed in St. Paul's injunction to keep silence, and to be duly submissive—just one. She has been translated.

I confess to you that I have but little patience with the woman who in this age of her sex's evolution refuses to evolve. Butterflies—those lower in the scale of being, I mean—do better. From caterpillar to chrysalis, they at least passively let nature do her work, winning each to itself and its destiny. But some women, like many men, how loudly do I confess it, most stubbornly resist the influence of this Hugoan age.

My impatience may arise in part from the recollection of my mother, whose life went out from before me ere I could appreciate her struggle. Twenty-five years ago, in a community exceedingly modest so far as education was concerned, she both taught and spoke publicly and in church, where beetle-browed elders sat in the owl-like sternness and stupidity of knitted face and ill concealed righteous indignation. Gentle as the "good night" of a baby's tender mother, womanly in every sense of the word, with constancy of affection, that real nobility of a woman, her endowment for joint rulership in the affairs of both children and men; but with it all, a broader range of learning, self-gotten, than was possessed by any save one in the entire community, uplifted on the levels of a rational faith—if I were to think anything less than woman's equality with man in every high sense, it would be to give the lie to every law of heredity and environment. You are not surprised now at my impatience.

Yet one must always turn philosophical when he becomes a student of conditions.

The abjectest wretchedness of slavery is its contentment. The most irresistible and at the same time the most hurtful slavery is the sort which comes by caresses rather than by blows. A mother could do no crueller thing than to keep her babe in her arms, or sustain it at her breast, through four or five years—could she live so long. Cruel to herself as well the child. Her love might be the motive. But love which kills not both lover and beloved has in it always some reason, some calculation upon the future, and some equality of companionship.

Gardens are valuable for nosegays, but one likes bread oftenest. To make others kneel is sometimes worthy, but to make men rise up and walk beside you, is better. Stooping to conquer is poor business for an American woman of any noble sort.

To enter into a single corner of a man's great four-square life will not content any great woman's soul. The woman who cannot stand at the horizon-centre and see with her husband the same distant contour of possibilities, is no helpmeet in the better meaning. To make indifferent American women feel these truths is the first attention to be paid them. The indirect method is the better. Let the women at this board

to-night be such, in every way of culture and heart power, as shall first commend and then win the conviction that the emancipated woman is cleaner, happier, more useful, and far more respected by men and women alike, than the enslaved, and the surest part of your work is done.

I have been exceedingly gratified with the quality of womanhood in this movement. It gives me the largest hope for its ultimate success. I have found a grace which has a quality not of the drawing-room alone, as realists say, it has a "tang" about it. If you can imagine music without *timbre*, you will get my idea of the forms of polite society into which the life of sex equality has not yet come. I have found also a sprightliness of conversation not born of blushing acknowledgement of half sincere, and sometimes suggestive, flattery, but of much thought and reading. Moreover, and above all, a moral rigidity in discerning ethical standards, which means a vast deal in this loose age—an exalted concept of righteousness and interdependence.

All this betokens a listening ear to the wailing of the unfortunate, a critical mind for granting justice in an age which at last begins to suspect that full justice has not yet been done those most needing it.

The direct method, largely temporary, is to gain, by literature and public and political address, the thought of the thoughtless. Just now no field is more productive than good fiction. Turn some of your facile pens to the novel. Give us more women in character whose lives are above petty things and scornful of hysterical affection, not unnatural women, but a wholesome realism to be found already in thousands of homes.

I sat on a rock beside a mountain brook this summer, for an hour, watching two birdlings just fallen from the nest. One soon developed his jerky little hop into a flutter, and then into an awkward short flight, in a dizzy circle; back again to his panting sister tinier than her who merely squeaked little half pitiful tones, as in a kind of agony she struggled to do what the other had so soon learned. I was perplexed over her seeming stupidity. The braver fledgling, approaching cautiously, seemed to make a discovery, and with badly directed little peckings sought to undo the evil. In the mother-nest, a cord, probably a very important part of the nest, had been wound about the helpless bird, and entangled in its untrained wings.

I immediately released it from its home nest meshes, and soon it had out-flown its companion.

I believe in God the Father; in Christ the ideal man, and the divine educator of men toward the levels of his own personality; I believe in the future of the race as the bright consummation of the Eternal Plan; therefore, I must and do believe in the equality of sex in every vital relation of the race. In birth; in life—its woe, and its happiness; in death, and in the Hereafter.—*The Woman's Journal.*

We wish to call the attention of our readers and the public at large to the advertisement of Dr. Mattie Hughes Cannon, who has reopened her office in this city and is prepared to attend to calls in her profession. We take pleasure in making this announcement, as we always do for young women of our own community who have had energy and perseverance to make their own way in this laudable profession.



# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

EMMELINE B. WELLS, - - - Editor.

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## THE OCTOBER CONFERENCE.

THE General Semi-Annual Conference of the Church which commenced in the large Tabernacle in this City Oct. 6, and closed Sunday afternoon Oct. 9, was certainly one of the most interesting and instructive Conferences that has ever been held. The spirit of the teaching and the manifest power that rested upon the several speakers, was felt and appreciated by the congregation of Latter day Saints in a manner apparent to all who were present, and there will doubtless be an awakening to the sacredness and duties of the obligations resting upon this people, that will extend through all the Stakes of Zion. That this is the most interesting time in the history of the Church must be the impression of all those who are watching the signs of the times, when the greatest events are about to transpire that have been predicted by ancient and modern prophets and Apostles.

Here at the centre Stake of Zion the most magnificent sacred edifice that has been reared for many centuries to the name of the Lord is nearing its completion, and it would seem only in keeping with the fact that it is about to be dedicated that those professing to believe in all the doctrines, principles and ordinances pertaining to this holy place, should be prepared for so solemn and momentous an occasion. The people have had line upon line and precept upon precept concerning these things, and yet many have been careless and indifferent to the warning voice and have preferred to use the means for their own aggrandizement over which they are only stewards, instead of the building of Temples or the spread of truth for the salvation of the world. Such sermons as were preached at this late Conference are calculated to arouse those who are desirous of assisting in this great and grand work, and who through other influences have in the past been negligent or forgetful of the great responsibility attached to those who have taken upon themselves the name of Latter-day Saint.

Many grand and inspiring themes were treated upon which must be uplifting in their tendency to those who are faithful and true, and who have spent their lives and their means in advancing the cause of righteousness upon the earth. The meek and humble ones whom our Heavenly Father delights to own and bless, these were fed with the bread of life, and for all there was a word in due season that will not fail to sink deep into the heart of every attentive listener.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE General Semi-Annual Conference of the Relief Society convened in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall in this City on Monday, October 10, 1892. Some special business was transacted in the after

noon session which will be given to our readers in full in the next issue of the paper.

THE Territorial Fair which was held in this City commencing October 4, was very interesting to all who have the welfare and progress of Utah and her people at heart, and great pains was taken by the management to make as fine an exhibit as possible to give the public an idea of what can be done by this community for the World's Fair next year.

THE dedication ceremonies of the Columbian Exposition will take place in Chicago on the 21st of the present month, and many Utah people have gone including the National Board of Lady Managers for Utah and the President of the World's Fair Commission of ladies for Utah, Mrs. Emily S. Richards, these ladies will obtain all the information possible and be able to diffuse it among those who are working here, as they will be present at the general meeting called for the National Board of Lady Managers.

Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon a lady lecturer well known throughout the country is now in Utah speaking in the interest of the Democratic party. She is an eloquent and forcible speaker and understands the political condition of the country at large, as well perhaps as any woman who is on the lecture platform. She expects to make a tour through the Territory speaking in many or all of the counties. We may have more to say of her work at another time.

## ALFRED TENNYSON.

POET LAUREATE OF ENGLAND.

Alfred Tennyson the Poet Laureate of England (created Lord by Her Majesty Queen Victoria of Great Britain and Empress of India) departed this life a little past midnight (the poet's hour) at 1:30 o'clock October 6, 1892; the dispatches state that he gradually lost his strength, growing weaker and feebler little by little painlessly until the end came peacefully as flowed the life of the passing soul. Death came as he would have wished it calmly and without outward disturbance.

"There was no artificial light in the room; only the mellow rays of the autumn moon lit up the chamber in which the dying man lay, and fell across the bed, bathing him in pure, pellucid light forming a rembrandtesque background to the scene. All were silent save the gentle sighing of the wind through the trees around the mansion—a fitting requiem for a poet who sang of the love and beauty of nature. So quietly did his soul depart that the members of the family were not aware of the fact till announced by the attendant physician. Once or twice during the night he lifted his eyes to the faces of the watchers and a peaceful smile played over his features."

Lady Tennyson bore up well when all was over. The poet will be buried in the Poet's corner of Westminster Abbey next to Browning's. Dr. Bridge is setting to music Tennyson's beautiful poem, "Crossing the Bar," which the laureate wrote about a year and a half ago. He intends the music to be played at the poet's funeral. Robert Buchanan the poet and dramatist, has written an obituary poem on the death of Tennyson. It concludes with these lines:

Peace to the Knight who kept his vow while  
others slept like sand,  
But who shall sing to mortals now of that lost  
fairly land?

Sir Edwin Arnold has also written the following beautiful poem:

No moaning of the bar, sail forth strong ship  
Into that gloom which has God's face for light,  
Not a dirge, but a proud farewell from each fond  
lip,  
And praise, abounding praise, and fame's faint  
starlight,  
Lamping this tuneful soul to that large noon  
Where thou shalt quire with angels. Words of  
woe  
Are for the unfulfilled, not thee, whose moon  
Of genius sinks full-orbed, glorious, aglow.  
No moaning of the bar, musical drifting  
Of Time's waves turning to the eternal sea,  
Death's soft wind all thy gallant canvass lifting,  
And Christ thy pilot to the peace that be.

The *Times* calls Tennyson the "English Virgil" on account of his mastery of lofty, graceful and sonorous verse. Never since Milton it says, has England heard such stately blank verse as "Idyls of the King."

Swinburne will probably be his successor.

"Lord Tennyson looks fifteen years younger than before his death. His beard has been carefully trimmed and his hands folded over his chest. A laurel wreath crowns his head and another lies at his feet. Burning wax tapers lend a subdued light to the chamber. The Bishop of Winchester will preach the funeral sermon in Haselmere Church on Sunday.

"All the members of the Tennyson family assembled and took their last look at the dead before the coffin lid was closed and screwed down. Lady Tennyson was the last to leave the room and alone in the sacredness of her sorrow she bade a final adieu.

## THE REMAINS OF THE POET INTERRED.

"With all honors which the church could bestow, in the presence of many eminent men of letters, statesmen and nobles, the remains of Tennyson were interred in the Poet's corner at Westminster Abbey Oct. 12. The Jerusalem corner contained a mass of rare floral offerings, including a laurel wreath from the Queen.

The remains were laid beside those of Browning.

The Queen also sent a metallic wreath of laurel appropriately inscribed. The procession formed at noon in the Jerusalem chamber; the coffin was borne on the shoulders of stalwart men. Among the pall-bearers were Henry White, U. S. legation secretary, and Lord Salisbury. The mourners followed the coffin; then the household servants, representatives of the Queen, and other royal persons.

On reaching the chancel, the coffin was set down at the foot of the altar, and Canon Duckworth opened with the service for the dead; then the choir chanted the 10th psalm. After the lesson for the day was read, the choir sang Tennyson's last poem "Silent Voices." The body was then borne to the Poet's Corner, and, after further services, was committed to the grave beside Browning. Benediction was pronounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Alfred Tennyson was born in the year 1810, at Somerby, Lincolnshire. The family was a large one, he being the third. At a very early age he manifested a talent for writing verse, and published in 1827 a volume entitled "Poems of Two Brothers" the joint production of himself and his brother Charles. He completed his studies at Trinity College, Cambridge, and two years after the poet published "Timbuctoo" for this he received the Chancellor's medal. In 1842 the poet sent forth to the world two Volumes that gave him the honor of the laurel-crowned songster of the British realm. Tennyson has really been for many years the special favorite of many of the people of both continents.

At another time we shall be glad to publish more concerning the poet laureate whom we ardently admired and whose poetry has touched the heart of the writer as much or more than any other, especially "In Memoriam."



## FROM FAR AWAY.

FAGALII, UPOLU, SAMOA,  
Sept. 11, 1892.

Dear EXPONENT Readers:

As I sit here on this quiet Sabbath day and listen to the splash and roar of the ocean waves, my mind involuntarily reverts to a few brief months ago and in fancy I find myself in one of your cozy parlors, and would like to tell you something about the strange land and curious people I have seen since leaving Our Valley Home.

Sister Hilton and I live together in a comfortable little cottage in the village of Fagalii.

This village—this cottage is the mission home and usually President Browning and one or two other elders are there, while the rest of the brethren are dispersed over the islands in pairs and live with the natives in their rude peculiar huts, sleeping on mats spread on the ground, and eating food which I don't think you would consider at all tempting could you see it when spread out ready to partake of.

We have only two church members among the natives of Fagalii; both women who have embraced the Gospel recently and seem to be very sincere in their convictions. Besides these there are a number who are very friendly and may join us in the good cause ere long.

We visit our friends often and although we are unable to say much to them, they are ever pleased to see us and show their love by trying to make us as comfortable as is possible. Let me describe one of those visits to you. It occurred a few weeks ago when Sister Fetoai had been ill for a few days and was hardly yet able to sit up. She and another old lady were the only occupants of the house and as they saw Sister H. and I approaching Fetoai sat up on her mat-bed and hurriedly put on her mother hubbard that she might be ready to receive us. We had learned to walk slowly on nearing a house so as to give the people time to dress, so we found our friend looking tidy enough in her calico wrapper when we entered. A clean mat was spread for us to sit on, which we accepted and though finding it somewhat difficult tried to sit Samoan fashion. We inquired about our sister's health in a few words which had been taught us before leaving home and which we had been repeating to ourselves on the way, and when she told us she was "malolo," we did not know whether she was better or worse until we went home and got the interpretation of the word.

Our stock of words being now exhausted we remained silent, while a conversation was carried on between the two women the import of which we soon guessed, for they began to hunt something for us to eat. We were not hungry but could not tell them so and were afraid to refuse to eat for fear of giving offense so we decided to try to get down a few bites. The first course was a ripe banana each, which we could have eaten with relish but for the peculiar smell of the place; next came a piece of baked bread-fruit and cooked green bananas. All were laid on the mat before us, and while endeavoring to dispose of the first banana, we sat gazing at our table and then at each other and wondering what we had better do about it. While we wondered the old lady took a large leaf from a basket in which we knew some delicacy was hidden, but oh! how we did hope she would not offer us any of it. Sister H. said "O dear, let's go" but I did not see how we could just then so we remained sitting while she uncovered the dainty viands. Our stomachs literally turned over at sight of the mess; it was what the natives call "gau;" I do not know what it was composed of I'm sure; something they get from the sea when the tide is low—a kind of worm I would say—I think if you were to cut the entrails of a chicken up fine,

gizzard and contents, crawl and all and mix, you would have something resembling it in appearance and smell—cannot say as to taste for we did not eat the gau.

Taking a piece of the bread-fruit in our hands we took our departure, after thanking them for their kindness and bidding them "tofa."

Returning to our home we related the experience to the brethren, who had a good laugh at our expense, for such meals are often spread before them and they are not at a loss to know how to act either, for they have learned long ago how to appreciate Samoan hospitality.

The Samoans prepare many varieties of food which are altogether unpalatable to us and in many of their customs and habits are very degraded indeed, but while this is a fact it is also true that there are honest souls among them and these our faithful elders are diligently seeking to find.

We hope to be able to assist a little in the good work and to this end desire the prayers and faith of all our good sisters in Zion. One lesson we are sure will be indelibly impressed upon our minds if we learn nothing more while we are here, and that is to appreciate our homes and their surroundings when once we are permitted to return. And not only will we appreciate our homes but how much will we learn to love and cherish the dear relatives and friends whom we have left, after being separated from them for a season!

May heaven's richest blessings attend the sisters in Zion in all their efforts to do good, and may we all be enabled to fulfill our duties aright in whatever position we may be placed.

Ever praying for the welfare of Zion and her loving mothers and fair daughters, I remain,

Your sister in the Gospel,

ANNIE D. STEVENS.

## U. W. P. CLUB.

U. W. P. Club called to order by the President, E. B. Wells. Opened by prayer, L. T. Freeze. Roll called and minutes read and approved. Preliminary business transacted. Original article by L. G. Richards entitled "Work and Love—Children," read by Secretary E. R. Shipp.

Trip to England written and read by Gladys Woodmansee. Trip to Alaska, oral description by Miss N. V. Davis; Totome poles definitely described, various tribes of Durango Indians habits and modes of living, sun shining at 11 o'clock at night; interment of bodies covered with pearl buttons: islands and deep green water, snow-capped mountains and gushing cascades at Toqua inlet, glacier iceberg, dead river yet still alive, live icebergs crushing into the water. At Juno a wall of gray stone. Pictures covered with gold and silver, and pictures of Raphael's at the Greek Church each valued at twenty thousand dollars. Church at Zitka a Gem of the purest water; visited Mission School. Indian River, Bainoff Castle, Indian Village, Mine Glacier, very beautiful and wonderful mountains, Mt. Fairweather fifteen thousand feet high. Boise City charming, but Salt Lake most beautiful.

Poem read by Phebe C. Young. E. B. Well's travels and sojourn in Wallace, Idaho—strikes, affairs, etc., in Cœur d'Alene.

The President suggested that a meeting be called during the coming General Conference so that ladies from the country could attend. Those who belong and others who would like to join. Decided to select a favorable night and publish in the papers.

Programme for next meeting, Roll call with original sentiment; Continuation of N. V. Davis's trip to Alaska; Continuation of Gladys Woodmansee's trip to England; Poem by Josephine

Spencer; Poem by Ruth M. Fox; Strikes in Northern Idaho by E. B. Wells; Poem, Syntethia Dickinson; Song, Maggie Basset.

E. R. SHIPP, Rec. Sec.

## W. S. A. SPRINGVILLE.

A MEETING of the Woman Suffrage Association held in the Springville meeting house, Sept. 22, 1892. President S. A. Boyer in the chair. Singing "Come, come away." Prayer by Mrs. Straw. Minutes read and approved. President Boyer said, "We have met to hear and study the Political Status of women, the women of America are free in every sense except before the law. Wished to hear from the Ter. Pres., Sarah M. Kimball. Mrs. Kimball said her presence here showed her feelings; did not believe in ignorant votes, thought men were not posted as they should be. The business of today is for women to educate themselves so as when they have the ballot they may be able to vote for the best good for the town or city in which they live, for the Nation, and for the best good for the greatest number, that all should be able to vote for the best good of the many. The ideas of the best and broadest-minded men of today, are that women should be recognized in politics. As for the World's Fair, we should not prepare our costume or wardrobe, but wait until we see what is decided by the Committee appointed on Dress Reform, and if accepted wear it, that is for those that wish to. She honored those men that upheld the Constitution in believing all to be free and equal before the law, and they would be honored in the future.

Mrs. Emily Richards said men and particularly men reporters scared her, spoke of suffrage being such a hard name, encouraged women to try and fit themselves so as to be true companions for their husbands, would like to see every woman come here as intelligent beings ready to receive the ballot, that we should prepare ourselves to join hands with the women of the world and be honorably noted as women of Utah. We are an organized body and should go ahead and work systematically and on a basis with men, prepare yourselves for the ballot and you will get it. If the simple fact-of going to the polls and voting is so degrading, go and help purify them. If women, as they do, have to earn their own living, educate them that they may earn it in the most respectable and beneficial way. Did not believe in neglecting duties at home, but we forget that all women do not have homes and families, when we have it is the family first and then all else, we can. Turn our social entertainments into some kind of meeting to instruct ourselves. She urged all to go to the World's Fair that could. Was very well pleased with the organization in Springville.

Song by Miss Nellie Holley, "The Bridge." Ex-Mayor Booth of Provo, said, President, women and men.: His impression was, there was a great deal expected of him but was afraid they would get disappointed, did not remember when he was converted to suffrage, but it was before he ever heard of it, always believed it, and always advocated it. In April 1882 a state convention was held in Salt Lake, some of the ladies did excellent work in committees, thought women would do much better work now because they were better posted; believed good results would come from harmony in Politics as well as the home. That in 1847 the first laws of Utah were participated in by woman, and that the women of Utah were the pioneers in this move of Suffrage. Thanked the women for saving the whole Territory from being disfranchised, through their influence. The true make up of man is physical, mental, and spiritual. That women are spiritually man's superior, that men always excel in all higher callings, but there are more good



women. Take well balanced men or women and they will never slop over and what is so of an individual is so of a community, and in order to be well balanced we must cultivate, wherever we are deficient.

During the time women voted in Utah, he never saw any disorderly conduct at the polls, that of itself is worth thinking of. The ballot is a right that all should demand. It is a right not a privilege. When women have this right it will tend to purge the ballot of its wicked and corrupt ways. Believed among the first things granted would be the right of Suffrage to women. Strike out the word "Male" the same as the word "White" in 1862. My vote is my property and I believe in voting as I please and to the best of my knowledge. Educate yourselves that you may know independently of what your husband or brother does or says? not only yourselves but your family. If only one can be educated let it be the daughters, and they will in turn educate their families. Believed in taking an interest in the World's Fair, also in Dress Reform. Woman should not get overturned, but educate in all things necessary for filling both places, and she should have a right to control her property and also her person, that men will have to educate themselves as well as women on different points. Trusting all would be interested in this, as a just cause.

Mrs. Kimball was under the impression, if Bishop Booth would speak it would inspire her to speak, that this right of Suffrage was going to be felt more and more in the world. By and by, women, through their tact, will do something but they must be more liberal. As a class women are so penurious, that they will give nothing to help the cause, men will give willingly to help theirs. Was pleased with the Association in Springville and was pleased to be present, and each individual could help to make it what it should be, also said marriage, too often ended woman's life and education.

W. H. Kelsey said, this is a great and grand work, started to ameliorate the sufferings of humanity, said the first hospital was reared under the direction and presence of Isabella the Spanish Queen, spoke of the great good women had done, and they do not receive one tenth part the credit that is due them. Garibaldi's wife followed him through all the changing scenes that that remarkable man went through, and in their days of adversity she used her red skirt and her white bed spread or counter-pane, and made a flag which Garibaldi used on his victorious marches resulting in the Emancipation of the fair land Italy. While great honor is due him surely some credit is due his wife. So far as the Suffrage is concerned with the stroke of the pen of Abraham Lincoln, eight millions of the colored race received their emancipation. The male portion of which had, over 21 years of age, the full privilege of political suffrage, no difference if they can neither read nor write, while double the number of the Anglo-Saxon race, forming a great part of this nation, were denied the ballot because of being females. Speaking of women the speaker stated, the Almighty in placing us upon this earth designed us to be equal, not in the ascendancy, but equal, nothing more. Women have brought about many reforms but have received little credit for it. Spoke of John Bunyon's "Pilgrims Progress" a work nearly as extensively read as the Bible, and that to a great extent was produced through the sacrifice and industry of his wife that lived during his imprisonment of twelve years. He also mentioned the services of Florence Nightingale during the Crimean war, and also the mother of Napoleon, how she followed her husband on the battle field against the French forces, but a short time before the birth of that great General Napoleon.

Regretted that all our ladies did not emulate

our President Mrs. Boyer in becoming better educated in Civil Government. A lady who in connection with her husband can run a business and raise a family and find time to study Civil Government and Parliamentary Rules, deserves great credit. Trusted he would always have a kind word for the Suffrage Ladies.

Mrs. Bullock said when she heard such speakers it enthused her, did not feel to take up the time, but wanted her political freedom.

D. C. Johnson felt as though there had been enough said, had been a suffragist all his life, never could see why a woman was not his or any other man's equal before the law. It is an elevation not a degradation to vote. Do you find any suffragist suffering as the great men who first spoke in behalf of the colored race? No. Women do not be discouraged, in ten years from this day women throughout the United States, will have the right of the ballot.

The President trusted that the benefits of the day will tend to bring all those interested in the common welfare of women to the front. Singing. Prayer by Mrs. Lapish of American Fork.

E. J. HAYWOOD, Sec.

#### EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT.

The parlors of the Boyer House at Springville were filled with guests the evening after the day's celebration and a most sociable time of enjoyment was participated in. There were present from Salt Lake City, Sarah M. Kimball Ter. Pres., Emily S. Richards Vice Pres. W. S. A. and President of the Utah World's Fair Commission and Carrie E. Dye also Vice Pres. W. S. A., Electa Bullock of Provo, Pres. Utah Co., W. S. A. and Hannah Lapish, Pres. American Fork W. S. A. Other ladies and gentlemen from Provo and vicinity were among the invited guests. There were speeches, songs, recitations and music interspersed and at 10 p. m. the guests were seated in the dining room where an elaborate dinner was served. Under each plate was a bouquet of yellow flowers (the suffrage color) which were worn the remainder of the evening. The conversation was animated and merry even, and all were delighted with the arrangements and success of the whole affair. The hostess Mrs. S. A. Boyer who is also the Pres. of Springville W. S. A. was heartily applauded for making everything so pleasant and gratifying, and her husband also came in for a full share in the honors. Altogether it was an event long to be remembered by all who had the good fortune to be among the happy number, and those who were not present will certainly regret the ill-luck that prevented their attendance.

#### R. S. REPORTS.

##### CASSIA STAKE.

###### Editor EXPONENT:

The conference of the Relief Society of the Cassia Stake convened at Oakley Sept. 19, 1892.

On the stand were Pres. Louisa Haight and Counselors with the ward presidents.

The conference was opened by singing and prayer; the various branches reported in a favorable condition by their presidents.

Words of instruction were spoken by the President and her Counselors; after which Brother F. Brim occupied the remainder of the morning session.

In the afternoon Brother H. D. Haight read the minutes of the organization meeting of the Relief Society at Nauvoo. Sister Sarah Worthington bore her testimony concerning those early days. Sisters Annie Bird, Pres. Worthington and M. G. Homer spoke encouragingly to the sisters.

General and Stake officers were sustained. Conference adjourned for three months.

LOUISA PICKET, Sec.

##### ONEIDA STAKE.

###### Editor WOMAN'S EXPONENT:

The annual conference of the Relief Society of Oneida Stake, convened at Franklin on Sunday, Sept. 18, 1892 at 11 a. m. Pres. Elizabeth Fox presided. Conference opened with singing by the choir and prayer by Pres. Geo. C. Parkinson.

The minutes of previous conference were read and approved.

Pres. Fox expressed pleasure in seeing so many assembled. Several wards were reported in flourishing condition.

Sisters Hogan and Townsend of Logan each made a few interesting remarks on Relief Society work. Adjourned until 2 p. m.

Afternoon session: Opened with usual exercises and reading of the semi-annual report of the branches of the Relief Society.

Sister Townsend exhorted the sisters who had families to attend their meetings, and obtain the spirit of the Lord to assist them in their various duties at home. Advised all to keep the Word of Wisdom, "as it is a great safe guard against sickness.

Sister Hogan spoke at some length on the Word of Wisdom, said the Revelation was given to us to obey, that the destroying angel would pass us by. Spoke of the plagues and famines that are to come upon us, said if she could prevent it not one bushel of grain should go out of this valley, this year, but be stored away for future use.

Pres. Geo. C. Parkinson spoke of the various duties of women in raising their families in a proper way; said that "The hand that rocks the cradle, rules the world," also endorsed remarks of previous speakers. Pres. Fox made a few closing remarks.

Choir sang an Anthem. Benediction by Elder I. B. Nash.

JOSEPHINE BRAWLEY, Ass't. Sec.

##### ST. JOHN'S STAKE.

###### Editor EXPONENT:

Conference of the Relief Society of the St. Johns Stake of Zion was held at St. Johns Sept. 3rd, 1892. On the stand were the Presidency of the Stake, Pres. of the R. S. of the Stake, Counselor and several leading sisters. After the usual opening exercises, reports of the wards and Stake were read, officers of the Central Board, Stake and wards were presented and sustained unanimously.

Counselor Frances White addressed the assembly briefly, bearing testimony of the truth of the Gospel.

Pres. E. L. S. Udall expressed herself as well pleased, during her recent visit to the Relief Society branches of the Stake at the hearty welcome she received and the good spirit manifest among the sisters, although the meetings generally are not as well attended as they should be.

Read a circular letter from the EXPONENT to secretaries requesting them to send reports of the Relief Society Jubilee to Sister E. B. Wells

Sister Phoebe A. McNeil spoke of the necessity of an established confidence between parents and children.

Sister Mary E. B. Farr spoke of the blessings of the Gospel which are predicted upon obedience to its principles.



Pres. D. K. Udall read from the Doctrine and Covenants a portion of a revelation to the Prophet Joseph Smith in regard to the eternity of the marriage covenant and said: "Husbands and wives should exercise patience and charity with each other for God has promised us kingdoms, principalities and powers if we are faithful to Him and each other, even that we shall be kings and queens, in our Fathers kingdom.

In regard to the use of tobacco he said: "It is not good for man." It is contrary to the Word of Wisdom and impregnates the system with evil. Spoke strongly against its use.

The congregation sang "The spirit of God like a fire is burning." Benediction was pronounced by Pres. Wm. Gibbons.

MARY E. B. FARR, Sec.

#### MEXICAN MISSION.

The fifth quarterly Conference of this Mission was held in the spacious school-house at Colonia, Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico, on Monday, August 29, 1892. President Mary Eyring presiding. There was an excellent attendance, several of the leading brethren of the Mission favored us with their presence, Apostle George Teasdale, Patriarch Henry Lunt, A. F. Mc'Donald of the Presidency of the Mission, Bishops George W. Sevey of Juarez, Winslow Farr of Dublan, Jesse N. Smith Jr. of Pacheco, and others.

The hymn "Lord we come before thee now," was sung. Prayer was offered by Bishop Sevey, singing "Glorious things are sung of Zion," and minutes of the last Conference read and approved. Then followed the reading of the half yearly reports.

President Mary B. Eyring, after expressing the happiness she enjoyed in her labors and the steady progress being made by the Society; exhorted the sisters to be faithful and true to the trust reposed in them, in fulfilling all the obligations of true womanhood. Sister Mary Porter of Pacheco, Emma Barber of Diaz, Ida J. Mortensen of Dublan, and Susan Martineau of Juarez, represented the ward branches in good progressive condition.

Counselor Cynthia Stowell and Ellen Lunt addressed the Conference in an excellent spirit, President A. F. Mc'Donald, Bishop G. W. Sevey and President George Teasdale made very encouraging remarks. The subjects treated upon were, the valued labors of the officers and members of the Relief Society; the gathering together of earnest women interested in the establishment of righteousness upon the earth, and acting as ministering angels by precept and example, encouraging the virtues of modesty, purity and chastity; visiting the widow and fatherless in their afflictions, and keeping themselves pure and unspotted from the world, being full of integrity to the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; woman's greatest mission being to assist in the establishment of righteousness upon the earth, for which she is so qualified by nature.

The authorities of the Relief Society of the Church and of the Mexican Mission were unanimously sustained, and the Conference adjourned until Monday, November 28, 1892.

The benediction was pronounced by Patriarch Henry Lunt. We had an excellent Conference.

M. E. TEASDALE, Sec.

P. S. In the spring we had heavy frosts and it was anticipated all the fruit was destroyed but thanks to our Heavenly

Father we have had an abundance of fine blackberries, peaches, plums, grapes, a few strawberries, apples and pears. Larger and more luscious peaches than we have had would be difficult to find any where.

More grain was raised here this year than ever before notwithstanding the dry season. We have lately had a number of nice rains that have raised the water in the river and started the grass.

We feel greatly blessed and encouraged, and that this is a good country for Latter-day Saints.

M. E. T.

#### Editor EXPONENT:

President Anna L. Ivins of the Relief Society of the St. George Stake, realizing the necessity of the branches in the North Western settlements being visited, previous to our September conference, and not being able to make the trip herself, it was decided her Counselors Ann C. Woodbury and Hannah M. Miles should make the trip.

Accordingly on the 13th of August, accompanied by Counselor Mary G. Whitehead of the Primary of this Stake, we left St. George for Gunlock where our first opportunity for meeting was 4 p. m., and notwithstanding a number of the sisters were away from home and others had sickness in their families, we had a good meeting, Elizabeth Truman presiding; and although this settlement is not on the main road and in consequence is visited but seldom, the sisters are awake to their duties. On the morning of the 14th we continued our journey over one of the worst roads that can be imagined, to Pine Valley where we held meeting at 4 p. m. Dorinda Slade presides over the Relief Society; Bishop William Gardner met with us, and while but few were in attendance a most excellent spirit prevailed.

At 6 p. m. we met with the Primary, which is ably conducted under the watch care of Cynthia B. Gardner.

On the 5th, after traveling sixteen miles, we were welcomed by the people of Pinto where meeting was held with the Relief Society at 2 p. m., Mrs. Ann Knell, President; the Bishop of this ward Robert Knell, was present at our meeting. We had a very good time this being one of the settlements where the people live at home and board themselves, their land produces grain and vegetables sufficient for their own wants and to spare, they have herds of cattle, some fine houses, in addition to which they have a good sheep herd; so that they have their own beef, pork, butter, cheese and plenty of wool for their clothing; in fact I do not know of a more self-sustaining community than Pinto in this Stake of Zion.

After meeting we proceeded to Hamlin a branch of the Pinto Ward, and at 7 p. m. met with Relief Society and Primary combined; as the place is small the audience was small, but good attention was paid to what was said, and I feel that good was accomplished. On the 16th we proceeded to Hebron, this is another place where the people are engaged in the stock business, many had moved out to their ranches, the town is nearly deserted, the floods having left them without water for their gardens or for culinary purposes, except what is hauled from a distance; all of which however will be overcome in the near future as the people contemplate a reservoir at an expense of \$10,000 which when completed will furnish water for land already fenced and for hundreds of acres of good quality now lying idle just below the village, and

furnish desirable homes for hundreds of persons wishing to become permanently settled; we drove on five miles to Bishop Terry's ranch where we were welcomed by Sister M. A. Terry.

The 17th we traveled thirty-five miles to Panacca in Lincoln Co., Nevada, the Bishop was absent from home but we were made welcome by Sister Lee, within her beautiful home.

At 10 a. m. of the 18th, we met with the children, Sister Melissa Lee, who has been a faithful worker was compelled through sickness and a press of other duties, to resign her position as President of the Primary Association of this place, and Mrs. Mary Wrench was chosen President with Melissa Lee and Christy Turnbow, Counselors; here as all the settlements can boast were a fine lot of healthy children.

At 2 p. m. we met with the Relief Society which is presided over by Mrs. Elizabeth Wadsworth; the spirit of the Lord was enjoyed by the people and all felt to rejoice in the great Latter-day work.

On the 19th we commenced our return journey remaining the first night with Sister Terry on their ranch; on the 20th, we continued our journey to Brother James Holt's, located about three miles below Hamlin, in the Meadow, Canyon, there are but few people here, but as they were being visited by relatives from a distance we decided to hold meeting with them; which we did and all rejoiced at the opportunity that had been afforded them; when they bade adieu with a pressing invitation to us to come again.

We dined at Brother Camfields, at the Meadows, in the absence of Sister Camfield we were kindly entertained by her daughter Clara; in the afternoon at 2 p. m. we had an interesting meeting at Pinto with the Primary Association; in the evening we drove to Grass Valley where I had the privilege of spending the night with my sister, Leonora C. Gardner; the 21st being Sunday we met with the Sunday School; the exercises rendered reflect great credit on all concerned. At 2 p. m. we had a meeting with the Primary Association a good spirit was enjoyed.

We found a people in this peaceful little valley, who are fully awake to the necessity of educating their children, and they move into larger settlements in the winter where the children can attend school.

In the summer they have a teacher and conduct a private school, having built a nice school house where they are taught music as well as other branches of education. In all of which they show great proficiency. In the evening we drove to Pine Valley and remained over night reaching home on the 22nd, this ended a trip that required two hundred and fifty miles of travel over a road that is anything but a pleasure but is necessary in order to visit the settlements named, which constitute a part of this Stake, this country is sterile but the industry of the Saints have made it desirable. We trust we have done some good in encouraging the Saints in their duties. I never saw a better spirit than was manifest among them at the present time, they watch the signs of the times and are satisfied with their observations.

I remain your sister in the Gospel.

ANN C. WOODBURY.

MARY EVANS, of Harlem, N. Y., is licensed captain of a ship, of which her husband is chief engineer.



## OBITUARIES.

Died at Pine, Gila County Arizona, Aug. 8th, 1892, of typhoid fever, Lulu Fuller, daughter of Wyllis D. and Annie Campkin Fuller; deceased was born in Harrisburg, Washington County, Utah, June 23, 1875, she leaves behind her a father, four brothers, a sister and hosts of warm friends; while we mourn for her, we know that God has called her home for a wise and glorious purpose.

The heavens are better than this earth below  
They are of more account and far more dear,  
We will look up, for all most sweet and fair  
Most pure, most excellent, is garnered there.

ELLEN C. FULLER.

## Editor EXPONENT:

Through the Alwise providence of God we have been called to mourn the loss of two more faithful sisters who belonged to our Society and were loved and respected by all. Their death has cast a gloom over our otherwise peaceful settlement and caused great distress in two families.

Sister Maria Sophia Andersen Holden, died Sept. 2nd 1892, leaving a husband and seven children.

Sister Helen Gemmell Grewell, died Sept. 7th, 1892, leaving a husband and two children.

The former was a teacher in our Society the latter a member and also one of the Presidents in our Primary Association. Although we sadly miss them we feel "our loss is their gain."

LUCY E. JOHNSON, Pres. R. S.  
ADA EARL, Sec.

COLONIA DIAZ, MEXICO, Sept. 20, 1892.

Sister Rebeka Rees, widow of Thomas Rees, died at Thurber, Wayne Co., Utah, on the 9th of Sept. 1892, of general debility, and old age. She was born Jan. 1820, at Pembroke, South Wales. Forty-six years she was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, living an exemplary life, always on hand to assist with her means, every call that was made, charitable to the poor, always attending her meetings when able.

She was the mother of sixteen children three sons and seven daughters survive, and over fifty grandchildren and two great-grandchildren and numerous friends will miss the kind face of Grandma Rees.

President Sarah G. Meeks and the sisters of the Relief Society were united in their efforts in aiding the bereaved daughter, Sister Thomas in preparing the deceased for burial. May God comfort the hearts of those that mourn, is the prayer of your Sisters in the Gospel.

SARAH G. MEEKS, Pres.  
BETSEY S. GOODWIN, Sec.

Utah papers please copy.

## Editor WOMAN'S EXPONENT:

It is with sad feelings that we announce the death of our beloved sister and co-laborer, Phebe Malinda Sevy, daughter of John L. and Caroline F. Skein Butler.

Deceased was born Dec. 16, 1837, in Caldwell Co. Mo. She was baptized in 1846 by her father and Dec. 5, 1854, was united in marriage to George W. Sevy, in Spanish Fork.

Sister Sevy, though not an aged woman, not having filled up the allotted time, passed through many trying scenes. She was the mother of fourteen children, seven of whom preceded her to the grave.

Her health had been poor for several weeks and, on the 14th of August 1892, after two days intense suffering with cholera morbus she quietly passed away, surrounded by all her living chil-

dren, except the eldest son, John L. who is now on a mission in Tennessee. One sister and many friends were also present. Two sisters arrived just in time for the funeral.

The occasion was made more solemn by the death, a few hours later, of an infant granddaughter four months old which she was raising for a deceased daughter.

The funeral took place at 10 a. m., in the meeting house, on the 16th inst. The services were conducted by Bishop Allen Miller. The speakers were M. M. Steele, Patriarch J. L. Heywood, and Pres. Crosby.

Sister Sevy, having been born at an early day in the Church, remembered many of the trials incident to those days. She was one of the first settlers in Southern Utah, and, in connection with her husband, shared the trials and hardships endured by those who settled that part of the country.

In fact, we can hardly think of anything in the line of woman's trials that she has not tasted, and proven herself worthy. She has been Counselor in the Relief Society of this ward since its organization, twenty years ago.

Was very charitable and was especially noted for her hospitality.

She leaves a husband (who is now in Mexico), seven children, sixteen grandchildren, two brothers, five sisters, and a host of friends to mourn her loss.

RHOANA HENRIE, President.  
MARY B. HEYWOOD, Counselor.  
ADELIA CROSBY, Cor. Sec.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other.

A house without a family worship has neither foundation nor covering.—*Mason.*

The great secret of success in life is to be ready when your opportunity comes.—*Beaconsfield.*

## NOTES AND NEWS.

The touching tribute to an old friend which was the last literary work of the beloved poet Whittier shows that the sweet faith which produced "My Psalm" illumined the closing days of his life. The woman suffragists mourn the loss of one who ever gave them the timely word of sympathy and in sweet inspiration of his memory they will be stronger for his life and work to emulate his devotion to justice and to human freedom.

THE death of George William Curtis removes one of the most lovable figures in American literature and one of the most patriotic of American citizens. His speech at the memorable Chicago convention in 1860 which nominated Abraham Lincoln struck the key note of his life. He said the gentlemen of the convention must have a care how they rejected the very words of the Declaration of Independence and failed to enlist in the fight for the freedom of the territories, the sacred fire of the cause of human liberty that had been the inspiration of the Fathers of the Republic. It was in this spirit that Mr. Curtis was a life-long advocate of woman suffrage. *Ex.*

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# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

*The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of all Nations.*

VOL. 21.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, NOVEMBER 1, 1892.

No. 9.

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## THE SEGO LILY.

### UTAH'S FLOWER.

What other flower so well could represent thee,  
Dear Utah, in high courts, where kings may tread,  
As the White Segó, which once kindly lent thee,  
For thy new guests, new hopes, when hope had fled;  
And like fat quails and precious manna sent thee,  
For famished souls, afforded meat and bread?

When strong men reeled from hunger, women  
fainted,  
And little ones cried plaintively for food,  
Came the dark Indian, with face bright painted,  
Pointing where Segó plants the hilltops  
strew'd;  
And from that day the modest flower was  
sainted,  
Whose juicy bulb had famine's rage subdued.

And oft in sterile waste, all unattended,  
The Segó decks some lone, neglected tomb;  
Many we find more elegant and splendid,  
In rich attire, with luscious, sweet perfume;  
But which hath man so generously befriended,  
Of all the flowers which o'er the Wasatch  
bloom?

O'er the Queen Rose we all may be ecstatic,  
Accord the Indian Paint Brush charming  
power;  
Yet let not grateful memory prove erratic,  
Or grant to Marguerite her sister's dower;  
Of hardihood and Faith most emblematic,  
We vote the Segó Lily Utah's Flower.

L. LULA GREENE RICHARDS.

October, 1892.

## OUR UNION.

### COLUMBUS DAY.

Let this fair western land  
As a safe refuge stand,  
Through all ages and time yet to come,  
Where the poor and oppressed  
May find safe, welcome rest  
And the place for a happy home.

### CHORUS:

Our Union! Our Union!  
Land of our love!  
With her fair hills and dales,  
With her prairies and vales,  
And her starry flag floating above.

From the east and the west,  
Come, ye sad and oppressed,  
Plant your feet on our free, fertile soil,  
Plow and sow, reap and mow,  
Set your fruit trees a-row,  
And rejoice in the harvest of toil.

Here no kings shall oppress,  
No harsh law give distress,  
Rich nor poor, great nor small, will we know,  
Hand in hand, side by side,  
We'll in friendship abide,  
Equal all, neither high nor low.

We have lakes deep and wide,  
Rolling rivers besides,  
We have mountains and islands outspread,  
We have sun, we have snow,  
Glaciers high, meadows low,  
And the blue, smiling sky overhead.

While the earth's wide wings sweep,  
While the ocean rolls deep,  
And the seasons their yearly course run,  
Let this fair western land  
As a safe refuge stand  
For the homeless whenever they come.

LU DALTON.

## ISABELLA OF CASTILE.

WHO is there among the patriotic women of America whose heart does not bound with enthusiasm at the name of Isabella of Castile; and in whose breast is not kindled a gleam of admiration for her character and a desire to emulate her graces and her virtues. It seems to be a law of the great controller of the events that govern the destiny of nations, even of Him who saith to the raging sea, "thus far shalt thou go and no farther," it seems to be His will that at certain stages of the world's history certain individuals should be raised up to sit in high places differing in many respects from those that have preceded them and particularly fitted to perform a certain work, which in the providence of the Almighty is then designed to be brought about because the set time has come when that which has long been hidden from the knowledge of the greater portion of the human race is about to be made known for the benefit of all generations.

It was at such a period of time as this that was born on the 22nd of April, 1451, of John the Second of Castile and Isabella of Portugal, Isabella of Castile, a name destined to become famous throughout the civilized world.

Can we picture to ourselves the feeble infant that first saw the light at Madrigal in old Castile, Spain; born in the midst of a people famed for their deeds of chivalry and celebrated in song and story for their cuirassed knights and their warriors whose courage and warlike deeds were excelled by none, yet who could in the moment of victory show so much generosity to a fallen foe that their known magnanimity and valor had almost passed into a proverb. This too was at a time and in a country when the Church of the apostasy the great Church of Rome held full supremacy and its haughty and mitred Priests demanded

obedience of kings and potentates declaring themselves their superiors in power, telling kings and governments that they only held their crowns at the disposal and the pleasure of the Pontiff of Rome and unless they bowed and were subject to His supreme authority they had the power to absolve their subjects from their allegiance and to put others in their places a power claimed by Rome and exercised by them at that time throughout the whole Christian world. When we reflect upon the surroundings of Isabella during her childhood and early youth we are led to admire the strong individuality of character and independence of spirit manifested by her throughout her brilliant and exalted career.

It is true that the Church of Piedmont maintained its independence for centuries but after years of noble but ineffectual struggles were compelled to submit to the power to which all seemed to bow. In that refuge of the oppressed behind the lofty bulwarks of the mountains the Waldenses claimed and maintained their right to liberty and to worship God according to their consciences preferring the hardships of their lot to submission to the then prevailing power.

In the fifteenth century light began to dawn upon the minds of men a spark that was yet to be kindled into a flame that would spread and burn throughout Christendom. There had been Wycliffe in England boldly asserting his right to disseminate the truth contained in the Holy scriptures, and the right of the people to read in their own language, ready and willing to lay down his life for the principles of truth in which he believed; and it was by a decree of the council of Constance, that more than forty years after his death his bones were exhumed and after being publicly burned the ashes were thrown into a neighboring brook; but though the body may be burned and the ashes strewn to the four winds vain are the efforts of man to stop the progress of truth, and the seeds sown by Wycliffe, were growing and bearing fruit in the hearts of many. The writings of Wycliffe had converted a John who was stirring up the minds of the people in Germany and a Jerome of Payne who not only raised their voices against the corruption and errors then prevailing, but stood in chains before Kings and Councils standing firm before the assembled Dignitaries of the Church and State; and willing rather than recant their doctrines to accept the martyr's fate going joyfully to their death. This was but the first faint glimmering of light preceding the dawn of the reformation that was soon to follow, and revolutionize the whole civilized world, or like the distant whisper and murmur that precedes the mighty roar of the ocean that soon increases in strength and power and sweeps from before it every obstacle presented to its onward progress; but none of these innovations had yet found their way to old Spain, and on the death of her father the infant Isabella was taken by her wise and widowed mother to the little town of Arevalo where she was educated free from the pernicious influences of a Court; here



she developed those graces of mind and person, for which she was afterwards so much distinguished for her strength of character and sagacity as a ruler.

It is to be regretted that we do not possess more of the incidents of the early life of the future Queen of Castile; we find her at the early age of thirteen called from her peaceful retreat and the care of her wise mother by her brother Henry the fourth to the pomp, splendors and dangers of a Court. But Isabella was a true woman and when her brother from selfish motives of policy sought to dispose of her at the age of sixteen in a marriage both distasteful and unsuitable to her, she bravely asserted her right both as a woman and the future Queen of a great country, not to be disposed of without her own consent and that of the nobles of the realm. King Henry gained no friends by his arbitrary treatment of his sister and when in other respects he rendered himself unworthy the affection and fealty of his subjects; and when the cities of Seville and Andalusia had unfurled their standards in the name of Isabella, and she was entreated to accept the crown, her affection and loyalty manifested itself in the noble reply, "while my brother lives none other has a right to the crown." And it was by her wisdom and assistance that he was once more firmly established on the throne of Castile, but Henry still opposed the marriage of Isabella with Ferdinand of Aragon a suitor preferred by herself and a marriage suitable in every respect and performed in the most romantic manner. This marriage was highly acceptable to the Castilian nobility both on account of the restriction put upon Ferdinand, and because all the rights of Sovereignty were secured to Isabella; but it was to Isabella herself, her virtues, her executive ability, her inexhaustible resources of mind under all circumstances to which the homage of her subjects were most due, and when on the death of her brother, which event occurred on the 11th of December 1474, Isabella was proclaimed Queen of Castile there was rejoicing throughout her realm. Isabella now occupied the highest position which it was possible for a woman to attain; not only fulfilling all her duties as wife and mother but maintaining her dignity as a sovereign Ruler. As an impartial administrator of justice Isabella stands unrivaled; in no case do we find her making a distinction between prince or peasant. Her charity was unbounded and although desiring to increase the glory and add to the conquests of Spain, she was the first to try to alleviate the horrors of war both by providing for the comfort of the sick and wounded, she herself superintending the erection of tents for the suffering, but also in showing mercy to the conquered; inspiring the hearts of the soldiers with courage, and filling the hearts of her people with love.

But Isabella was destined to play another part in the world's history, one that would crown her brow with a more enduring wreath than the jeweled crown of Castile, and would cause her name to be handed down through all future generations as connected with a discovery, the magnitude of which is even now not fully comprehended.

[To be continued.]

THE college girls are taking a lively interest in politics. It will be hard to keep college women contented to be reckoned politically with idiots.

## IN RURAL, ENGLAND.

### XXV.

The preparations for the wedding of Lady Anna Hilliard were very different and much more elaborate than those of her cousin's marriage had been, on a far grander scale and indeed every detail connected therewith seemed of so much consequence that it was not only a nine days wonder but all the people round about including the servants as well as the masters and mistresses scarcely talked of anything else. All the old stories of the feud between Sir Edward and Lord Walton were reiterated and amply enlarged upon and the love affair in which Lady Walton had figured conspicuously was not left out of any conversation upon the subject, and the young heir Clairville Hilliard was served up with his gipsy mother, and all the slanderous reports that had been circulated at that period concerning the doings at the Castle.

Happily for Lady Anna these reports did not reach her, she was so far removed from the gossip of these newsmongers but Mrs. Bland was not so fortunate and she became quite weary of the repetition of these idle tales and of disputing many of the slanders that were brought to her in confidence by meddlers and people who really wanted "only to know the truth," according to their own statement. Mrs. Bland knew however that these gossipers were only coming for more news to retail, but she generally gave them a plain lesson upon matters and sent them away with the impression that, "it was none of their affair."

Mrs. Bland's influence even in this respect was salutary, and things quieted down considerably, though Lord Walton did not escape a quarrel or two with his friends, (such they called themselves) about young Walton's anticipated union with the daughter of Sir Edward who had made himself so obnoxious in the vicinity, notwithstanding "his title and possessions and his handsome daughter," as they sneeringly alluded to the marriage.

Each time Lord Walton met with sneers and ridicule he vented his spleen at home and his wife and son both grew very tired of his perpetual interference. Sometimes he was actually brutal and once or twice struck his son, who threatened in turn to be revenged upon the men who had enraged his father if he could only ascertain who they were. Lady Walton though suffering keenly through it all, wore a smiling face and sought to conciliate her husband by all the means in her power. Finally he declared on one occasion that he could not and would not remain in England and suffer such indignities, he would go over to the continent, until the marriage ceremony was over and the gossip had died out. Lady Walton did not remonstrate, for she felt what a relief it would be to them all; he was so annoyed at her seeming indifference that he swore she should not be so much her own mistress, he would stay at home now, and spoil their pleasure; in fact the man was to all appearances jealous of the affection of his wife for her own son, ridiculous as it may appear. Things grew worse daily between them, he could not endure the sight of either of the Hilliards and at last forbade their presence at the Hall.

Maitland was furious and all the efforts of his mother were unavailing to quiet him; in the quarrel between father and son the whole story of the engagement between

Sir Edward and his mother came out and the boy's happiness was almost shattered, but his mother besought him not to break the heart of one so tender and loving as Anna because of the bitter past, and his better nature prevailed, and the young man determined to be true to his manly instincts and let the past alone. Lord Walton had allowed himself to give way to such violent fits of anger, that like the man he affected to despise his constitution was likely to give way, and to prostrate himself or become insane with pride and jealousy.

Unknown to his wife he had been living a very fast life and his money had been drifting away from him rapidly, this preyed upon his mind too, and he was attacked with sudden illness which developed brain fever, and just when the marriage was to have taken place Lord Walton was lying helpless and unconscious of his condition. At times he talked and raved of the past, and the physicians in attendance not knowing the cause of his sickness or that there was any "method in his madness," wished his wife to be constantly at his bedside, whereas she knew through the old faithful nurse who had been with them from the time of her marriage, that he was always more rational when she was absent.

It was a trying time indeed for Lady Walton, but she kept up bravely and one looking on could not have guessed the sorrow that had entered into her soul. Some weeks of watching and nursing and weary waiting and a slight change for the better gave them hope of recovery. The invalid restored once more to his senses inquired about the contemplated union and learning it had been delayed in consequence of his serious illness, begged them to wait no longer but let the ceremony be performed, and as it seemed to be his positively expressed wish—it was decided that the young people should be married without further delay.

As the ceremony was to be performed at the Castle and all the festivities were to take place there, it would not interfere with Lord Walton who was not even able to drive over in a carriage. Rob Harrison came from London to give away the bride, and the Bishop was to officiate on this grand occasion assisted by the young rector who had married the Doctor and Jane Conway. Quite a number of Maitland's relatives were to be present, uncles, aunts and cousins and most of Sir Edward's relatives, though they cared nothing for Anna, yet the grandeur of the event was sufficient in itself to bring them hundreds of miles to witness the marriage and enjoy the celebration and banquet.

The housekeeper was very consequential and resented the coming of those people who had behaved so badly at the time of Sir Edward's funeral. She declared she would not have them in the house, but after much persuasion from both Clair and Lady Anna she reluctantly consented to hold her peace.

Everything was on the most magnificent scale for the time and place, and even Lady Walton's fastidious tastes were gratified, Mr. Harrison had assisted with both advice and positive help; had sent from the great metropolis many things rich and rare, and such an abundance of choice flowers, that with those the gardens there afforded, the whole place was like Eden itself or a fairy land, with bloom and fragrance.

Anna's French maid and half a dozen other seamstresses had prepared such a *trousseau*, as the country families thereabouts had never before seen, and there seemed



nothing wanting to make the affair perfect in every detail except the presence of the father in law elect. The bride and bridegroom were to leave the morning after the wedding for the continent, and on returning to spend the winter in London. This was Lady Anna's idea of happiness, and Uncle Rob or any one else had not objected, as it was somehow instinctively felt, that the postponement was unpropitious and that it was not likely to turn out happily in the end.

At last the long-looked for day came; it was in chilly November and the fields were bare and bleak and a terrific wind the evening previous had shook the rickety old castle and whistled and shrieked around it, and the great elm trees creaked and groaned and one or two not far from the house snapped asunder. Lady Anna would have given way to dismal forebodings had her Uncle Rob not been with her to cheer her depressed spirits. Clair who was usually light-hearted could scarcely be pacified and after his sister had retired for the night, sat long with Mr. Harrison telling him of the premonitions he felt, and of what the servants had been talking of ever since the postponement of the marriage.

When he ventured to express to Mr. H. his impression that some great event either good or bad was about to transpire which concerned the house and the family, then Mr. H. replied in confidence, "probably we are all going to leave England, at least I am sure that I shall before very long, and you would perhaps like to accompany me to the far East, as it will be very dull here and the estate can easily be let to some competent person: the lodge keeper who has been so long in your father's employ will look after your interests, and you ought to see a little of the world and know more of men and business, now's your time, before marriage."

Clair was over-joyed though he would have preferred his own dear native land to the far East, yet he was too undemonstrative even to make such a suggestion and replied, to "Uncle Rob," as he too sometimes called him, that as soon as the fuss and flurry of his sister's wedding was over he would put everything in proper shape with the help of his lawyers and join him at his lodgings in London.

It was just what Rob Harrison liked though it had not been premeditated, and he felt too that it would be quite beneficial to the young Baronet. It was near morning ere the two retired and the night was dark and fierce gusts of wind were sweeping over the country. No one slept much in that old place for it seemed more than ever forlorn, though the house was filled with guests, who had been arriving for the last two or three days.

At the first grey streaks of dawn Lady Anna rose and called her maid, feeling she must speak to some one, and of all her relatives there was not a single person among them to whom she could speak of the things that lay near her heart.

"And so I am to leave my old home to-day never to return as its mistress, Marie?"

"And aren't you glad my Lady that you are going to get a fine handsome man, rich and stylish, who adores you with all his soul, surely that ought to satisfy any young lady."

"You do not understand me girl, no one ever does, not even my cousin Mrs. Bland, though she knows me best of all the world, but I have feelings I cannot explain, doubts

and perplexities, I dare say they were born with me, I recollect my old nurse Raynor used to say, I had too much sentiment, and it cropped out at the wrong time: this certainly is an inopportune time to be moody—let us get every thing ready; nine o'clock comes soon these dark mornings, my cousin who is an early riser will be coming over here and she shall not find me sad or drooping on my wedding day."

Marie thus addressed began to get out the finery—the beautiful morning gown was donned in haste and the maid rang for Lady Anna's tea to be brought up stairs, for she had declared to the housekeeper she would not breakfast with all those people whom she had so seldom seen, if they were the nearest relatives. So Clair was left to keep them in countenance and maintain the dignity of the establishment, with the ever helpful Uncle Rob, while Anna sipped her tea, and dallied with her toast and muffins scarcely swallowing a mouthful.

As the great clock of the Castle struck eight Mrs. Bland was ushered in and informed her cousin that Maitland with his retinue had arrived, and with the air of one who brings good news, she added, "I have heard it is always a good omen when the bridegroom comes early." Just these few words raised Anna's spirits and she began to talk cheerfully almost gaily, as the maid displayed her finery one piece after another; the veil was the most delicate lace, the gift of Uncle Rob, and the dress was the most exquisite India Silk profusely trimmed with Venetian lace and pearls. Her luxuriant golden hair was loosely knotted with pearls and crowned her like an aureole. Never was a bride more fittingly arrayed and as her cousin gazed upon her beautiful face and kissed her again and again before they left her boudoir she could not forbear saying, "Was ever a bride so charming?" And under her breath she said, "and neither father or mother to bid her God speed or bestow a blessing." Anna caught the meaning and for a moment both shed tears of loneliness though not of repining, and then the cheery manly voice of Uncle Rob called to them to come down; in the great oak drawing room Doctor Bland and Clair, Burke and Hemenway, the Bishop and Rector were waiting, the other guests were in the ante-rooms and waited the summons, Maitland and his mother joined Lady Anna her cousin and Uncle Rob in the library, where the formal greetings were given and received, and then Anna leaning upon Uncle Rob's arm and almost fainting with extreme nervousness stepped forward into the grand archway (that had been purposely arranged, and beautifully wreathed with the fairest flowers) where waited young Walton his heart beating high with a conscious pride of the fulfillment of his fondest hopes. Whispers of approval ran through the assembled company and soon the words were pronounced that made Lady Anna Hilliard and Maitland Walton husband and wife.

FOR THE EXPONENT:

WHAT WILL THE FUTURE BE?

'Tis true you say you love me well,  
As far as thoughts and words will tell;  
But searching far into your eyes,  
Deep in my heart, these words arise;  
When years fly on, and skies of blue  
Fade into grey, will you be true?  
When youth and beauty fade away,  
Will you be truest such a day?

Ah yes, when life is waning fast,  
And charms of youth are in the past;  
Will you then say with soul and heart,  
You've filled a high and noble part  
Through time and sorrow, good and ill,  
And find *love* links us closer still;  
Hearts ever true, love, hearts ever true,  
Loving me, even, as I'd love you?

ZINA C. WALKER.

THE ROBIN'S NEST.

Though many a tree stood tall and green,  
Where any bird might joy to rest.  
The one that Willie called his own  
The robins chose to build their nest.

Locked in his breast the secret lay.  
He joyed to call them all his own.  
And often left his mates at play  
To see how much the nest had grown.

He scattered crumbs around the place,  
Such things as they in building used.  
They grew familiar with his face,  
Nor found their confidence abused.

All day the glad thrill in his heart  
Made task and toil less hard to bear,  
He often dreamed of them at night,  
And waking found the world more fair.

One day from overhanging bough,  
While dangled in mid air his legs.  
Within the soft lined hollow sphere,  
He found four dainty speckled eggs.

But duty called him far away,  
And days and hours and weeks went passed  
'Ere come that glad and happy day—  
He homeward turned his steps at last.

He sought his tree. No chattering bird  
Made music in the checkered light,  
His very soul the silence heard.  
He climbed the tree with sudden fright.

The empty nest among the leaves  
Still stood in airy lines of grace,  
But birds and eggs and hopes were gone.  
The bitter tears streamed down his face.

He never knew what foe to joy,  
Had slain his birds! but in those tears  
He knew the pangs—poor sorrowing boy—  
That is the cross of riper years.

How many, in the flush of spring  
Have heaped with hopes the glowing breast,  
That found when autumn winds had blown  
Within their hearts an empty nest.

ELLEN JAKEMAN.

THE Woman Suffrage Association of Salt Lake County intend holding an Annual Convention on Tuesday November 15, 1892, at the Thirteenth Ward Assembly Rooms at 2 o'clock p. m. All who are interested in the political education of women are invited to attend.

ELIZABETH HOWARD.

Mrs. President Dwight, of Yale College, originated the idea of a "Yale Home" for students who may need medical care or nursing. Mrs. Dwight, with the assistance of many ladies of New York, among them Mrs. William C. Whitney, obtained funds for the erection of the building last spring, and it has been completed during the summer. There every student who is ill can be under the care of a matron and physician and receive all the attention which could be given him at his home.



# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

EMMELINE B. WELLS, - - - Editor.

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## MASS MEETING OF WOMEN.

THE Salt Lake County World's Fair Association of women will hold a mass meeting in the Theatre in this City Nov. 3, at which time it is hoped there will be women from all parts of the county, and that a great interest will be aroused in regard to the exhibit to be made, at the Columbian Exposition in 1893. Every woman should make an effort to do something in this direction that Utah may not be behind any other state of equal size and population. There will be a number of short speeches made by able speakers, most of them young women. It is a cause in which the public are interested and there should be an enthusiastic audience. A programme will be published in the daily papers.

## COLUMBUS DAY.

EARLY in the morning of the 21st of October the school children of this City assembled in the various districts to march in procession and later on the streets were filled with them and crowds of people gathered to see the exercises and certainly it was a beautiful sight. Bands of music were in attendance, flags and banners gaily floating in the breeze, the day was fine and all things propitious. Perfect order was kept and about eight thousand children marched two and two to the large Tabernacle where they were seated and the programme as arranged was carried out. Presidents Wilford Woodruff, Geo. Q. Cannon and other prominent men were among the spectators occupying a position near the choir.

Prof. Malone of the High School read the President's proclamation for the day to be observed as a holiday, and Miss Alice Rowe by request read Gov. Thomas's proclamation for this Territory.

The ceremony of raising the flag was performed by the veterans of the G. A. R. the flag was just in front of the organ, and afterwards remained suspended, the Tabernacle juvenile choir band struck the air "America" and as the flag reached the top of the staff the rolling drum was heard and the veterans led the assemblage in three cheers for old glory.

The Hurrahs were inspiring from so many childish voices. After singing of

America by the children the Rev. Dr. Utter offered prayer and then a song for Columbus Day composed for the occasion was sung, the effect of the music by such a multitude was exceedingly grand.

Other exercises of a most interesting and intellectual character followed, all calculated to make a deep impression upon the minds and hearts of the children.

Similar exercises were held in the Latter-day Saints College, the Utah University and in the various schools in all parts of the Territory.

In the afternoon a grand concert was given in the Tabernacle also in the evening, at which time fully a thousand voices, joined in the choruses and anthems etc., under the leadership of the famous musicians Professors Evan Stephens, Thos. Radcliffe, and H. E. Giles, who deserve the highest encomiums of praise for the grand success achieved.

Chief Justice Zane delivered an eloquent address and Bishop O. F. Whitney read an historical poem on Columbus of his own composition, which was received with hearty applause and created considerable enthusiasm. The poem as a whole was a beautiful tribute to the memory of the great discoverer and also to our own Washington, and contains many superb passages, rich with thought and exquisite in feeling and altogether telling in sentiment. The language sublime and the construction quite in keeping with the glorious theme. We intend publishing it in full in our next issue; and consider it worthy a place in the History of Utah. The singing was excellent and one should mention many of the performers specially, but our space is so limited we can only mention Miss Lillian Roberts, of Provo who charmed the audience with her sweet voice and Mrs. Anne Colburn Plummer who both gave rich selections and were vociferously applauded. The musical merit of the concert is unquestionably excellent.

## COLUMBUS DAY IN CHICAGO.

THE commencement of the dedicatory ceremonies of the Columbian Exposition began in Chicago on the 19th of October with the formal inaugural reception to the guests of honor.

It would be utterly futile to attempt a description of the magnificence of the preparations and paraphernalia though only culled from dispatches, so we shall only say, there was a great procession of official dignitaries, and distinguished guests foreign and native born, and the decorations included carloads of flowers and smilax, and besides the stars and stripes, the colors of Spain and Italy and the flags and banners of all nations.

After famous selections rendered by the grand orchestra a grand march was led by the military officers into which the moving throng merged, and floating into a quadrille, the blaze and dazzle of the insignia and glitter of the costumes and the rhythmic motion of the dancers must have been a liv-

ing poem set to such thrilling music as the world has seldom if ever seen.

The description of the dresses worn by the ladies is something appalling, and we therefore leave such matters to society writers, and content ourselves with mentioning only the two national lady commissioners from Utah; Mrs. Margaret Blaine Salisbury wore a dress of white faille Francaise embroidered in silver with ornaments of diamonds and pearls, Mrs. Whalen's gown was a canary colored crepe trimmed in brocade orange ribbons with ornaments of diamonds.

Dispatches of the 20th, October say, "Last night society set the glittering seal of her approval upon the World's Fair." The ceremonies have been as successful and even more so than had been anticipated since the first notice of the outbreak of cholera abroad. The feasting and dancing and such like festivities as also the toasting and speech-making have all been of the highest order possible. The one great drawback to the enjoyment of the occasion has been the absence of the Chief Executive of the nation and the lamentable cause, viz. the serious illness of his wife, by whose bedside he is tenderly watching, while these great events in which both were expected to take the most prominent part are being celebrated.

Ex-President Cleveland out of courtesy and respect and with a laudable appreciation of the position of President Harrison voluntarily absents himself from the scenes of attraction in which he also was expected to play an active part.

The dedicatory oration by Hon. Henry Watterson was an eloquent effort though hastily prepared, we quote one of the opening paragraphs.

"We are met this day to honor the memory of Christopher Columbus, to celebrate the four hundredth annual return of the year of his transcendent achievement and with fitting riches to dedicate to America and the universe the concrete exposition of the world's progress between 1492 and 1892."

In his closing remarks he alluded to the display made by the children of the schools all over the land in these beautiful words:

"These, indeed, are our crown jewels, the truest though inevitable offspring of our civilization and development; representatives of a manhood vitalized and invigorated by toil and care; of womanhood elevated and inspired by liberty and education. God bless the children and their mothers. God bless our country's flag, and God be with us now and ever. God in our roof-trees shaded and God on the highway; God in the winds and waves and God in all our hearts."

Mrs. Potter Palmer delivered an address on the "Work of the Board of Lady Managers," and made a grand showing and also offered congratulations and greetings to the women of all lands.

Mrs. Henroittin gave a salutation in honor of Queen Isabella which was highly applauded.

There were several speeches by distinguished, well-known orators and choruses and anthems and orations, and the ceremonies closed with a most brilliant and wonderful display of fireworks, representing the greatest events and also places etc. In the evening the Auditorium was the scene of a Columbian Congress, purely intellectual in which women participated.

George Wm. Curtis by his will left all his property absolutely to his wife.



## DEATH AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison, wife of the Chief Executive of the nation, President Benjamin Harrison, died at the White House in Washington, D. C., on Tuesday morning Oct. 25, 1892, at 1:40, of consumption from which she had been suffering for some considerable time though little was known of the disease that threatened her life until a few months since. Strong hopes were entertained of her recovery until a short time ago, and recently the President has absented himself from all public places and remained constantly by her bedside. The family are grief-stricken at the great loss they have sustained in her demise.

There were present at the moments of her departure, President Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Mc'Kee, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Harrison, Lieut. and Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Dimmick and Mrs. Newcomer, all the family except the three grand children.

Mrs. Harrison was so tenderly beloved that the parting must have been inexpressibly touching.

Ever since Mrs. Harrison's entrance at the White House, she has given an air of the most graceful superiority to all its arrangements and entertainments; socially she is said to have been very charming and in her homelife intensely gentle and motherly.

Mrs. Harrison was born in Oxford, Ohio, and was the daughter of Dr. John Wither- spoon Scott and Mary Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison fell in love with each other while the young lady was at school. Mrs. Harrison was elected the First President General of the organization known as the Daughters of the Revolution, in 1890, and was re-elected in 1892. It seems almost remarkable that through so many terms of the office of President, Mrs. Harrison is the second mistress of the White House, who has died at the Presidential mansion. Her demise will cast a shadow over that beautiful and charming place for a time at least, and the rejoicings at the coming election will scarce be the same after such a sad occurrence, as the death of one so near the heart of the nation.

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

THE news of Columbus Day celebration here and in Chicago, and the sad death at the White House in Washington crowd our local pages, and hinder our giving room for the Relief Society Conference, Obituary notices and other matter we have on hand, therefore these articles must be delayed.

## BY LAWS.

OF THE  
SALT LAKE COUNTY WORLD'S FAIR ASSO-  
CIATION.

ARTICLE I.—*Name.*

THIS Association shall be known as the Salt Lake County World's Fair Association.

ARTICLE II.—*Object.*

The object of this Association shall be to collect an exhibit of the industries and interests of the women of this County, for the exposition in 1893; and to authorize and encourage the organization of auxiliary associations to be known as "World Fair Clubs," in each town throughout this

County under such rules and local management as may be deemed best.

ARTICLE III.—*Officers and Executive Board.*

A Board of Directors shall be chosen by the President, consisting of twenty-five members; from which number shall be appointed by the President, two Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, Assistant Secretary, Treasurer and an Executive Board consisting of five members.

ARTICLE IV.—*Membership.*

Any woman residing in Salt Lake County, may become a member of this Association by paying a membership fee of one dollar and signing the by-laws. The membership fee, and all other moneys raised by whatever means shall be used for the expenses of the Association, at the direction of the Executive Board.

ARTICLE V.—*Meetings.*

Meetings shall be held every Thursday at three p. m. A quorum shall consist of eleven members.

ARTICLE VI.—*Reports.*

The Secretary shall forward to the Secretary of the Territorial Board on or about the 30th of each month, a report showing the work done during the preceding month. Questions requiring immediate attention, however, shall be at once forwarded to the Territorial Board.

ARTICLE VII.—*Amendments.*

These by-laws may be amended at any regular meeting of the Association by a two-thirds majority vote of the members present: notice having been given at a previous meeting.

## A TRIP TO ENGLAND.

WE who were born, and have been reared in these Western Wilds, hemmed in on all sides, as we are, by majestic towering peaks, naturally fell an inquisitiveness, an unsatiable desire to get beyond this grand fortress and take in with a glance of our eye a greater extent of the earth's surface. We may gaze in awe and admiration at the mighty rugged bulwarks that surround us, and never grow weary of viewing the varied aspect of these snow-capped mountains; drinking in the artistic beauty of the fresh green verdure of early spring, the richness of autumnal coloring or when clad in their dazzling robe of spotless ermine.

We may view with pride and pleasure these spacious valleys with their bounteous harvest fields, their shady groves and pleasant glens, their sparkling lakes and streams; and our hearts may overflow with love and gratitude for our peaceful habitations and the dear ones abiding therein. Yet, notwithstanding these circumstances, our minds reach out beyond these *barriers* and in fancy we treasure the long stretch of plains which intervene 'twixt us, and those centres of civilization where congregate the multitudes of men; and where we may view the great busy world as it is.

Yes, perchance our desires may transcend the borders of the great waters; and we may long to visit in reality, as we oft have done in fancy, the dear old mother country; hallowed by oft-told tales of the parental homestead, and of scenes made sacred by sweet memories of yore. At least these were the feelings which fostered my desires long, long, ere I ventured on my pleasant trip to the farther shore.

But O, the wondrous melancholy in the words "fare well." Especially when realizing that we are about to place between ourselves and all who are near and dear, thousands of miles of land and sea. We are burdened with the ills that may befall them, ere we meet again, oppressed by the dangers that lie thick on every hand.

The parting words are spoken, the familiar forms recede from our lingering gaze, and we are rapidly borne away from those we hold most dear. We now begin to wonder how we could have made such a mistake as to imagine that a trip to Europe could possibly be a pleasure.

These feelings are however of but short duration, as we are lured from the melancholy contemplation, by the jollity of our traveling companions and the ever changing aspect of the scenes through which we are passing. They were all new and strange, yet, most interesting to me. Yes, even the drear and uninhabited plains possessed an attraction; for they brought to my mind, the many weary pilgrimages which have been taken across their burning sands. I thought of the heroic pioneers, the brave hand cart companions; and the many tedious ox-team expeditions which had traversed them.

Again Fort Laramie, Council Bluffs, the Platte and Missouri rivers, the "Father of Waters" and the state of Illinois, each in its turn, brought to my remembrance, tragic scenes and memorable incidents in the history of my people.

Just before reaching Chicago, one of our passengers, a lady who had occupied the opposite seat to me ever since leaving Ogden, took advantage of the vacant seat by my side, and excusing herself for addressing a stranger, said she had been led by our conversation, to surmise that we were Mormons, was I really a Mormon? When I answered in the affirmative, she was yet not wholly convinced, and asked if I really meant it, of course I told her that I really did; when she began to question me in the following manner. "Do *you* believe in polygamy? Have all the men in Utah from six to ten wives? Dare a woman there, refuse to marry a man if he wishes her to do so? Are all Mormon women forced to marry whether they wish to or not? Are Mormon men good to their wives? etc, I spent some little time in explaining matters to her and in elucidating the mysterious conditions of society supposed to exist amid the valleys of the Rockies.

She expressed herself as being much pleased and thanking me said she should henceforth have a very different idea of the Mormons. Wished to know if the young men who had been sitting with me were Mormons also, and thought they were very jolly, and fine specimens of the race. I was highly amused and little dreamed of the many similar amusing incidents I should experience ere my return.

Farther on our journey, when flying through the beautiful woods of the "Empire State," imagination claimed me for her own; and I saw amid that newly budding forest, a youth devoutly kneeling;—pouring forth his earnest supplications to the God of heaven;—pleading for light and understanding yea, for wisdom without stint;—which the "Good Book" promises shall be given, to him that asketh, believing he shall receive. I note the heavens grow brighter at the boy's continued praying, and two personages whose glory the noon day sun doth dim, descend from their bright dwelling,—



stand they now before the pleader; And one pointing to the other sayeth, "My beloved Son, hear Him." In the same region my mind travels far back to the centuries that are long gone by. And imagination pictures the vast congregating of two great armies; numerous descendants of two brothers;—now gathering their most powerful force for the terrible and final conflict, which subsequently blotted out from this land of promise, two great and powerful nations. I see Moroni, as sole survivor of his people, standing midst the great and appalling desolation of that dreadful battlefield.

He contemplates with bleeding heart, the marvelous disaster; and ponders over the causes which have brought it about.

I see him deposit a treasure; the records of these Nations in yonder Mount, the hill "Cumorah;" so that these tribes or people, who may, in the time to come, inhabit this land, may learn of the lives of these aborigines, and take timely warning from their destruction.

And now Moroni is no more. He has gone the way of all flesh. And centuries dark and drear pass by. But anon, in yon glorified and immortal messengers which flies through the midst of heaven, behold, the prophet of the Ancient Nephites. He is earthward bound, and wends his way towards the depository of his long concealed legacy. The time has fully come. The mandate has been issued, to release it from its hiding place and send it to the inhabitants of the earth.

I note with satisfaction that he entrusts it, with its mission, to the future prospects, of the appointed youth, who was praying in the woods.

But we must now leave this favored lad with the sacred record, to their eventful career, for we have been moving rapidly onward, and soon find ourselves whirled into the busy metropolis of this great Modern Nation, which is as unconscious and unmindful of the bleached bones of that highly favored, but alas, now extinct nation, as is a newly born babe of the sins of the world.

And now adieu to serious reflections; to mental meanderings mid the scenes of yore. The present demands our undivided attention, and it is soon monopolized by the sights that are presented to the natural eye.

New York, with its scores of crowded streets, its high and imposing buildings, its elevated railroads and numerous ferry boats; its suspension bridge and its many rivers, its "Statue of Liberty" and its great ships to say nothing of the ever surging flood of industrious humanity, which without a lull throngs its busy thoroughfares, *all, all* afforded interest, and were a source of wonder to one so lately released from the rurality of the Rocky Mountains.

My traveling companion was an excellent guide, especially for one who was as much a stranger in the place, as were the rest of us; but he always made a bee line for the nearest "Cop" of whom he inquired the way, and then lost no valuable time in finding the place. In this manner we were guided up through Broadway to the base or beginning of the Brooklyn Bridge. And after a rather extended pull, we succeeded in reaching the huge pillar, column, or pile which ever it may be called, from which the suspension really begins.

[To be continued.]

#### S. L. CO. W. S. A.

The regular monthly meeting of the Salt Lake Co. W. S. A was held in the 13th, Ward Assembly Rooms on Tuesday Sep. 20th, 1892, Pres't. E. Howard presiding. Opened by singing "Oh Come Come Away" prayer by E. M. Price. Singing, "Hark the Sound" etc.

Minutes of the previous meeting read, discussed and amended. Some instructive remarks were made by Pres't. E. Howard, Ter. Vice Prest. Emily S. Richards, E. M. Price and Margaret A. Caine, after which the program was rendered as follows: Elizabeth Mc. Farlane on the charter conferred upon Salt Lake City from the year 1860, to 1872. E. M. Price had found what powers, (the Charter) had conferred upon *one half* of the inhabitants of Salt Lake City, and defined the duties and powers of City officers.

Prest. Howard read a list of questions to be answered at the convention in this City in Oct. E. S. Richards read notice of convention, also list of subjects upon which information was wanted for the "World's Fair" which subjects were discussed by the ladies present. Miss Maude Pratt again delighted the association with her lovely voice, accompanying herself on the organ, after which the meeting stood adjourned for one month, at the same time and place.

C. C. R. WELLS Sec.

#### SOCIAL REUNION.

A SOCIAL reunion was held on Sept. 4, 1892, at the Fourth Ward meeting house, Provo, by the Relief Society of that ward, for the purpose of sealing up their Jubilee Box; which it is designed will be opened by the members of this Association twenty-five years hence.

Singing from L. D. S. Hymn Book. Opening prayer by Sarah E. Cluff. The President, Sister Watson, made the opening remarks, announced the object of the meeting, and greeted all present.

The papers, principally historical in character, that were read and deposited in the box were as follows:

Minutes of the first primary meeting, together with the organization, was read by Sister Jane B. Snyder, present President. Also minutes of the last meeting, together with a sketch of its progressive steps, and the sentiments and blessings to those to whom the paper was addressed. This association also deposited in the box a bound vol., Junvenile Instructor No. 26, and the three children of Sister Sarah E. Cluff, vol., 25, same publication, a gift to the Primary Association at the time of opening the box.

Sarah E. Cluff read a paper on the first organization of the Relief Society of that ward, which occurred on May 1st, 1868. Gave the names of the officers, and those who made the organization. All important changes were noted, and closing remarks breathed a spirit of love and harmony.

General address written by Delia Ina Booth, and addressed to those who should open the box was read.

Bishop John E. Booth addressed the assembly, expressed his pleasure in and approval of what the sisters were doing. Did not anticipate being present when the box was opened, but could readily perceive that it would be an hour of exquisite joy and sorrow. Was sorry that there were ecclesiastical organizations in the ward as well as

individuals who were not represented, and fancied that some who came to see the box opened would turn sadly away and feel that they had been forgotten or neglected. Wished to see all the members of the ward drawn close together, and be one in heart.

He was followed by Brother Andrew Watson (Counselor) Sister Mary John, President of all the branches of the Relief Society of Utah Stake, Anna K. Smoot President of the Primary Association, Emily G. Cluff, Counselor to Sister John, and Mary and Agnes Farr, and others.

There was also a history of the ward by Bishop John E. Booth; pictures of the officers of nearly all the Church organizations, books, letters, mementoes etc., deposited in the box. The dedicatory prayer was offered by Bishop Booth, and the honor of finally closing up the box was delegated to Brother William Harrison.

In the evening a fruit festival was given, which was well patronized, and a thorough success.

E. J.

#### W. S. A. REPORT.

On September 28, 1892, the Woman Suffrage Association of Ogden City met in the Educational Institute of the Fifth Ward.

Mrs. E. Y. Stanford presiding at the request of President Brown whose health did not admit of her being present. Sarah Richards offered an appropriate opening prayer, Ella Smith Winters read an essay, her own composition from a back number of the WOMAN'S EXPONENT entitled "Woman's mind equal to man's."

Mary Cole next entertained the ladies with the "Song that reached my heart." This young lady is one of the sweet singers on the Weber and her effort on this occasion was enchanting, it "reached the heart of all."

The Hon. Joseph Stanford was then introduced as having been solicited by the committee to lecture before the association.

This gentlemen said it was well known that he was in sympathy with, and an advocate of woman suffrage and he advised a persistent, firm advocacy on the part of women for the right of franchise. It was woman's privilege to be elevated to the possession and enjoyment of all that man aspired to attain to in an intellectual and useful life. There existed in woman's nature and being all the attributes, faculties and senses to be found in man, why should they remain in her dormant, uncultivated and undeveloped.

It would add much to the sweetness of man's existence and the pleasures and influence of home to make her his companion in the broader sense of the term. He believed that when the sexes come together nearly on an equality in education, where the woman's mind had been trained and informed on all subjects accessible to man that she would make a better wife and mother, than the untutored and uncultivated and consequently ignorant mother could possibly do; posterity would also be benefited by such equality for as features, traits in character and physical defects are in part transmitted to posterity, so are the good parts and qualities of our being, and what greater boon or legacy can parents confer upon offspring than the benefits derived from their mutually developed mental and moral natures.

The speaker made extensive references to events in the past history of the world in support of the theory of the ability of wo-



man to become the equal of man, also to the experience and philosophy of the professors of anatomy on the brain power of both male and female.

He advised a pacific policy towards the male sex, so as not to antagonize their cause with man by hostile speeches and addresses because some men are opposed to Woman Suffrage, many men did so oppose in all sincerity and honesty, having a high regard for woman and a wish to preserve her especially from the crude, ungovernable passions and unclean distasteful habits exhibited by many men who engaged in political and other pursuits common to public life; such opponents at the present overlook the fact that woman's presence would cleanse and purify the ranks and elevate the tastes and feelings above such practices.

He remembered as good doctrine an article in the *Deseret News* suggesting to the ladies of these associations not to ally themselves to either political party, they had nothing to gain by so doing but on the other hand, for reasons which the speaker gave, they might prejudice their cause.

A vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Stanford for his able, instructive and entertaining lecture.

The subject of the World's Fair was then taken up and considered and the ladies present were urged to attend a meeting called by the ladies committee of Weber County to be held in the City Hall on Saturday next.

Vice President, Mrs. Hilliard suggested that the committee on programme arrange for a suitable recognition to be made in reference to the 4th century anniversary of the landing of Columbus, at our next meeting.

The event would be celebrated on the 21st of October throughout the whole of America. Several new members were added to the association. By the attendance at this meeting, much the largest ever held in Ogden, it was evident that an increased interest is being awakened in the rights of woman in this locality.

Meeting adjourned for one month.

LIZZIE STANFORD, Sec.

#### PACIFIC COAST WOMEN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION.

THE P. C. Women's Press Club, of San Francisco, has some very fine types of womanhood in its enrollment. As I dropped into its annual convention, now being held in that city, I scanned the faces with a good deal of interest and listened with a good deal more to the remarks that followed one another in quick succession.

The afternoon was devoted to a symposium on the referred resolution of the N. E. A., in May last, and was the subject of much caustic wit, sound sense and a remarkable variety of opinions. The ladies were limited to five-minute speeches, or papers, and were generally within the limits. The resolution, which was virtually laid on the table by the visiting editors, was this, offered by Miss Mary Allen West, Editor of the *Union Signal*, and President of the Ill. W. P. A.

*Resolved.* That we, as an Editorial Association, protest against the publication of details of crime, reports of divorce courts, and other demoralizing matter, and desire to put ourselves on record as recognizing the truth that report of honorable deeds is

as much news as reports of crime, and more worthy of record by the public press.

This referred resolution was left by the junketing editors to die a natural death. The editors were going out that evening, probably under police escort, to the Chinatown slums, or some other equally interesting and filthy city suburb; and, by the way, what is the reason that the Eastern people have such a ravenous appetite to see the slums of San Francisco? Do they return the compliment by trotting out California visitors to their Barbary Coasts? They crowd into the suffocating Chinese theatre and endure smells enough to foster all the microbes that may be floating about, and make nests somewhere about their persons. They tramp up and down alleys and byways, and underground dens, with the most persistent curiosity. And then they say, "Oh, my! how can you endure it?" I believe they generally call the object of their visits "scabs on the body politic," or some other equally euphonious name.

We don't endure it. We don't go to see, hear, taste or smell it. But this is a digression.

Alice Carey Waterman led off in a brisk, pertinent, incisive paper on "Resolutions as Levers," said what she had to say, said it well, covered her points, drove them in and sat down within the time limit. Then the resolution of Miss West was stood up to be snowballed, and the way those women went at it, giving a dig now and then in a sly aside at the National Editorial Association, was a revelation. The Press as an Educator—What constitutes News in a Weekly Paper—News or Gossip?—Theory and Practice—Limitations of a Country Editor—The Survival of the Fittest—News from the Editor's Standpoint—Ditto from the Reader's Standpoint—Reporter, Fashion Editor, Story Writer, Dramatic Critic, etc., etc.—all that goes to make up a paper. Every spoke in its wheel revolved round that resolution. What did they say? What did they not say? They talked to some purpose. Criminal advertisements brought out a scorching, scathing rebuke; those not openly criminal, but the "Massage," the "Fortune teller," the "Meet me at Nine o'clock," the ads. wrapped up in insinuations of how to be beautiful. These were unrolled, and their hidden poison unveiled. It was news to some there, it was evident. But the probes were covered with a delicate lace of words that conveyed meaning without coarseness, that cut to the quick like a surgeon's lance, but were as carefully handled.

The necessity and advantage of news—as news—was discussed with a keen sense of the distinction between news and gossip. The Bible was as full of revelations of sin, murder and licentiousness as of the records of heroism, virtue and righteousness. Cain was there, but Cain's punishment was greater than he could bear. The retribution was held up as well as the crime. Ergo: it was well *not* to hide crime, lest it might escape punishment. Next, news-papers supplied the demand. If the demand was for the prize fight it was the fault of the people, not the paper, What made the paper—the people? or did the public make it?

Sunday papers and their moral or immoral effect on the rising generation, etc.

It was a ringing, clear, loud call for reform. It was a justification of editorial concession. It was an exposé of the control of corporations, of fees to lawyers—shysters, rather—it was a noble defense of the honest

lawyer, of the conscientious controllers of the press. It was an admission of its weakness, it was a supporter of its strength. And who are the women who constitute the strength of this association? Perhaps some day I may individualize them. They are worth it. But they are reticent, modest, do not seek notoriety. There is variety among them, without which there would be no spiciness. Some of them are well known as writers, editors, journalists, authors, poets and philanthropists. Some are unfledged as yet, but they will fly one of these days. They are not all gifted, all wise, all learned, but the material is beyond praise, and the unknown and uninvited visitor passed out with a deep respect and great appreciation of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association.—*The Journalist.*

#### THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

At the business meeting of the National Council of Women of the United States, held in Chicago in May, the resignation of the Vice-President, Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer, was presented and accepted with expressions of regret. Mrs. Clymer's condition of health made it imperative that she should accede to the advice of her physician, and resign all official positions in the various organizations with which she was connected.

Miss Clara Conway, of Memphis, Tenn., was unanimously elected to the vacant office. Miss Conway has accepted the position and looks forward to active participation in the work of the Council, in which she is deeply interested.

RACHEL FOSTER AVERY.

#### NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE organization which has at heart the best interests of the children, the International Kindergarten Union, has entered the National Council of Women of the United States.

The President of the Union is that well-known Kindergartner, Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper of San Francisco, and, through the membership of the Union in the National Council, she becomes a Vice-President of the latter organization, thus adding a valuable co-worker to the Executive Board of the Council.

The Kindergarten Union has shown its wisdom by appointing Mrs. Cooper to represent the Kindergarten idea on the Honorary Committee of the World's Congress of Representative Women to be held next year in Chicago under the joint management of the Woman's Branch of the World's Congress Auxiliary and the National Council of Women.

PUNDITA RAMABAI opened her school in the new home July 26. The editor of the *Bombay Guardian* calls the opening day "a red-letter day," and the *Sharada Sadan* "an accomplished fact." An interesting feature of the evening exercises was an address by Mrs. Ranade, wife of an eminent judge, an orthodox Hindu. The school has now thirty-four child widows and ten non-widows, and it seems to have the confidence and sympathy of the leading people of Bombay.



## WOMAN'S NEWS.

Following are the committees appointed for the new Year for the W. P. A.

## FINANCE.

Nellie B. Eyester, Sarah B. Cooper, Hannah Neall, Agnes Manning, Ruthella S. Bolland, Isabel Raymond.

## PRESS.

Florence P. Matheson, Mary Lambert, Maude Peaslee, Mrs. Sexton, Priscilla Alden, Virginia S. Hilliard.

## PUBLICATION.

Gregory Flesher, E. Hanson, Sarah Reamer, E. D. C. Edholm, Emmeline North.

## VISITING.

Mrs. Geo. T. Gaden, J. O. Newhall, M. R. Johnson, D. W. Gelwicks, S. J. Darling, Marian Taylor.

## PROGRAMME.

Adeline Knapp, Nettie B. Wilcox, Charlotte P. Stetson, Mrs. Endrea, Alice K. Cooley, Alice C. Waterman, Mrs. Shuey, Sarah Pratt Carr, Mary V. Lawrence.

## RECEPTION.

Lillian Plunkett, Ina D. Coolbrith, Marian B. Foster, Hattie Cooper, L. H. Smith, Barbara Knell, Leila Ellis, E. O. Smith, Frances Edgerton, Mary L. Hoffman.

## ENTERTAINMENT.

Mrs. Van Pelt, Lillian Plunkett, Florence Matheson, Mrs. Flesher, Mrs. Gaden, N. B. Eyester, Adeline Knapp.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. T. Gaden (nee Lewis) have arrived from the East. Mrs. Gaden has received the congratulations of her numerous friends and has entered upon the duties of her office that of corresponding Secretary of the W. P. A.

ALMY PRISCILLA ALDEN.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. '92.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

The Woman's Pharmaceutical Association, of Illinois, is planning to conduct a model pharmacy in the Illinois building at the World's Fair.

Mrs. Ethel Gordon Fenwick, a member of the British Royal Commission to the World's Fair, is in Chicago, making arrangements for an exhibit of the methods of nursing in England.

The conference of women workers to be held early in November at Bristol, England, promises to be unusually interesting. Among the papers there will be one by Mrs. Fawcett on suggested amendments of the criminal law.

Miss Romeyn Shaw, the private secretary of Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, is a beautiful and a brilliant woman. She has the common sense of a "down east schoolma'am." She does all the "meeting" and "addressing" of the hundreds of callers at the Woman's Republican headquarters on Fifth avenue. She is an expert stenographer and a careful correspondent.

THE false statements, the half statements, the perversion of facts by which the political parties seek to promote their success, give a sickening sense of something woefully at fault in our State and national

politics. How can the rights of women, or any other just thing, come from men who cannot, or will not, state the opposing side fairly and tell the honest truth?—*Ex.*

WE are glad to know that the law giving women the right to vote for school officers is to go before the Supreme Court in due form. The case is sent up from Mt. Vernon, Ill., where two men were defeated by two women, and they take it to heart. We do not know what are the points at issue, but if it is on its merits the boys will have to stay on the outside.—*Illinois Suffragist.*

ELECTRICITY is measured by volts, ohms, amperes and watts, which terms are now frequently seen in the ordinary periodical. The volt is the unit of electrical pressure; the ohm is the unit of resistance; the ampere is the unit of the strength of the current and the watt is the unit of power. The volt acting upon the ohm produces the ampere and the watt is the unit of strength multiplied by the unit of pressure. A kilowatt is one thousand watts and equivalent to about one and one-third horse power.

A stock company has been formed by the Board of Lady Managers of the World's Fair, and its successful operation will be a boon to women visiting the Fair. The company is known as the Woman's Dormitory Association of the Columbian Exposition. Shares are being sold at \$10 each, no person being allowed to hold more than \$100 worth. Presentation of a certificate entitles the owner to lodging at the apartments of the Association while in attendance at the Fair, the face value of the certificate to be applied toward payment. The holders of certificates are entitled to a share in any profits that may accrue.

Mr. Josiah Quincy was lately interviewed in regard to his opinion on woman suffrage, by the *New York World*. The *World* says:

When he was asked if he thought it was a fine thing for women to be entering the political field and "whooping up" campaign issues for the parties which they favored, he replied: "If you want my opinion, take it down as I give it to you." What follows, therefore, is Mr. Quincy's view on the subject as dictated by himself:

"I am a believer in woman suffrage, and am for any movement which leads up to it. I see no objection to the participation of women in politics. I believe it would be a wholesome and beneficial thing if more political thought and interest could be stimulated among them.

"In spite of women having no votes they possess important influence on any subject to which they may devote their attention, and they help in the promotion of public opinion.—*Ex.*

## Class in Obstetrics.

DR ROMANIA B. PRATT

Will commence another Class in Obstetrics about NOVEMBER 15. A few situations for Nurses are open in the hospital.

For further information inquire of Dr. PRATT, Deseret Hospital.

DOCTOR MATTIE HUGHES CANNON,

Office: 11 South, First West Street.

Office practice for Diseases of Women from 2 until 4 p. m.

Dr. Maggie C. Shipp

Will commence her Winter Class in Obstetrics and Nursing on Monday, October 24.

Address: Dr. Shipp, 18 Main S

Telephone 383.

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# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

*The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of all Nations.*

VOL. 21.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DECEMBER 1, 1892.

NO. 11.

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EDITORIAL.—Women and the World's Fair. Editorial Notes. A Happy Event. Wedding Bells.

POETRY.—The Green Street—Josephine Spencer. Only a Year Ago—Hyacinth.

## THE GREEN STREET.

OF the ways I wandered o'er  
In enchanted days of yore—  
I love best a verdant street  
Traversed by my childish feet.

It was long, and straight, and wide—  
Grass grown thick on either side  
Of a road that ran between—  
Slim gray rill through shores of green.

On one side a low stone wall  
O'er whose rim the rise and fall  
Of the wheat-fields tidal—flow  
Shimmered in the summer's glow.

And along their outer edge,  
Leaning on the wall's slim ledge—  
Near the gaps by bold hands made  
In some well requited raid—

Peach trees—pink with spring's pale flush,  
Or with ripe fruits crimson blush  
Made a still, sweet, stir of bloom  
In the street's green-silenced gloom.

I have trod it oft at dawn,  
When along its way were drawn—  
At my fancy's beckonings—  
Cavalcades of queens and kings;

Princes proud, and barons bold,  
With a blaze of green and gold—  
Come in pomp of princely state  
All to make my day elate.

Then at twilight I have known  
Every mound and hollow grown  
Populous with elfin throngs,  
Holding fete with dance and songs.

But the eerie shades of night  
Made the streets a place of blight  
Sprites of doom and shapes of dread  
Trod its thorough fare instead.

Oft our childish steps have stayed  
Long without the lonely glade  
Faltering long, in doubt to choose  
In the dusk's conjuring hues—

Human foes that ambushed lay  
In the street to bar our way—  
Or those things of darker fear,  
Rustling in the cornfield near,—

Which our shrinking forms must brush  
Should we brave its vibrant hush:—  
Shapes that kept our way beside  
As we swam the wheats' deep tide—

Counting every yard a league,  
Bristling thick with still intrigue—  
Ere we reached all safe and whole  
Fond home-roof that made our goal.

Gray old roof! thy gables too,  
Knew the streets' familiar view—  
Glimpsing through intricacies  
Of the tall box-elder trees.

And thy many porches made  
Grateful gift of summer shade  
At the end of its green path  
Bare in sunshine's amber bath.

Some few rods from off the road  
That green orchard forest showed  
At whose edge a long path wound  
To the homestead's farthest bound;—

Down beyond the barn, whose walls  
Saw our gayest festivals;—  
To the spring, whose crystal tent  
Pitched amid the field's extent

Drew the hordes of rushes tall—  
Sweet-briar-wild-rose-bush, and all  
The lank grasses there to drink  
At its silver-bubbled brink.

Childhood's home! how fond and fast  
Memories of thy ways file past  
My heart's open window-pane,  
Bringing back thy days again.

Years have passed; the verdant street,  
Worn with tread of many feet,  
Lies—a dusty, common way—  
Beaten down from green to gray.

Now a depot's busy mart  
Claims the orchard's quiet heart;  
Where the wheat-wands waved, there lies  
A prone field of steels and ties—

In whose maze, with hootings dire,  
Gowlish things with eyes of fire—  
Serpent-shapes, with dragon guide,  
Day and night unceasing glide.

But no longer in the dawn  
Princely retinues are drawn;  
And no rush of fairy feet  
Fill the spaces of the street.

Passed the quaint and quiet life,—  
Blotted out in noise and strife;—  
And the romance of its time  
Shut in these blind walls of rhyme.

JOSEPHINE SPENCER.

## IN RURAL ENGLAND.

### XXVI.

THE sacred ceremony performed, the trying ordeal passed, Uncle Rob giving the bride away, and the leave-takings over—the grand old family coach was at the door with its handsome white horses and appurtenances for it bore the "Walton Arms." Lady Anna who was still Lady Anna in her beautiful personality with all the sweetness and grace of her own dear self—without so much as a wedding breakfast (as in these days) was handed to a seat in the coach of Lord Walton's family; young Walton the proud bridegroom following in haste, as though afraid at the last moment of losing his prize. Mrs. Bland wept profusely, she had never shed so many tears since her mother's funeral. She could scarcely account for it herself and her husband was very much annoyed. Uncle Rob thought

it uncalled for, and Clair who sympathized most with her, wondered why she should weep like that when his own grief was quite as real although not so demonstrative.

Lady Anna was perfectly happy; she was not one who cared much for wealth and popularity, nor did she know how necessary it was to her happiness and well-being in society. She had never yet comprehended those great and homely truths that so affect our lives temporally *viz.* the social conditions.

In the possession of her heart's desire, the wife of the man of her choice, this innocent-minded young maiden felt such perfect happiness and security, that all else and all other friends, home, the paternal mansion, and its associations were momentarily forgotten. Her parting from cousin Jane to whom she owed so much was as nothing at such a time but to Jane Bland it was painful. She did not even remember that her destination would be among Clair's native mountains, she only rejoiced in the beautiful present, perhaps it was as well; yet it was painful to those who were left behind, who loved her for herself, her native goodness, her personal worth and genuine qualities. The servants threw pecks of rice after her and the old house-keeper sent not only an old shoe flying after her, but horse-shoes as well, even more than one.

After the coach had gone quite out of sight, and the relatives of the family of the late Baronet had spent themselves in gossip about the affair, the breakfast was announced and Uncle Rob, Clair, Doctor Bland and wife, the Bishop and Rector with all the guests from a distance, including Lady Walton, and some of the Walton relatives, gathered around the table, to partake the wedding feast. Gloomy enough too for the absence of the bridal party cast a shadow over the sumptuous morning meal, even though all present seemed anxious to make the best of it. A strange melancholy settled down upon the company, and not all the witticisms and reminiscences of the older relatives could dispel the settled conviction that many of them seemed to feel that the change now made, would not be the only radical one within a short time. The subject of the future being brought up each one seemed willing to respond or to give an opinion and the universal verdict was that never again would they meet in that old ruin; many things pointed in the direction of some new and unknown changes, that were incomprehensible, a quiet observer might see several of those most interested, had strange presentiments in regard to the future.

The wedding breakfast over, the party gathered in the drawing-room and conversation became more general. A bright fire of hard wood glowed cheerily and lighted up the heavy dark mahogany furniture and sombre wainscoted walls. Wine, fruits and nuts were upon the table, for dessert was to be served there that the servants and old retainers might come in to partake the breakfast, perhaps it was the exhilaration of the wine that made the company grow familiar and loosed their tongues. Uncle Rob



Harrison appealing to Mrs. Bland inquired her view of the condition of the family and the Castle and also of Clair's leaving it to go abroad with him. "And where would you wander, and how long keep him from home, it seems to me a young man just entering upon the duties of a vast estate, has obligations to fill that require close attention, a year or two hence he might be better prepared, when he has repaired the house and made himself familiar with the position he is to occupy in public life."

The reply was, "Now is his time he is free and untrammelled in every way, he is totally unfit as far as experience goes and would possibly make some serious mistakes, having no adviser to look into his affairs and give counsel, and the lodgekeeper who knows every foot of the place could manage as he did in your Uncle's time, and when Clair has had the advantage of travel and observation, he will have greater influence in the County and be more of a man among men, at present he is only an inexperienced stripling."

"Yet he is older than Anna who has assumed a position of such vital importance, my heart goes out to her in tender pity, and some way I cannot help feeling how much she needs a woman's advice, dear Anna she is one of the most dependent creatures, and has less idea of the world than any girl I have ever seen, she is impulsive and generous, trusts implicitly where she has given her confidence, and I tremble for her reason, were she deceived by one she loved and believed in."

"You speak as though you entertained positive fears of evil, is not young Walton the soul of truth and honor, would he deceive or wrong a woman; If I had any doubts of his devotion, I would never have given that innocent, confiding, young cousin of mine into his care I assure you Mrs. Bland. I love her as my own sister or daughter, I will see to it that her happiness is not wrecked as I live," and so excited did he become that Jane Bland feared the Waltons, who were at the other side of the long, low room would hear the remark. Dr. Bland who had remained silent until then, broke in saying, "It is only the sadness of the farewell that has wrought upon my wife's emotions Mr. Harrison it causes to her look upon the dark side, she loved Anna with her whole soul, so much indeed that she almost felt it wrong to have a home of her own. I had hard work to persuade her that she needed companionship; her life here was very exciting, and she is of a nervous and susceptible as well as emotional temperament."

Finding her husband so good a champion Mrs. Bland left him the field with Mr. Harrison, and turning to Clair asked him where they intended going. "To the West Indies I believe," he replied as Mr. Harrison has seen the East Indies he seems anxious now to explore the West."

"And are you sure you can endure all sorts of weather like one used to all climates?" "Now don't begin to worry over me. I'll take chances; I could go anywhere with such a friend, and he is so lonely I'm sure he has had some great sorrow in his life, been deceived by a woman perhaps."

"Don't say that Clair, don't become embittered toward the other sex, through a misanthrope, I hope you will marry some genuinely good young girl, and rebuild this castle, it would be so much better for all the people around, and for your cousin too who would be so much happier to see a

little life in the dear old place, I have a particular regard for this old ruin notwithstanding its dilapidated condition, and all the changes that have transpired."

"If I return safe, of which I have no doubt, I will gratify you as far as the old ruin is concerned, and make myself as popular as possible with the people hereabouts; entertain in a hospitable fashion and keep up a style becoming the dignity of the Hilliard estate."

"And perpetuate the ancestral name and title cousin Clair, you are the last in the male line of the name, and I have some pride in that matter, it being my mother's name, and she thought it one of the best old English names in the realm, and often told me of her great grandfather Hilliard who was one of the old feudal Baron's and kept his strongholds and drawbridge and brooked no interference from the Knights and Lords who encountered his displeasure."

The morning wore away and the Waltons and all other guests took their leave; Dr. and Mrs. Bland lingered later and finally bade a reluctant goodbye to Clair and Uncle Rob who were to leave for London the next morning. It was the last family party that ever assembled in that old mansion, where generation after generation had been born and bred and gone forth to make a place in the world. Often Jane Bland had reflected on the past, her mother's youthful days in that once palatial place, now so ruined and desolate. Frequently after it was entirely deserted except by the people in charge, Mrs. Bland would stroll thro' the grounds and venturing in would make a tour of the empty rooms recalling the visions of the shadowy past, and in her happier moods the halcyon days of yore, when gaiety and festivity held sway. That last morning made an impression upon Rob Harrison and Clair that they never forgot in after years.

#### SOCIAL REUNION.

THE first social reunion under the direction of the newly-elected officers of the "P. C. W. P. A." occurred Monday last. The programme was in the care of the new chairman of the Programme Committee, Miss Adeline E. Knapp of the "Call." She proved the right one in the right place, and further demonstrated what brilliant achievements lie in the wake of journalistic leadership. The social was well attended and voted a pronounced success, a feature of it being the bright, spirited papers that aroused good fellowship, rather than a vein of gloomy reminiscent adventures that only revive hideous nightmares. The opening address was by the president, Emily Browne Powell, her subject being the origin of clubs. In her own racy descriptive style she carried her hearers to "The Mermaid Inn," where Shakespere and kindred spirits made their rendezvous and in social enjoyment coined gems of imperishable thought that survives them as monuments of their genius. Tersely she reviewed the growth of clubs, especially calling attention to women's first venture in that line, and closed only too soon her interesting discourse with a hope and abiding faith that their future would be a never-ending success. At the conclusion of that address and the social, which she managed with parliamentary dignity, the association felt more assured than ever that their choice of executive officer could not

be improved. Adeline E. Knapp, chairman of the Programme Committee, made a neat address in assuming the responsible position confided to her, and outlined her policy for her period of office. She declared she would prohibit the airing of fads for the selfish enjoyment of perhaps a few at the skirmishing for literary or eccentric lions to show our prowess we had in trapping such curiosities, knew the association had sufficient talent to entertain and proposed using it. Her address was well received and her ideas generously applauded. Mrs. Hannah Neal gave reminiscences of Whittier, her tribute being that he was sinless, spotless, immaculate. Miss Kelly Keshner delivered a bright descriptive piece, "Kentucky Belle," with dramatic effect and pleasing manner. Mrs. Helen G. Fisher spoke of the vicissitudes of a literary profession, and with heroism said every disappointment nerved her to greater exertion, and always ended in accomplishing her aim. The review was enjoyable and entertaining. A bulletin issued monthly, containing a record of the workings of the members, is a suggestion of Miss Knapp's that will ere long know fruition. If the success of this, the first social, presages the future, our club-room will scarce accommodate the guests seeking cards of admission.—*The Journalist.*

#### N. A. W. S. A.

THE XXV Annual Meeting of the National American Woman Suffrage Association will be held in Washington, D. C., January 15-19 in Metzertts Music Hall on F. St. This beautiful new hall seats about fifteen hundred people, and in addition to this hall for the evening meetings, we have the use of a smaller hall in the same building for our delegate sessions and Executive sessions. The advantage of this will be readily seen by those who remember the discomforts of last year when the banners placed for the State delegations had to be removed in the evenings.

Dr. Buckley has been invited by the program Committee to the Convention, and it is greatly to be regretted that he cannot be induced to accept the invitation.

Hon. Carroll D. Wright has accepted an invitation to be present at the XXVth Annual Convention of the National American Women Suffrage Association, and will speak on women in industry. His well known interest in this subject and his ability to present the same, makes him a valuable acquisition to our program. Rev. David Gregg of Brooklyn has been invited to speak also.

The Trunk Line Association has granted the reduction of a fare and a third for a round trip over lines in their territory. For further particulars concerning R. R. rates please address the R. R. Secretary, Nicolas Shaw, Somerton, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Bessie Boon Cheshire is Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, and Mrs. Ella M. S. Marble, Chairman of the Committee on Local Arrangements. Both of these ladies may be addressed at the Headquarters, 1328 I. St., Washington, D. C.

COR. SEC. N. A. W. S. A.

THE *Woman's Chronicle* thinks there should be a crusade started "against the supercilious manner in which the Associated Press dispatches report all meetings of women."



## ONLY A YEAR AGO.

The noon-day sun wends its golden way,  
Far across the deep'ning blue;  
The twilight hour with its soft'ning ray,  
Imparts but a gentler hue.  
Silently over the fading day,  
Unheeding falls the dew,  
Changing its robes to the somber gray  
Of the by gone days I knew,  
Only a year ago.

Lonely and shrill rings the wild-bird's cry,  
Through autumnal trees so drear,  
Making the shades of the dark'ning sky,  
Hasten the night hour so near.  
Drearly, sadly the hours pass by,  
From the lone heart falls a tear,  
For the shattered hopes that heavy lie,  
For the dreams I cherished dear,  
Only a year ago.

Gone! Gone! no longer the golden glow  
Through the dying day will dart;  
And the zephyrs breathe in music low,  
A requiem sad and short.  
No more will the joys I longed to know,  
Cause the anguished tears to start;  
The parting day bears with footsteps slow,  
All that clustered round my heart,  
Only a year ago.

Farewell! sweet dream, for the day is dead;  
'Twas by an icy blast slain;  
Over the sorrowful hours now fled,  
Chant but this one sad refrain—  
Farewell! Farewell! o'er the lonely bed,  
Where my cold withered hopes long have  
lain;  
With nothing to mark the farewell said,  
That gave but shadows and pain,  
Only a year ago.

Tread softly around the new-made grave,  
With its buried contents deep;  
Lift not the mantles that o'er it wave,  
The long, mournful watch to keep.  
Would that my memory ceased to crave,  
And my heart forget to weep,  
For the vanished year and all it gave,  
All I lost and sought to reap,  
Only a year ago.

ALPINE, Nov. 1892.

HYACINTH,

## A TRIP TO ENGLAND.

[Continued.]

I ALWAYS slept splendidly while on my voyage, scarcely ever waking from the time my head touched the pillow, until the getting up bell sounded in the morning. But the getting up, dressing and washing etc. was the performance that I did not enjoy. After a long and severe struggle with myself I would conclude that it was really time for me to leave my couch, or sometimes Mrs. M. would come in to wish me good morning, thus shaming me into leaving it, and I would forthwith proceed to climb over the side of the berth on to the floor, where immediately, without any effort whatever on my part, I was slid across the room to the little hard couch before mentioned, where my clothes were deposited, and if I was thoroughly awake and ready for the sport, I might prove successful in making a grab for them before sliding back to the berth; but if perchance the first time I made a misgrab, there was yet another chance for me, as it would not be more than a minute before I would find myself *en route* for the couch again, then to the berth and then to the couch alternately. If my stomach had been in proper order,

the performance might have been considered somewhat amusing, and I might perhaps have been fired with ambition to become expert at dressing under trying circumstances, but as the matter stood, these continued excursions back and forth, only aggravated my condition, and I was obliged every now and then to lie down during a number of these excursions. But even after the dressing part was accomplished, it required a great deal of manœuvring and holding on like grim death, to keep in one place long enough to get washed; this second performance completed a fresh start must be made in order to get my hair combed and twisted up in some style or other, and after the whole fatiguing process was gone through with, it required considerable resolution to get upon deck instead of giving in to the feeling of exhaustion and lying down for an hour or two, I always found my faithful companion waiting to offer his arm for a promenade when I put in an appearance on deck. This refreshing exercise always produced the desired effect, that of making me feel better. Whether rain or shine, calm or rough, a brisk promenade up and down the deck, would never fail to revive us.

All the passengers indulged in this exercise and it was quite amusing to watch them pair off two and two so long as the ladies held out, but as there were more gentlemen than ladies, some of them must necessarily be left without fair companions, which fact caused a kind of rivalry between them.

As the time passed on we became more familiar with our fellow passengers; engaging in conversation with some of them, and learning bits of the biography of them all, which proved to be quite interesting and altogether contained the necessary elements of a modern romance.

It has been observed by some wisacre, that "Truth is stranger than fiction," and I am almost led to believe that it is verily so.

There was the young and apparently enthusiastic Baptist Minister who was bound for a mission up the Congo river, I did not envy him, tho' admiring his enthusiasm and devotion in the cause which he had espoused. Next, the stately sun-browned sea captain who abstractedly paced the deck seemingly lost in meditation. We learned that his ship had been wrecked on the Pacific ocean, his crew lost, while he himself barely escaped in a life boat to an island, where he was forced to remain, like Robinson Crusoe, tho' happily not so long, until a passing vessel should pick him up. He had traveled across continent and was then making his way homeward.

Then there was the traveled English gentleman whose roving propensities would not permit him to remain contentedly at home amid his family and friends in his native land for any length of time together. He was then just fresh from Mexico, and wore some odd Mexican arrangement made of shell material which answered instead of an overcoat. He looked very dignified with his grey hair and tanned skin, as he too paced the deck, ever complaining of the cold, while the rest of the passengers felt to rejoice as they basked in the warm rays of the sun. There was also a young and in his line, successful artist, who was returning to home and mother in search of a healing balm to apply to a great wound lately made by the one he had called wife.

She had eloped with a, perhaps, "handsomer man," and not being satisfied with leaving his bed and board, had endeavored to wrest from the poor fellow, the greater part of his worldly possessions, amounting to \$50,000.

Of course we had only one side of the story, and considering the circumstances, he certainly seemed remarkably cheerfully and to all appearances enjoyed himself as much as any one on board.

We had also a very fair specimen of a political sycophant, a mean groveling tool used by any political schemer who would reward his servility most liberally. At least this was the character deduced from his own statements. He was on his way to France, no doubt in the interest of some scheme which would not bear the penetrating light of day upon it. His manner was smooth and warm, greeting all the ladies as if they were special friends.

Another man was seeking the land of his nativity to obtain if possible consolation for the loss of his wife and five children who had crossed the "Mystic River" but two months before, smitten by some epidemic that had swept through New York.

Next in order was the young English dude after the Lord Dundreary style, who was just returning from Florida where he had lately superintended the setting out of an orange plantation. He also was the happy possessor of a youthful crocodile with which he often amused himself as well as some of the other passengers when he became weary of the bar.

Next to the dude, may be mentioned the young Irishman with his wife and little son whom they called Brewster. He was supposed to be the younger son of an aristocratic family, and though apparently possessing not even ordinary attractiveness, he had succeeded in procuring for his life's companion, one of New York's heiresses, and they were *en route* for his estate in Ireland. The ladies were a Miss S. who had been visiting friends in America and was then returning to her home in Scarsborough, to her the good natured jolly Purser of the boat paid his particular addresses, and the political rogue when he had a chance.

Mrs. B.—an ideal English woman with plump rosy cheeks and splendid "sea legs" as the captain would say, a picture of health to all appearance but who nevertheless posed as an invalid and was taking the voyage for her health, with her high and fiery tempered little daughter Elsie, who cut up shines every once in a while.

Miss E.—a young German girl from New York, who had completely captivatee the young Irish ship doctor, whose name was Fitzgerald; I found it highly amusing to watch them from the corner of one eye, as they indulged in their little *tete a tetes* on the deck. Beside there was the consumptive man whose voyage terminated in the great beyond; he was lowered in the mighty deep.

Captain Rigby, who hadn't much to say to any body, and the company of Mormons consisting of five ladies and as many gentlemen, completed the list of cabin passengers. And doubtless our party furnished as much food for reflection and cause for amusement to the other passengers, as the said passengers furnished for us.

MISS FANNIE MITCHELL, of Athens, Ga., is writing a history of Athens during the civil war.



# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

EMMELINE B. WELLS, - - - Editor.

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## WOMEN AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THE World's Fair work in Utah is progressing surely if not so rapidly as in some other parts of the country. We hear good reports of work, from some of the County organizations, and the meetings are regular and the women generally are becoming interested as enthusiastic audiences testify. Utah certainly should make a fine showing in minerals, fruits, and in education proper, and especially in the line of music. Unfortunately the mountains cannot be moved thither, or the Lake either, and these being the chief attractions of the country, places Utah at a disadvantage, but surely there must be some peculiar product, industry or enterprise to represent that will bring celebrity.

However if it is but little that can be done first and foremost let it be done well, let quality and excellence be the criterion instead of size or quantity. Remember nothing shoddy, or of poor material, or inferior work can pass muster. Bear this in mind in all that is done.

In Salt Lake County the committees in the different departments of work and research are pretty well organized, and consist of some of the ablest and best informed women in the City, and they certainly are qualified to accomplish all it is possible to do, to make a creditable representation of whatever is suitable for the exhibit in the Columbian Exposition. It should be the ambition of every woman who loves her country and her home to assist in this laudable undertaking.

The advantages it will give to women all over the world cannot be too highly estimated. Even in the little that has been done here already one can see the awakening to thought, and the resolve to become better educated individually and generally, on all matters pertaining to the exhibits to be made by the world at large, the history of countries, and the laws and customs of ancient and modern nations.

This among women whose school days are over, and who now actively engage not only collecting material for exhibits, but

knowledge of various things and kinds, amounts to a diffusive strengthening of woman's powers that must necessarily result in good. Every woman also who takes hold of the work will be materially benefited, her views of mankind and womankind enlarged, and her opinions broadened and the standard of her judgment become better and higher.

This work is bringing women into a nearness of contact that will increase confidence, and a more universal sisterhood will be established by the association and relation of this vast army of workers.

There is very little time left in which to work, things have really been put off until the eleventh hour, but it is to be hoped though Utah may be late she will be fully equipped, and will receive her proportion of the benefits of this occasion that marks the centuries of progress as well as of time. One of the greatest phenomena of the age will be the immense strides made by women in many, if not nearly all countries as compared to the circumstances and conditions in former times. In many branches of industrial arts, in knowledge, scientific and useful, or domestic, women are competing with men and frequently excel, and the world still remains in its sphere and orbit and is not turned upside down, nor are the laws of nature reversed.

If anything could be said to more strongly emphasize the fact of efficient and active service for the public good in the World's Fair matters, we should be only too glad to help push the enterprise forward; every individual woman, who has time and means at her command should use her best energies to assist the movement and make it a complete success, that she and all others may look back upon the representation with pride in after years.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Relief Society Conference of this Stake will be held in the 14th Ward Assembly Rooms on Friday Dec. 16, 1892 commencing as usual at 10, A. M. and at 2 p. m. as this is an important time in view of the near approach of the World's Fair and the representation all women's organizations are expected to make, it is essential that there should be as full an attendance of officers and members from all parts of the county as possible, that the teaching and instruction may be understood alike by all.

A NUMBER of death notices and other matter are again left out for want of space. A story "Angelina" which is partly in type, will appear in the Christmas number which will be made as attractive as possible. The World's Fair work in this Territory, must have place now as there is very little time in which to accomplish a great deal. From Sanpete County President we learn that clubs have been organized in every town and village. The women there intend to keep up with the times. In West and North Jordan these clubs have been organized and an appointment is out for Sandy for Saturday Dec. 10. There are many

other places to be visited yet in this interest, and it is desirable that the woman in each locality do some thinking on their own account in order to dispatch the work after the organization is effected.

### U. W. P. CLUB.

THE U. W. P. Club held its first annual meeting Oct. 31st, Mrs. E. B. Wells presiding. Prayer Dr. Romania B. Pratt, Roll call responded to by original verses; minutes of the previous meeting read and approved. Treasurer's report for the year read and accepted. Unfinished business, motto and badge; Mrs Fox's idea regarding the same. A small medal the size of a five dollar gold piece, with the initials U. W. P. C. in raised letters on the surface, and a small ring attached so that it might be worn as a charm, or an attachment to breast-pin or bracelet. Mrs. C. C. R. Wells suggested a scroll to be used in the same way. Subject left for farther consideration.

Mrs. Georgianna Young and Dr. Maggie C. Shipp were voted in as members of the club.

Officers for the ensuing year were then sustained or elected in the following order. Mrs. E. B. Wells President, Mrs. Phebe C. Young first Vice President, Mrs. L. G. Richards second Vice President, Susa Y. Gates, of Utah Co. and M. A. Y. Greenhalgh of Millard Co. Vice Presidents at large, Miss Gladys Woodmansee Secretary, Mrs. C. C. R. Wells Assistant Secretary, Mrs. Annie W. Cannon Cor. Secretary, Josephine Spencer Ass't Cor. Secretary, Ruth M. Fox Treasurer, Dr. R. B. Pratt Auditor.

Notice was given of the intended amendment of the constitution. Preliminary business being disposed of, the programme was carried out as follows: continuation of "A Trip to England," by G. Woodmansee. Humorous poem, composed and read by R. M. Fox, original poem read by Josephine Spencer.

Mrs. E. B. Wells briefly spoke regarding the general conduct of women during strikes, and then read a letter from Dr. Ellis R. Shipp, descriptive of her journey to Ann Arbor, and named many of the interesting and characteristic features of that University town.

Dainty refreshments were then partaken of.

Programme for next meeting continuation of "A Trip to Alaska" Miss N. V. Davis, poem R. M. Fox, Mrs. E. B. Wells an article on "Halloween", Dr. Maggie Shipp an article on "Thanks giving," Mrs. Phebe C. Young on "Liberty Park" Lillie Freeze an article on the "World's Fair." Roll call to be responded to by original sentiments. Benediction Mary A. Freeze.

### WOMAN'S WORK ON THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

#### II

WE procured a carriage at the wharf and were on our way to the Branch President's house, when a breakage in our vehicle necessitated us trying our ability at pedestrianism in which we were successful, as our attendants carried our luggage. It was well we had prepared our minds for whatever we might have to endure else the appearance of our first stopping place might have weakened our desire to continue on our journey, knowing that this was the



largest and most modernly inhabited of any village through which we were to pass—but what was modern civilization to us at that time; our visits were to those who have been deprived of a knowledge of modern improvements and who are content with such comforts as nature herself provides. And after carefully scanning the respective corners of our bed in search of centipedes, and feeling assured that mosquitoes would be our worst torment (and we were told that they were not bad in this district) we enjoyed a sweet though short repose, feeling grateful for such comfort as we were receiving. The morning brought with it rain instead of sunshine, which the natives said, was like us, "a stranger" to the place; but the heavens were pleased and showered their blessings on the parched vegetation. Our breakfast consisted of salt meat, onions and *poi*, which we partook of gratefully if not heartily, endeavoring to mold our fastidious appetites to whatever was provided for us. Many of the natives who had heard of our arrival called to see us. The President of the R. S. Mrs. Lilia West being one of the number. She had prepared for us staying at her home and heedless of the torrents which continued to fall, she and *Kaluapalaoa*, our native assistant, went to procure a carriage for Sister Thurber myself and baby, and soon we found ourselves in more clean and comfortable quarters; with a welcome that made us feel that we were at home again. After partaking of a nice warm meal in *haole* (white) style we walked out to view the surroundings; the rain had ceased and the sun was shining brightly, and our present elevated situation enabled us to overlook the entire village in the calm capacious bay to the towering mountains of *Mauna Kea*, 13,805 feet above sea level 'neath whose brow we were now sheltered and *Mauna Loa* 13,650 feet whose somber greatness together with the picturesque town of Hilo slumbering in its shades of foliage nestled low by the waters edge with its rippling waterfalls glistening in the sunlight, added to the novelty of the scene. On the left is the famous pleasure resort *Halekainehē* (house by the murmuring sea) just opposite the pretty cocoanut island a tempting place for an ideal seaside home. How we strained our eyes with the hopes of seeing just the smoke of the famous volcano of *Kilanea* now thirty miles in the distance, and how we would have enjoyed a trip there had we not felt that we must be about our "Father's business." The natives were busy in preparing for our meeting on the morrow and the day passed pleasantly in visiting, writing and in viewing the beauties of nature. Our meeting on Saturday the 13th was attended with success and the spirit manifest in appreciation of our visit was very gratifying. At the close of the meeting a native *luan* (feast) was enjoyed by all present, a description of which has often been given through the columns of your paper. Early next morning we mounted our horses in Hawaiian style, and our company now seven in number commenced its arduous journey on horseback. The town had a very pretty appearance after the heavy rainfall and the moss-covered rock wall around the Court-house, and many of the old residences forcibly reminded me of Portland. The *Wailuku* river which rises on *Mauna Kea* and flows through the town has many pretty tributaries which terminate in waterfalls.

The steel extension bridge across a

picturesque little gulch which opens in a small bay is a place of special attraction. Here the natives were spending the Sabbath riding in on the breakers. The cane fields begin at Hilo and are almost unbroken for the next 90 miles. At ten o'clock we were at *Aleamai* where we stopped and held meeting. The natives were already awaiting our arrival, and listened attentively to all that was said. After meeting, fresh horses were procured and we went on to *Kahuwa* a distance of four miles commencing our journey over the land of gulches. Our stopping place was again far upon the mountain-side overlooking the surrounding country which was now one vast table-land sloping towards the sea, and is much cut up with gulches. The high altitude and bracing air sharpened our appetites for *poi* and for the first time we enjoyed it as well as our much needed rest. The next day we held meeting with the folks and as usual had to go about a mile and a half to the meeting house, after meeting we again enjoyed a feast on the good things of Hawaii, and returned feeling encouraged in our attempt to arouse the sisters to a sense of duty. Next morning with a fresh cavalry we started out for a longer ride than usual fifteen miles over tableland and through gulches many of which are from 200 feet to 300 feet high where the road crosses, extending almost perpendicularly both above and below the crossing, the road finding its difficult way down the face of the pali. The water used in the cane field on the tableland above is carried over the gulches in flumes of trussel work from five hundred to nearly one thousand feet in height, and they have the appearance of net work across the mouth of the gulch. The natural beauty of these gulches cannot easily be described. They are filled with tropical vegetation, fern *olia's kukui ti puhala*, bread, fruit, trees, etc. artistically arranged by nature's hand.

Night brought us to *Veloka* tired and exhausted to a home where no food awaited us, nor was it to be purchased at that place, for exceptional to the rule there were no stores in this vicinity, but I was too sick to think about food. I asked for a bed, and was glad to have my request granted. *Kaluapalaoa* was troubled lest we should suffer with hunger. We had a little condensed milk and a few crackers which we had brought for baby, and which Sister Thurber kindly prepared for him. He had been without food since early morning, and for the first time had cried with hunger and fatigue. *Kalua* asked if we could eat such as could be obtained. We told her we could, and about nine o'clock a piece of half cooked *hee* (devil fish) and a bowl of sour *poi* was brought to our bedside. We were glad when morning came, but were late in getting started as horses were hard to catch. We partook of such as was set before us and were glad to again be on our journey. Another fifteen miles over similar roads and scenery brought us to *Aleakili*. We were in hopes of meeting better accommodations, but our experience taught us that where there was no Relief Society, the people were poorly prepared to care for those who might travel among them, and through the experience we had gained we brought with us a little canned meat which with sweet potatoes composed our supper. We expected a meeting with the sisters, but the president of the branch, informed us they had nearly all left, and the remainder so

scattered that meetings could not be held. We next went to *Paauhau* and enjoyed meeting with the sisters. Our traveling was becoming more practical and less novel, but the scenery not less interesting. In the morning we started again without breakfast for an eight mile ride into the *Waipio* valley. This is the first valley since we left Hilo fifty-five miles behind. This place is celebrated for its scenery. It is about three fourth's of a mile in width, and extends into the mountain about twenty miles. The cliffs rise perpendicularly on either side to a height of three thousand feet. The descent into the valley is by a road three-fourths of a mile long running diagonally down the face of the pali. Over these cliffs used to flow the waterfall *Hilawe* 1600 feet high, but the water is now carried in pipes to the plantation *Kukuihaele*. The manner in which we were entertained in this place would take time and space to describe, but the best that was to be had was at our disposal, and the sisters vied in showing us respect. Our meeting was well attended by both brethren and sisters, and was one of the liveliest thus far on our trip. Our evening was spent with the village folks in listening to the sweet songs of the young natives accompanied by the guitars, and we could but say of *Waipio*:—

The twilight approaches, all nature is lovely;  
Neither pencil nor pen can its beauty portray,  
The roar of the ocean, the waterfall's ripple,  
The lofty peaks hiding the sun's latest ray.

The green beds of rice in the *lois* are growing,  
Nestled closely within the river's long bend,  
The flowers are fragrant and great in abundance,  
A joy to our heart they ever will lend.

There are beauties of nature and grandeur surrounding.  
And scenes we'll remember in the future quite well;  
But the grass hut before me all shattered and shabby,  
Is to me of more interest than to you I can tell.

It is there where the Elders have often been sheltered,  
Made welcome, and cheered in their labors of love;  
By this same little flock, who now sit around us,  
I wonder if ever we'll meet thus above.

I deem it a privilege, to my God I am grateful  
To travel the land where their feet have oft trod,  
To lift up my voice with the same proclamation,  
Explaining the teachings of our Savior and God.

To be continued.

#### A PLEASANT JOURNEY.

OFF on the Union Pacific at 6 p. m. off in a rush and a whirl with scarcely time to grasp the hands of our loved ones and bid them a hasty farewell. On this particular occasion the train seemed to start before any one was ready, and such scrambling I never witnessed before, some running to get on and many trying to get off the train, and for a time there was a conflict of the emotions between the saddening sensations of parting and the somewhat comical and exciting manoeuvres of those who feared they would be left and those who were liable to leave home thus uncerimoniously. But a few moments sufficed to restore equilibrium, and we were soon with lightning-like rapidity we are flying as on the wings of the wind, each moment taking us farther from our loved ones, away from our mountain home and the sacred associations and the sweet and peaceful scenes of our childhood. The sad-



dening almost sickening depression of our departure was intensified by evening's deepening gloom. Dusky shadows crept closely upon us, enveloping with sombre mantle the forms of our fellow-passengers. But ere long the brilliant electric light sent forth its cheering rays and we endeavored to collect our thoughts while the brain kept time to the monotone of human voices, and the grinding of iron wheels; occasionally we were started from our reverie by the shrill voice of the iron horse as it galloped fiercely along through hamlet and City, over valley and plain now toiling up the mountain side and again winding through the canyon gorgelong after we were snugly tucked in our berths did the tempestuous whirlings of the brain endeavor to keep pace with the swiftly moving train.

At last weary nature found repose we slept till the morning dawned, and as we looked from our windows, what a transition. No longer could we behold the fertile fields and waving trees of the land of our choice—only barren hills and plains with an occasional glimpse of a railroad town to break the monotony. As we gaze we retrospect—and remember that travelers in this region did not have even these oases to greet them in their weary pilgrimage—methinks I see even now the old covered wagons with one two or perhaps three yoke of oxen and their faithful drivers tramping along-side. So often exhausted and foot-sore but always uncomplaining and cheerful, the good wife sitting in the front end of the wagon sewing or knitting while several children amused themselves in their narrow home over the rough unbroken roads. Along the narrow defiles up the steep mountain side and oftimes fording the deep swift running stream—slowly tediously plodding day after day, sometimes traveling only thirty miles or less from early morn till close of day and oftimes a whole week of such days would pass without even a glimpse of human habitation.

Denver is the first city of any moment, but as we stop but a few minutes there is no time for sight-seeing.

Just before reaching Kansas City we pass through more fruitful scenes and we begin to see wherein man might make a comfortable livelihood by tilling the soil, and our tired eyes are rested by sight of bountiful crops of corn and trees loaded with autumn fruits. In Kansas City we find, that ever-pervading rush and bustle with perhaps on this occasion a little additional, for the City is astir with recent Fair matters. One rather amusing incident that seemed to be attracting considerable attention was an immense ox hitched to a cart, the animal wearing a fancy head-dress of many colored ribbons and driven by a grey haired negro.

Here too we see forcible examples of the marvelous power of electricity as we see the cars glide so gently, and without any perceptible effort up the steepest hillside. After a short rest and with replenished lunch baskets we are once more aboard the train and rushing on to the next important land mark of our journey the far famed Chicago! Who would think in contemplating this Mammoth City with its glorious monuments to men's genius and industry that it, so brief a time since, was mostly a heap of blackened ruins, laid low by the fiery dragon. One would almost think that only fairy fingers could in so short a space of time remove all traces of devastation and erect these colossal structures of modern architec-

ture; and now we have added to these wonders, the marvelous "World's Fair Building;" The average human mind stands in awe while contemplating these vast piles of wood, stone and mortar arranged in rugged and still symmetrical forms. Truly a study for the most æsthetic soul.

Those who have visited Chicago need no description of the crowded thoroughfares and the throngs of crushing, hurrying humanity. In being transferred from the C. and A. to the Chicago and Great Western, our driver in his desire to gain time, attempted to get ahead of other teams; this proved a sad mistake for himself and passengers, as well as the long train of vehicles following; for forty-five minutes we were blockaded and could not move an inch in either direction—with this condition at the present time under ordinary circumstances, what can we expect a few months hence when the great tide of humanity from all parts of the world turn their faces toward the setting sun. After a half day pleasantly employed in sight-seeing, we board the train once more, this time for our final destination.

The suburbs of Chicago are no less interesting than the quiet interior. The commodious farm-homes, green lanes, smooth boulevards, and passing a little farther on, Lake Michigan dashing high against the shores, the white spray at times coming so near that we can almost imagine we feel its moisture on our brows.

We reach Ann Arbor at 9,30 p. m. Saturday, too late to secure permanent quarters so must submit to hotel fare until Monday morning. For whatever the temptation might be, or perchance even an apparent necessity the good people of this Christian and highly intelligent little City could not countenance the breaking of the Sabbath day. An example many of our home folks would do well to follow. On this particular morning as we walked forth to find some of our Utah friends a deep sense of peaceful stillness seemed to prevail even the very atmosphere, for scarcely a leaf stirred and no sound greeted our ears save the occasional ringing of the college bell which strikes not only at the hour, but the half and the quarter. Methinks no more gorgeous scene could greet the eyes than that we beheld in and around the campus—the gathering places of the numerous brain workers of far-famed Ann Arbor. The original plan of the grounds is at once interesting, ingenious, and beautiful. Asphaltum walks, smooth, green lawns, and stately shade trees of great variety the latter showing the venerableness of time, and at present we might fancy the touch of fairy fingers—or might it not be the touch of divinity for what other Artist could give these varied artistic colorings and innumerable shadings of the luxuriant foliage; the maple predominates and its bright yellow and crimson leaves with a background of dark evergreen, and here and there the chestnut of lighter green and brown, makes a picture on our mental vision never to be forgotten.

The campus grounds consist of two or three square blocks and here are situated the College buildings the central figures of interest. The main University building though quite commodious and well adapted for class work is rather plain and common place, and must have been built a long time ago, it is four stories surmounted by a large dome and of a peculiar greyish brown color, has a large hall for state occasions and popular lectures. There is also a large chapel where students are all invited to come and

hear a scriptorial chapter every morning. The remainder of the building is divided into numerous rooms for class exercise principally for literary work, and even the enumeration of the various branches taught there, might be wearisome so we forbear.

The medical building also bears the traces of time—a rather unpretentious building of itself though a number of large Corinthian pillars in the front give it an air of important dignity. This school occupies a high plane in its facilities for medical knowledge, many of the professors having world-wide celebrity in their specialties of practice and teaching, and in addition to these important requisities they are perfect gentlemen showing the most perfect courtesy and consideration to women—giving the same opportunities to both sexes equally; but this is a subject we wish to discuss in a future letter, so we will pass on to the consideration of the various halls of learning. There are special buildings for practical Anatomy Chemistry, Civil Engineering, a magnificent Museum and a grand old library. These are all of more modern architecture and finishing, the latter particularly being a source of great convenience to students in the various departments, it being free to all every day in the week except Sunday of course, and containing extensively ancient and modern literature. One pleasing feature connected therewith is the perfect quiet and good order that is maintained by the hundreds of students that are constantly coming and going—coming here to spend a few moments or hours as the case may be before, between, or after classes, perhaps to look up special points referred to, during the lecture or to prepare for a recitation to come. Not upon the Campus proper but just west across the street is a large stone structure Newberry Hall or the School of Music. A very wealthy lady, Mrs. Newberry of Detroit, bequeathed a large sum of money for its erection and it is certainly a very creditable monument to her generosity.

Ann Arbor may very appropriately be called a College town, for without the University of Michigan it would be quite an insignificant geographical feature. The residences are nearly all frame structures and apparently built for the accommodation of students most houses containing a number of suites, a nice large study room, and a bed-room or alcove separated by heavy chenille curtains and nearly every home you enter shows much taste and skill in the womanly art of home decoration. And here it seems to me the housewife's duties are reduced to a minimum—very rarely do you have to step on the ground, for board or asphaltum walks extend around every block and I don't think I have seen mud or dust since I left home so that one good sweeping and dusting a week is sufficient to keep rooms neat and tidy.

There are some fine buildings on Main Street the business part of the City especially the Court House on the steps of which, the other day, we listened to a Democratic speech from the candidate for Vice President A. Stephenson.

The weather here is simply charming; a more delightful October could not be well imagined, until the last week we have been very comfortable without wraps, and now it is bright and clear, though the air is cold it is bracing. There are at present four thousand students registered at the University so you can well imagine the streets and campus present a lively appearance during the



school days of the week, the great majority of these students are young people but occasionally we see a grey haired matron or gentleman apparently as energetic and enthusiastic as the youngest and most sprightly.

Well I fear I have made this letter too long already; I do not wish to weary you as I have something more I want to say to you in the future. With love to you our dear president, and all the members of the club; I am yours sincerely,

ELLIS R. SHIPP M. D.

### PHYSIOLOGICAL LECTURE.

THE following is a synopsis of a lecture given before the Woman's Hygiene Physiological reform class at Lehi Aug 31, 1892, by a member.

The subject is the period of child-life when development into manhood and womanhood begins.

The little boy and girl may grow up under the same conditions yet you will notice by their walk and talk a difference in their natures. At the age of ten perhaps every thing being normal the boy will display qualities suited to the hardier side of life; the girl will lean to the tender side and so it will be through life. They are not created the same, their vocations in life must necessarily be different in many particulars if they would reach the exalted end intended by their Creator. What is the end intended? That to which I refer, is to become exalted beings as our Creator. But we are dealing now with a preparatory state. Physical, mental and spiritual development. Each has its bearing upon the others and to have the training well balanced must go hand in hand. The little child must be physically mentally and spiritually trained.

Let me speak first of the physical training. God's laws and Nature's laws are perfect and are one. If we govern and are governed by perfect law, is it not reasonable to suppose the results will be most satisfactory?

There are many things to be considered in the physical development. Diet, dress, work, play, rest.

What kind of food shall our maturing children eat? Pickles, pastry, candies and nicknacks? Many do eat such things, but notice the results. On the other hand, give them food made from grain, fruits, vegetables. And in all the plain palatable and digestible forms that wide-awake mothers are capable of preparing, at the same time forbidding stimulants by teaching them the evil effects, being yourself an example and then again notice the results.

How shall they be clothed? Cotton under-wear, long tight waists, garters, thin stockings and tight shoes. Mark the effect?

On the contrary: give them perfect freedom in every part of the body, woolen or silk next the skin; every thing supported from the shoulders; shoes suited in quality to the season. And last though not least, let every part of the body have perfect freedom and be properly protected. Work, play, rest and exercise—all must be governed in wisdom. But I will speak especially of the work.

I think that children should be taught to work. Do not allow idleness for just to the extent it is allowed, it will bring ruin. Give them work but let the work be of such a nature that it will not injure them.

As they advance into their teens, do not put the girl upon her feet and expect her to stand day in and day out, do not put her at the wash-tub or ironing-table three or four days out of every week. If you do it is at a risk of her womanly development.

Now we will take the mental and spiritual training. Great injury is wrought the growing girl by urging her or allowing her, to master her education too early in life. Many of our young girls are exceedingly brilliant and as they discover the beauties of the different branches of knowledge which fill them with so much delight, it is but natural that they will make an effort to master as many of them as possible. They must not be allowed to put too great a strain upon their mental powers, because the mental draws its support from the physical body and if exerted to extremes exhausts the physical organism. The most important organs particularly can be greatly injured and in many instances they are completely robbed of their power to perform their part of the mission of life. If these things were not so often done in ignorance, how many would be the crimes to be accounted for? Is it not a crime to willfully thwart the designs of our Creator?

Among other blessings, God has given womankind one grand mission to perform, namely that of becoming mothers. No invention can cover it. Woman must perform that work herself. And how proud she ought to feel of the distinction; and with what exalted feelings should she inspire the minds of her daughters in regard to their existence: making plain to their minds the plans and designs of our Creator in peopling the earth. For in these tender years of their lives while developing physically they are laying the foundation of their constitution, their character and their future happiness. MARTHA KEELER, Provo.

### W. S. A. SALT LAKE CO.

THE S. L. Co. W. S. A. met as per adjournment in the 13th Ward Assembly Rooms, on Tuesday Oct. 18th, Vice Prest. L. K. Spencer in the chair. Opened by singing "Wyoming," prayer Elizabeth M. Price. Singing "Oh come come away" minutes of previous meeting read and approved. Roll called, the program was rendered as follows: reading by M. A. Freeze, on the duties of mayor, song Maggie Bassett, speech Elizabeth McFarlane, in which she expressed an opinion that it might improve the city government if we had a lady mayor.

M. Y. Dougall echoed the sentiments of the former speaker, and thought if women had more to do with the municipal government, that many of the present evils would not exist.

E. M. Price, speaking of some of the objections to woman suffrage, thought the time would come when the men would be as much ashamed of the present condition of public affairs as they are now, of the ancient "ducking stool."

Vice Prest. N. C. Taylor thought that if women were associated with men in the Court Room, etc. the floors would be kept clean of tobacco juice, and men's feet would stay on the floor, instead of reposing on tables and window-sills.

Ter. Prest. Sarah M. Kimball mentioned some reforms brought about by the Kansas women, when they had a share in the City

government, and thought that if men and women were associated together in this capacity, it would be elevating to both, also that when Utah should present a constitution asking for statehood, justice to women required, that it should contain a clause, conferring equal political rights and privileges on men and women. Said it was woman's province to purify politics, but if she were coming down to the level of some men, it would be a great letting down, we will be known by our fruits.

Short speeches were made by Maria Holt and E. McFarlane. Vice Prest. Phebe C. Young related an incident, where a woman was arrested and cast into prison on suspicion of being intoxicated, and was found dead the next morning with a new born babe by her side; thought that if a police matron had been there, such lack of care would not have been exhibited. Said we could hardly expect that men would be condemned for crimes against women, by men who were guilty of the same crimes themselves.

Dr. E. S. Barney said she favored acting upon principle, rather than policy.

Prest. Howard announced that the next meeting would be for the election of officers and renewal of membership. Mrs. Bassett again delighted the assembly with a sweet song, and the meeting adjourned.

C. C. R. WELLS, Sec.

### A HAPPY EVENT.

MAX sweet content be yours upon life's sea,  
And every day fulfill a dream of bliss,  
Then whatsoever your lot or destiny  
True love will bring you trust and happiness.

In the Manti Temple, November 3rd 1892, Elder Thomas L. Sloan and Miss Edna M. Wells were united in the sacred bonds of marriage. The bride is the youngest daughter of the late Gen. D. H. and Martha G. Wells, and the bridegroom the son of Phebe and the late Edward L. Sloan formerly editor of the Salt Lake Herald etc.

There was no reception given; but the young couple went quietly to housekeeping without the demonstrations usual among the young folks nowadays; though both are very popular in society and received showers of congratulations and some very elegant and choice presents. Everything looks favorable and propitious now for a prosperous voyage on the sea of life; and may their happiness be as complete as it is possible for mortals to enjoy. The bride is popular in society, a gifted, amateur artist and has many other accomplishments; and withal is domestic in her tastes and fond of home; Mr. Sloan possesses those sterling qualities of head and heart that have endeared him to his friends and are essential to success in life.

May their experiences be such as develop the best and truest interests and excellences in the building of a home here and hereafter.

### WEDDING BELLS.

"BUT happy they the happiest of their kind!  
Whom gentle stars unite; and in one fate  
Their hearts, their fortunes and their beings  
blend."

It becomes our duty and a very pleasant one too to record the marriage of Miss Josephine Simmons one of our compositors in this office for some years, and who has also "made up" the forms for the EXPONENT for two or three years past. Miss Simmons is one of the young girls who has made a success of type-setting, and it is our sincere wish that she will be as successful in her wifely duties as she has been in her work here; but we are very well aware it requires more varied talent.

Miss Simmons we feel has begun right. She was married to Albert Wilks an exemplary and upright young man, in the Logan Temple November 2nd 1892.

On the evening of Thursday November 3rd a reception was held at the residence of her mother Mrs. Henrietta Simmons of the 20th Ward this City, which we had the pleasure of attending



There were present most of the members of the Simmons family and several of her grandfather's family, the late Bishop Edwin D. Wooley. A very merry and happy party they made, the bride was animated and witty the bridegroom sedate but apparently intensely happy. The greetings were warm and genuine, and there were kisses in great abundance, from the large assembly of relatives. Quite a handsome crowd, there were matrons, young married people, babies, various kinds of music and recitations were given during the evening and each one seemed willing to contribute something to the enjoyment of the occasion. There were a great number of useful presents, and some very beautiful things given, and the supper was delicious, in the strict sense of the word. In fact there seemed nothing lacking to make the occasion all that a model wedding party should be. The memory of that evening should be ever an agreeable reminiscence in after years.

May the happiness of this young couple increase with their love and respect for each other as time rolls on and in all the experience they may be called to pass through may they rely upon the principles of truth, and have that faith in the Lord and in the Everlasting Gospel which will sustain them through the storm of adversity as well as the sunshine of prosperity.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

IN Glasgow, Scotland, 15,740 women have municipal suffrage.

MISS ALICE STONE BLACKWELL is attending the Woman's Congress at Memphis, Tenn.

It is with much sorrow that we chronicle the defeat, in the Vermont Senate, of the Woman Suffrage Bill which lately passed the House so triumphantly.

DR. MARGARET CLEAVES has been unanimously elected secretary of the Electro-therapeutic Society, of New York, being the first woman to hold this office.

A MEETING of the Executive Committee of the National Council of Women will be held in Chicago, December 14-15. Many matters of importance relating to the World's Congress of Representative Women, to be held under the auspices of the Woman's Branch of the World's Congress Auxiliary and the National Council of Women, will be discussed at this meeting.

FRANCES E WILLARD went to England with Lady Somerset, sailing on the *Majestic*, Nov. 16. She will return to America in April. Miss Anna Gordon, who accompanies Miss Willard, will spend the winter organizing children's work in England.

MRS. GLADSTONE is as young as her husband. Although she is eighty, she has never yet known what it was to need spectacles, and her eyes are as bright as those of a young girl. Sir Andrew Clarke says she ought to be called the Grand Old Woman.

Rev. EDWARD E. Hale seconds Miss Willard's nomination of Jean Ingelow for poet-laureate. He says in the *Boston Commonwealth*: "A queen should have a woman for her laureate. Victoria is to look among the women of England, to know who has written, or who can write, such poems as shall honor a reign, now more than half a century long, which has a literature of its own, as in all other regards it has its own distinctive history. This woman is Jean Ingelow."

THE little adopted son of Mrs. Palmer will press the button that is to send the electric thrill through the great machinery of the Exposition. The little fellow is a Castilian by birth, and the son of an officer in the Spanish Army. He was christened Murillo Castelar Palmer by the great orator and poet, Emilio Castelar.

MISS CLARA BARTON, of Washington,

D. C., of Red Cross fame, is with the Raymond excursion party enroute to California. She is accompanied by Dr. Hubbell and Miss Almon. Miss Barton says that it is probable that the International Red Cross Society will make an elaborate exhibit next year.

Between twenty and thirty women have already registered as students of the post-graduate department at Yale. Yale has received over \$2,000,000 the past year. President Dwight states that a million more has been pledged. The principal bequests have been from the Fayerweather estate, from Mrs. Olive Winchester, of New York, who gave \$100,000 for the erection of the new scientific building, and from Mrs. Osborn, of New York, who also gave Osborn Hall, and who in her will left about \$100,000 to Yale. It is good to enrich Yale. But women, when they bequeath money to educational institutions, should remember the colleges that admit women to all their privileges.

#### OBITUARY.

Editor EXPONENT:

THE grim monster "death" has had another victory, and that will be the theme of this writing.

My beloved wife Louisa, died Friday evening the 28th of October 1892, at 7.30 o'clock, of bilious fever. She was taken sick on the 5th, and after lingering twelve or fourteen days she began to get better, and we had great hopes that she would recover, for on the 19th and 20th she was so much better that she sat up in a chair; but the next day, she took a relapse, and from that on until the following Friday, the day of her death as stated, she was very sick all the time. The Elders were frequently called in to administer to her, and we all did the best we could to exercise faith in her behalf. She was also remembered in our public worship.

The children naturally clung to her life, and would not and could not give her up, for they loved her dearly. Four children are left to mourn her departure, two boys and two girls, aged respectively 25, 21, 19 and 17; all of them at home and unmarried.

She meets her first born on the other side of the veil, a darling baby, who died at one year old.

Mary, the youngest of the girls, had a presentiment a few days before her mother died, while praying in a sacred place, a spirit or voice told her that her mother could not get well; but still we clung to her, and did not want her to part from us; and she herself did not want to go; but we all believe now that it was the will of the Lord, and hence we try to reconcile our feelings as best we can.

She died as she had lived faithful and true to the gospel and in the hope of a glorious resurrection. She was perfectly conscious to the last and spoke till within two or three hours of her death, admonishing her children to be good and true. The day before she was taken ill, she was round visiting the sisters in her district together with Sister Hedervig Christensen, as teachers. It would be the truth to say that she was very benevolent and kind-hearted to the poor, and a reward even for this will await her.

She was born in Nyborg Denmark the 25th of September 1838, and was the daughter of Rasmus and Kirstine Jaspersen.

In 1857 she left her home by steamer for Aarhus a province in Jutland to provide for herself. In that City there was a large branch of the Church, and she became acquainted with the Latter Day Saints, and was baptized Sept. 6th 1860. The next spring she emigrated to Utah, and then you know the rest, for if I mistake not she came to live with you right away in the City after her arrival.

On her visit to Sanpete in May 1864, together with Mary Flygare, I became acquainted with her and we were married in the Endowment House on the 15th of June following.

I believe that you thought a good deal of my wife, and would like to hear some of the particulars of her demise, and I can assure you that she thought a great deal of you. There is, however, some pleasure even in death itself. She was beautiful even in death and she was laid away neatly in a nice white coffin, and the children will hold this in dear remembrance.

We did some work and received some special blessings in the Manti Temple where President Wells presided. In these things I rejoice and hope to prove worthy that we may all meet again.

With kind love and regard from the children and myself, I remain your brother in the gospel,  
LAURITZ LARSEN.

ELEANOR COTTRELL MARTYN.

DIED May 16th 1892 at Cleveland, Ohio, Eleanor Cottrell wife of Henry L. Martyn in her 66th year.

The death of a wife and mother is always a sad occasion and especially so when sudden and unexpected, and those nearest and dearest are scarcely able for a time to see the hand of the Lord in the sorrow that falls upon them, but did they but realize the rest for the weary soul, after the toil and struggles of mortality they could not mourn for them as they sometimes do.

We were shocked at first to hear of the death of this good woman a relative whom we had hoped to meet again sometime, but we know that it must some day be the fate of all living; and that, "Angels of life and death alike are His."

Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er; Who then would wish or dare, believing this Against His messengers to shut the door."

Mrs. Martyn whose death is only now announced in our columns, was quite a superior woman in many respects, a consistent Christian and number of the Baptist Church and actively engaged in benevolent work and a firm believer and advocate of the advancement of women in all lines of progress.

\* Mrs. Martyn whose maiden name was Cottrell has relatives somewhere in this Territory from whom she was very anxious to hear while she was living. We should be very glad if any one of that name in the country would communicate with us and we could give the address of her husband and family.

May the comforting influences of the Holy Spirit rest upon the aged husband and the family, is the prayer of one who is interested in their present and future welfare.—Editor.

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# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

*The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of all Nations.*

VOL. 21.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DECEMBER 15, 1892.

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## PREPARATION.

So much is said, so much is done,  
To make old Christmas merry,  
With pleasant jokes and guileless fun,  
It should be joyous, very.  
Bright hopes, and little cause for fear,  
With blessings crown the closing year.

Since first this old year to us came—  
Take now a retrospection;  
What have we earned of praise or blame,  
Of favor or correction?

I said "have we," I'll say have I;  
My neighbor's case I need not try.

But on my own, of right I sit,  
As Jury, Judge and Marshal;  
And though I find grave flaws in it,  
I still must be impartial;  
And state, the evidence I find,  
Shows faults, but motives not unkind.

And here, (in common phrase,) I'll start  
To weeding my own garden,  
By asking, from my inmost heart,  
My friends' and neighbors' pardon,  
Wherein I've offered anything,  
That could distrust or censure bring.

And humbly, too, I wish to say,  
To all who may have striven,  
For you, as for myself I pray,  
That all may be forgiven;  
And meet, from disputations free,  
The grand year, Eighteen ninety-three.

Again, unto myself I'll speak;  
To concentrate my labors,  
I'll earnestly and kindly seek  
To bless my poorer neighbors.  
Religion undefiled and pure,  
Means; visit and relieve the poor:

And from the world, its sins and strife,  
To keep myself unspotted;  
If this I do, I'll lead the life  
To faithful saints allotted.  
God grant, that through the coming year,  
My page may truly thus appear.

And give Thy people grace and pow'r,  
To make full preparation,  
For that sublime and august hour—  
Thy Temple's Dedication;  
With all that's said, and all that's done,  
In this, oh may Thy Saints be one!

Dec. 1892.

L. L. GREENE RICHARDS.

With these words comes a reflection upon the first Christmas ever held in this valley, and that by the Mormon Pioneers. Perhaps the first place in all Christendom, that the *first Christmas* has been celebrated by them, the Mormon people. Not the far-famed city then an oasis in the vast wilderness of sage brush, watered by its once crystal canyon stream then unnamed. But, in their wagons, tents and hastily constructed cabins, a merry, a thankful Christmas, for there were no enemies, no persecutions, all was hope and faith in the promise given them. Have they forgotten? Have they ceased to repeat the legend of those days to the children and grandchildren who have grown up a populous multitude around them? Or, can these children realize the scenes that in future years shall be as a romance to historians? Do those Pioneers sing to the little ones the songs that belonged to their time? I remember hearing one once, and the refrain was this:

"A life on the desert plains,  
A home on the mountain's breast,  
Where the Indian rudely reigns  
And the sea has gone to rest."

Why should those songs which were a part of their history, be suffered to fade away in the past? They expressed the emotions, experiences and hopes of that time and cheered the Pilgrims, and should be preserved.

Are those pioneers remembered and regarded as heroes and heroines? Actuated and moved by the spirit that impelled them, is it less grand than the story of the Puritan fathers and mothers; that is now a heritage in every Puritan household? Is not that spirit of pride already lighted to glow around the names and memory of the pioneers? O, wondrous work of a few fleeting years, so few that not all of those veterans are passed away.

Not many of them saw with prophetic eyes the miracle to be wrought by prayers, faith and works; the miracle already wrought and which those eyes not all yet dimmed, behold. O, ye Pioneers! What have ye brought to light? Where once your wagons camped in the arid dust and brush, a city's streets are paved; where once your camp fire burned, electric lights now glow, and your cabins have given place to palatial edifices of industry and commerce. Your camp-fire schools are changed to Academies and Colleges, your looms to factories.

Into the sleeping Utah land came the prince of light and broke the sleep of ages. Your lands of desolate, miry clay have turned to bricks, to gold; your eyes have traced and your hands brought forth to usefulness the foundations of coal and iron beneath the "everlasting hills;" the granite and marbles have changed their cumbrous shapes to adorn your habitations and the resting places of your honored dead; the mountain streams have washed to view their grains of gold; and by the vapors of the inland sea and the caldrons of heat below, the great Alchemist in the subterranean laboratories of nature, has moulded the veins of silver and copper, lead and

gold, wrapped in the rough covering of earth. In the desert wastes your artesian wells are bursting forth with purer brilliancy and far more benefit, than your most famed political orators; and you have had, if not, "the shadow of day" "the pillar of fire by night," by the shore of that wonderful Lake, that the great and the noble come to view. Where once, barefooted boys (they are Nature's noblemen now,) herded their straying cows and boiled eggs for their dinner in the springs that George A. said were "only half a mile from-some-where" the magnates of the land hold their feasts, the feeble invalid and the wonder seeker come, in carriages or cars, to drink and bathe in its healing waters, and bestow their eulogiums upon its virtues, its delights, and Utah; and they call it Beck's Hot Springs. Why! every pioneer's son knew its merits long ago. Your "cattle are upon a thousand hills," your sheep and lambs spread like fields of snow and your herds of untamed horses sweep like clouds across the plains, until Utah is not large enough; your names and possessions reach into States and Territories the wilds of Mexico and the borders of Canada, while still others bear the story of the Gospel's plan to nearly every nation upon earth. Once—the lowly and misunderstood Mormons, now, it is an honor to be born in Zion, now, to hail from Utah is a passport. Now, the voices of your sons and daughters are heard in the counsels of Committees of the outside world.

Your artists, sculptors, professors and authors are acknowledged, your vocalists and musicians, your choirs and choral societies are famed among the professors of our country.

The sons of pioneers who entered this valley in covered wagons (oftimes torn and soiled) and in some cases drawn by a composite team of oxen and cows, with worn out and repaired harness such as was never seen before and will never be seen again; now ride in luxurious carriages behind thoroughbred horses in glittering harness; or speed along the old six months trail in rail-road carriages in which some of them are share holders. And this soil of which it was predicted, that it would not raise corn, now yields the fruits of the North and the Semi-Tropics, and sends her potatoes east, her wheat to England, and her dried fruits back to the States and Territories of the Union. And yet, when you reached here, destitute though you were, and the crickets destroyed your scanty crops; though sickness visited you and clothing worn to tatters, you were as one said: "a thousand miles from anywhere," and you turned your thoughts to God, your hands to labor and waited for the blessing. But the world you had left followed you; when they reached here travel worn over the roads you had made in the trackless wilderness, you warmed and fed, and pointed out the way still on. Still the tide of emigration followed your lonely trail, until many nations have yielded their representatives. Still they come, but now to wonder, admire and respect. And one by one, and in groups,

## FOR THE EXPONENT:

### THE CHRISTMAS OF THE PIONEERS

CHRISTMAS is coming! Happiness and luxury are in the woods, happiness and comfort, for a brief season even for the poor.



they seek the place where Brigham Young is laid. Around his silent ashes the footsteps of the stranger falls; men who never saw his face nor heard his voice, but unconsciously by that visit render tribute to his power and majesty of mind among men. And they turn to the Temple, a mystery to the world, a benediction to us, crowning triumph of your weary pilgrimage, sacred offering to His holy name.

Founded under the leader of that wondrous pilgrimage, it is indeed fitting that it should be completed under the administration of Wilford Woodruff, one of the last of that noble band whose names will live in immortality.

Brigham and Wilford! Their names will arise, more than all others in the Temple's history. Each led their people through ordeals that tried men's souls; but the clouds are passing away. You had your black crickets, and the sea gulls came to your rescue; you have also had your political crickets who have tried to devour our larger crops but they've found the amount too large and are trying to unswallow it, and perhaps, some other Gulls may come to our relief in their case. To many of our Pioneers, but few more Christmas seasons will come, they will have passed to where the Prince of that Day will greet His worshippers. Honor, happiness, comfort and rest be yours while yet you stay; and passing to the promised reward, may you fall sweetly asleep to a glorious awakening.

AUGUSTA JOYCE CROCHERON.

Dec. 12, 1892.

## ANGELINA.

A STORY

[By *W. Crouch*]

I WAS born in one of the most delightful of all the delightful places in dear old England. My childhood was passed, mid flowers and fruits and waving grain, green fields, and groves and shady lanes, and the ever varying and delicious music, of parental instruction, childrens prattle, the humming of bees and the singing of birds.

Well do I remember rising with the lark in the morning, in the delicious May weather we then enjoyed. When from the surrounding meadows, first one would twitter, and then rise up and sing; and then another and another, till more than a dozen larks would be in the air at once, pouring forth the delicious harmony of their morning song! By the time the first part was concluded, the woods and groves would be alive with choristers. The thrush, the blackbird, the starling, the linnet, the goldfinch, the bullfinch, the chaffinch, the tom-tit and all his followers, with the rest of the feathered tribe would be pouring forth their songs of praise, and grateful acknowledgement for the bounties of heaven. And the great Hallelujah chorus would be repeated over and over again with the utmost delight and gusto, compatible with musical harmony.

My parents were poor but industrious, and they taught their children to be industrious too. So that the early summer morning often found us sowing, planting, hoeing or weeding, in the midst of all this delightful music and sunshine.

I suppose there were cold and dreary winters in those years, but I do not seem to remember them. I remember how I loved my father and mother, my two

brothers, and my little darling, my only sister. I remember how pleased I felt when she was born; when I first learned that I had a sister. How proud I was to be her nurse. How I would hold her to my bosom and breathe into her infant soul, as it were, such loving words as rose so naturally then, to lips not yet defiled! And often have I seen not only my mother but father do the same. And how often in after life has my soul seemed to feed upon the memory of the past, and longed to return again to, or reproduce such happy days.

When we would run through the fields to meet our father returning from work, and he would often stop, and fondly embrace us all. Then taking baby in his arms, with words of love and kind encouragement, would lead us home. There to renew those tender embraces in which our loving mother always shared.

Little did we think then, that the time would ever come that we should be met with a scornful frown, but so it came to pass.

For some cause that I never understood, we removed from our peaceful home in the country to London. I believe that an offer to my father of higher wages, was the cause. We had heard wonderful stories of London, and I remember how we all encouraged each other to rejoice in the prospect before us. And alas! I remember too, how soon we were undeceived.

The sweet refreshing breeze, the clear and delicious sunshine, the delightful music of the birds, and above all the bright green fields were gone, and seemed to be gone from us forever.

Whenever I was sent on an errand, or had occasion to go from place to place, at every turn of the street I would look for green fields but I looked in vain.

Were I to tell you all the discomforts of our new home, it would be but the old story, that breathes too much of disgust for description here. Suffice it to say, every one of us felt unhappy. I can remember, how tiresome we children were, and our dear mother's patience, and forbearance, under all her trials.

But there was now a new trial looming in the future, greater and worse than them all. My poor but good, my kind and loving father, now seemed to lose his love for us, and took to drinking as he said, to enable him to sleep at nights. I remember hearing my mother say, "what was good for her husband, was good for her." And as they had walked in the way of virtue and peace, so they went down the hill together. But it was not the way of peace now; Alas no! "the way of transgressors is hard." And so it verily was, to them and us. My brothers learned to roam about the streets, in bad company, to fight and swear; and became lazy and saucy to my poor mother, and untruthful.

But in the midst of all this degradation, my little sister Linny, seemed to grow up so pure and loving; so kind and affectionate, and even happy. Often as I reflect upon the past, do I seem to hear her musical voice, as she would come bounding into the room, to tell of some kind action done, of some sweet babe that she had been nursing perhaps half a day for a penny; and now that the soul-destroying drink, had brought us to abject poverty, little Linny's pence were often needed for bread.

One evening, when my father and mother had been drinking, and had a

terrible quarrel, I had been tremblingly watching, in the hope of being able to prevent them doing each other harm. I had missed Linny and knew not where she had gone. When my father and mother were quarreling, I had often persuaded her to go to a neighbor's house out of the way; for I knew such scenes were terribly painful to her. After getting my parents to bed, (girl as I was) and seeing them fast asleep, I sat down to wait for Linny; when I heard her sweet voice gently calling me up the stairs. We had no candle, inside the house it was dark; but outside, it was clear and star light. I crept softly up to the little back room where we slept. There sat my sister at the window, gazing on a star, "Angelina" she said, "sit down beside me darling, and look at this beautiful star, I have been admiring it so long, and have seen fields and flowers, and beautiful trees: even surpassing the beauty of those of our dear old home." "Look," said she "and you'll see the star open."

Well we sat down, hand in hand, long and lovingly together, conversing about the star, but to me the star opened not, neither did I expect it would. I remember she repeated some sweet and comforting texts of scripture, and passages she had learned at school, for in the midst of all our sin and sorrow, we had attended regularly to a Sunday school.

The next day Linny was ill: and my father and mother were sober. Poor Linny's sickness increased upon her day after day. One day she called us all, around her bed, and told us she knew she was going to die. "For surely" she said "that beautiful star was open to me last night, and I saw the angels." And I verily believe she thought she did.

My father and mother now became deeply concerned about Linny, they broke off—their drunken habits; but Linny died pointing them to the cross, and expressing a hope of meeting us all in heaven.

About this time my father and mother signed the temperance pledge, and faithfully they kept their covenant.

But new trials awaited us, my father's constitution was broken, and the misconduct of one of his sons, nearly broke his heart. In much affliction he toiled on, but could only earn a scanty pittance. For alas! who in London will employ a man that has not strength to do a full day's work.

My brother John remained at home, but Thomas was gone we knew not where. John was a good lad, and much of our little leisure was spent together, at the window often talking of Linny and the star, until indeed, we became almost superstitious.

But our dear parents were more affectionate to each other now than they had been for years; and we were leading the lives of humble penitents, conversing together often on the love and mercy of God, and our faith in the atonement.

But the time of our great trouble came, our father died; in the faith of the gospel doubtless, so far as he understood it. And my mother, my brother and my self went into service; I obtained a place in the country. Here I began life anew, with new hopes, new joys, and new and severer trials; in my new place I found I had much to learn. And some people round, while professing great friendship, were more ready to teach evil than good.

There was a man in my master's employment lucky for me, (wise people said) he was neither young nor handsome; but he



persisted in paying his addresses to me, and not supposing him to be guilty of flattery or deception, I accepted his company sometimes in a walk. One night, when passing a lonely spot, he made a proposal to me that I knew was very wrong. And I felt so indignant, and even surprised and ashamed that I did not answer; whereupon he proceeded to violence and a severe struggle ensued. I resisted with all my might, and pleaded with the man, begging him in mercy to desist, but in vain. Then as I felt my strength failing me, I prayed to God; When in the vision of my mind the star opened and a young man approached, coming to my help. Suddenly I exclaimed, "Look! look! who's that?" whereupon the man, supposing some one was indeed coming, ran away in fear. I kneeled down, and with a girlish heart gave thanks to God; then walked home alone in safety.

My mind now became filled with many and serious thoughts. I saw now how it was that so many modest and guileless young women, were seduced and ruined, what a narrow escape I had had, and how the heavens had been opened as it were to my help. And I resolved that I would sooner die, than I would yield to any inhuman monster, that sought to gratify his lust at the expense of woman's virtue. And that too often they will do, under the strongest pretension of the purest love. For this base man had been very civil and obliging to me; and had professed to love me with all his heart, yet upon the slightest danger to himself, he ran away and left me, and that in a lonely place, on a dark night.

I now became more than ever reconciled to my lot as a servant, paid more attention than ever to my duties, and had less desire than ever to be gadding about.

About this time my thoughts were often stirred within me, concerning the way of salvation. Sabbath after Sabbath, did I attend Church. Joined in the formal prayers, heard the minister preach, but my mind was neither enlightened nor comforted. So I prayed in all humility and earnestness to the Lord, the Almighty God, to guide me into His knowledge.

One night I had the following dream, and of what should I dream but the star. I dreamed that I was borne away in space, how, and by whom, I could not tell; but I soared to my favorite star, and as I approached the ineffable glory, the star opened, and I entered its hallowed portals. There I was met by the same young man that I had seen in my vision before; and he pointed out to me the beauties and glories of the place; and the exceedingly pleasing appearance and happy condition of the people. He told me that if I would be true to the light of the star of truth, and follow the divine guidance for which I had been praying, that I should one day come there again, be one of that heavenly order and share their joys.

Then he brought me down to earth, and parting said, "If in any turning point of danger or doubt in your eventful life to come you can but behold, in the vision of your mind, the opening star you may advance."

One day, not long thereafter, I saw a man sitting on a stile near the house, and my attention was irresistibly drawn to him, I knew not why. He appeared to me like one who was tired and hungry, and I felt a wish to relieve him. My master and mistress were both kind hearted and good to the poor. Presently the man approached

the house, and as I met him at the door, I said to him, "I wanted you to come, for I fancied you were hungry, and I have food that I can give you."

Thank you young woman, said the man, but I must first do the will of Him that sent me. I perceive, said he, that you are one of the daughters of Israel; and to such am I sent, even to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, to tell them the way of salvation.

While he was talking to me the vision of my mind seemed lit up by the light of eternity, and again the star opened, and I regarded the poor wayfaring man as a messenger from heaven. The more I heard, the more I believed, and the more I longed to obey, and inherit the blessing of the glorious gospel.

In short, I believed all he told me, cast in my lot with the persecuted people of God. Believing in Apostles and Prophets, the gospel of salvation by Jesus-Christ, faith, repentance, and baptism for the remission of sins, and the gift of the holy ghost by the laying on of hands. And I began more than ever to delight in honesty, integrity, truth and virtue, and every thing of good report; and I labored and prayed continually, that I might keep the commandments, and be saved in the kingdom of God.

I now had new motives for exertion, and patient toil; for I had heard of a better land, even the land of Zion. And everything, even the star of my destiny seemed directing me to it.

So I continued in my place three years after this, during which time I had more than one offer of marriage, but upon neither of these did the star open, and I refused.

By the end of that time I had saved money enough, and proceeded on my way to the land of Zion, under the good star of my destiny, and kind heaven's approval.

I have no time, nor inclination, to relate here all the taunts and persecution I had to endure on account of my faith in, and obedience to the gospel. Suffice it to say, the star of my destiny was over me, and I had full faith and confidence in Him who rules the stars.

Soon after I joined the Church I wrote a long and loving letter to my mother, but she supposing herself to be a good Christian, it seemed natural to suppose that I must have been deluded, and she wrote to the effect that she must renounce me as a daughter, unless I renounced my faith.

This letter from my mother whom I loved so much, gave me great affliction. For surely the spirit of the Lord did not dictate such a course. I wrote again loving as before, and if I felt one bitter thought I did not express it, but she never wrote to me after until she heard I was leaving the country.

I was standing on board ship ready for departure, in the midst of a company of Saints, we had just been singing one of the songs of Zion, when I saw my dear mother stepping on to the deck. The next moment I was locked in her embrace. My mother tried hard to persuade me to return with her; and as I felt the affectionate pressure of her maternal embrace, and fondly looked upon her aged and careworn countenance, my bosom yearned over her, and my heart-strings seemed to cling around her more than ever. But all these strong ties of nature, had to be sundered, for I could not persuade my mother to accompany me; though the money she brought for my

ransom, as she called it, might have paid her passage over. But truly do I now know what it is, to forsake my dearest relative for the sake of the kingdom of God.

This parting with my mother was the most painful part of my life. My brother Thomas had left the country and had not since been heard of. John had married, and settled in a distant country. And here was I, leaving my poor aged mother alone and almost helpless in the world. And how could I resist the conviction that I ought to stay with her, as long as she lived, and comfort her. And yet, over and above all this, there was the great command of Jehovah, "Come out of her O my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

Up to this time I had had no association with any congregation of saints. And now I soon found opportunity of making myself useful. But I was beginning to take offence at the conduct of some, when I heard a kind voice near me saying, "Are you perfect sister?" And turning I saw—but much improved in appearance—the poor wayfaring man that three years before I had seen sitting upon the stile, and whom I had relieved with a morsel of bread, and from whom I had received in return the words of eternal life; and now he taught me to understand myself, and my relationship to those around me, that I must not look for perfection here but, said he, "these are the poor and despised, and in some cases the most unlearned and down trodden of poor fallen humanity; and these, said he, let us be willing to hope are all trying to become saints of God in very deed."

By the daily exercise of faith in Him, who holds the winds in His fiat (as it were) and the waves in the hollow of his hand, we got over the sea in safety; and traversed our great overland journey of nearly two thousand miles of toil and trial—suffice it to say we had trials by sea and by land; but we had gained an experience that was better to us than gold.

When we had reached that part of the way where we obtained the first view of our mountain home, the joy of our hearts was beyond compare. Again was the vision of my mind lifted up as before, and I indulged in the fancy, that the star opened and again I saw a young man coming toward me, but this time that part of the sight was more than a passing vision, it was a reality and so soon to pass away, it was the poor wayfaring man that I had once relieved with a morsel of bread.

There we were, comparative strangers to each other in a strange land among strangers, and yet not among strangers but brethren. And this we felt in our hearts and souls to be indeed the case. But here we stood at the altar of God, plighting our vows to each other of eternal love and fidelity, without money, or property, but with our strong hands and willing hearts, to assist each other in forcing from the elements of this desert land, the necessities and comforts of life! And co-working together with all the saints, in the building up of the kingdom of God.

My husband was one of the traveling Elders who had been called, in England, to preach the gospel; so that like me, he had not been to Zion before. I heard him give some account of his labors, and a thrill of holy joy ran through my soul, as I heard the Prophet say "well done."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 94.)



# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

EMMELINE B. WELLS, - - - Editor.

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## A HISTORIC HOUSE.

HOUSES have histories as well as individuals, and some of them pass through a variety of singular experiences also like their masters and mistresses, which written up after the manner of Dickens for instance might be very interesting to read even in this day rich with incidents worth nothing. To tell the various scenes that have been enacted in many old habitations would be to go over the events of many lives, and might not be entertaining to those connected therewith.

Whether notable or not the house now occupied by the writer, is certainly historical in many ways. Old and gray and weather-beaten, built in the very earliest time of the settlement of this great City, and by its founder Brigham Young. Occupied first by members of his family, and considered one of the homes of this great leader and pioneer, whom Edward Tullidge has designated as an empire builder.

The homes of all truly great men are in a sense historic and of national value, and Brigham Young's name grows more and more illustrious the world over as the years roll by. At an early period in the history of the house Daniel H. Wells came to dwell in it, and here during his residence therein were transacted many things pertaining to the growth and advancement of public interests, pertaining to the Church and the Territory, civil, political and military as well as things spiritual.

In the prime of his life, it may well be said, Daniel H. Wells took up his abode in the house as it originally stood—an adobe structure of four rooms, afterwards adding two more, larger than the others, remarkably spacious for those days. Several of the Wells' children (some of them now quite widely known) were born here, and many came to ask counsel and to hold communication with its genial master. Meetings of men who were taking up the cares and responsibilities of a new government were held in this room—for the last seven years known as the little office of the WOMAN'S EXPONENT, and deliberations

and conclusions were arrived at, that had weight with the community.

The old stone wall with its massive pillars gives a sort of feudal dignity to the place, and thousands of strangers, stop and wonder, and some admire the tone and style this superb, though homely, structure, antique in its appearance, lends to the long low dwelling it protects and shelters behind its gates.

Leaving that past, the history of which has been recorded in the History of Utah by Bishop O. F. Whitney, we may with all due propriety mention more recent matters pertaining to the old home known for forty years as the Wells' House.

There are in all communities leading women citizens as well as men, and in this particular house perhaps as many of these have gathered from time to time as in any one house in Utah.

To some this may seem a little exaggerated but the facts will we are sure verify the statement.

Eliza R. Snow, the President of the Relief Society, the largest organization of women, this side the Rocky Mountains was a regular visitor here as long as she lived; and here in this very room most of the business pertaining to the conducting of the Society in all its several Stakes and branches, not only in Utah but throughout the world has been deliberated upon and decided. Many thousands of letters pertaining to this charitable organization have been written here at this same desk, and from here sent abroad to nearly all parts of the civilized world.

Zina D. H. Young who succeeded the former President, has made this place her headquarters in the same way, and still continues to do so.

Meetings of several different organizations have been held here regularly or at intervals, where much has been planned relating to the interests of women and their intellectual and spiritual development. The preliminary gatherings for the work of organizing some quite important associations have been held in this house, and credentials prepared for those who have gone as delegates to represent the respective associations at headquarters in Washington and other places East and West. All the preparatory work for the Woman Suffrage Association of Utah Territory, the selection of officers and their appointments, the Constitution and By-laws was done here, previous to the public meeting held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall.

The Woman's Co-operative Mercantile and Manufacturing Inst'n. which represents considerable capital and is managed entirely by women was originated and held its earlier and afterwards regular Board Meetings here for some time.

The Utah Woman's Press Club was organized and the Constitution formed here, and holds its regular meetings in this same

house. Without alluding to the improvement made and the work done by this club of writers, we can assuredly say it has been a great pleasure to meet from time to time, these bright intellectual women whose constant effort is the advancement in the broader paths and fields of the higher education of the world of mankind including in its largest sense womankind.

And now we come to the latest organization effected here of which no previous mention has been made in the columns of our paper, The Reaper's Club. This is really a literary club of women, who are past school or university life, but who wish to keep pace with the progress being made nowadays, in the great variety of studies, such as history, ancient and modern, current literature in all its forms and phases, and whose interest in the intellectual and moral development of the world is such as stimulates them to make every effort possible for general enlightenment, moral, spiritual and physical growth. The club is limited to thirty members beside five honorary members; the topics so far have been Queen Isabella, Columbus, Ferdinand, The Reformation, Savonarola. Among the things which make this an interesting house old as it is and queer as it seems compared with the modern cottages, is the great number of celebrated people, local travelers, tourists who have made visits within its time-honored walls, or calls long or short at different periods since it was built.

In the palmy days of the early pioneers, Squire Wells (as he was generally designated) did a great deal of entertaining; and though those were the days of scarcity and high prices, he was famous even then, for his hospitality. Many dinners and evening parties were given here to the brethren and sisters, and upon occasions to men who were occupied in official positions civil and military.

Probably there are not one of the Apostles of this or former times or those in authority in this Church who have not been entertained at some one of these social gatherings in this house, besides many hundreds of others; not to speak of the many marriages solemnized here, and other happy occasions; and indeed of even the deaths of some people of note, which are known to have taken place in this old house.

Referring to celebrated people, who have found welcome in this old house during our sojourn therein, we may be excused perhaps in mentioning foreigners, authors, editors and people entitled to newspaper notoriety. Among the many not literary have been distinguished men in Church and state throughout Christendom, also Barons, Dukes and Military men, Duchesses, Countesses, Dowager Countesses and many poets, authors, lecturers, doctors and newspaper men and women of more or less celebrity; besides the people who have neither rank or title, but simply want to see and hear.



People who have been attracted here because of this and that; some who have had letters of introduction from those whom we had met elsewhere, or who had called before, and some who felt drawn to the place because of its quaint appearance and surroundings, or from idle curiosity, or a desire to know about the peculiar doctrines of our faith, or were interested in questions pertaining to woman's advancement, enfranchisement and higher education.

Lastly the romance of this old place is greatly enhanced by the many poems and stories written here, and which perchance were better from the very glamour, that lingers round the place made sacred by so many tender associations and recollections of the past. In the great future which awaits Utah, these memories may find place, and the past as it reaches farther and farther from view grow more rosy-hued and the children of that generation look back with a degree of pride and reverence on what was written behind these "historic walls." If there was no sentiment in the world there would be no poetry, and much of the history of the heart as well as of the people would be lost to mankind. We all like to know not only what transpired in the past but the feelings, affections and sentiments of those who took part in the affairs of the times in which they lived and flourished.

It seems a great pity that such houses should be torn down, or to destroy the romance that clings to these old primitive, colonial homes of the early settlers who distinguished themselves in the establishment of the colonies and whose habitations are almost a part of their identity.

But so it is and must necessarily be, the old must give place to the new, and the world move onward as the years roll by.

In the days which we recall when this old house was new and we were young, life was quite different from that of the present time. There were no regular mails, no daily papers, few women's papers here or elsewhere, everything was very poor and narrow and limited comparatively; women did not only their own house-work, but made soap and candles, spun and wove, did their own knitting, dress-making and millinery, but taught the children and helped in all sorts of ways. We do not care to go back to those days, nor do we wish to see people live in the old style, but we do hope some of the old landmarks may be preserved to mark the days that are departed, and to tell the tale of the early Pilgrims who laid the foundation of this great and flourishing city.

Many are the pleasant associations connected with this old house in the mind and heart of the writer. Memories of loved ones whose familiar forms and faces, seem to haunt the rooms where they were wont to linger and gladden with their sweet presence. That delightful past lives in its richness still, and sweetens the lonely

present with the fragrance of its perfume.

"Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!  
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled:  
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

#### WORLD'S FAIR AND SILK INDUSTRY.

THE work for the World's Fair or Columbian Exposition is going on in the Territory in various departments, and all sorts of legitimate ways and means are being adopted to raise money whereby to forward the work of collections and exhibits. There are many articles in process of construction and it will not be very long until the women will be able to report positively on some of the work. Of one fact we feel assured that no other State or Territory has made the showing in silk culture and home manufacture of silk, that has been made here and almost without capital; simply by the active energy and enterprise of those who have not only believed in home industries practically, but have been willing to go to, and do with all their might, by the exercise of brain and will-power as well as their hands, whatever was possible to forward this laudable industry. A small beginning certainly, and the results sometimes discouraging, but when one goes over the whole ground as we have been doing lately and estimates the full amount of mulberry trees raised, of eggs, worms and cocoons; of spinning, weaving, dyeing, twisting, reeling, and manufacturing into articles, such as sewing-silk, flosses, embroidery silks, ribbons, laces, veils, handkerchiefs, dress-goods, fringes, etc. It is quite a history of work, and has been done with but very little machinery and most of that of rude home construction.

The greater part of the work has been done by women and children in all parts of the Territory, and much credit is due Mrs. Zina D. H. Young not only for encouraging this industry, but she has traveled and worked more for it, we really believe, than any other person. When Brigham Young laid out his mulberry farm south of the City (now Forestdale) and built there; Mrs. Zina Young went down and took charge of the cocooneries remaining there one year until there was a fairly good start of the enterprise.

She has been the pioneer worker in the silk all the way through, and deserves the credit. She was the President of the Deseret Silk Association organized in 1875, the society having auxiliaries in every county and nearly every town and ward in Utah. Most of the people here know of the great exertions made to raise cocoons and make a success of this industry, but it languished for lack of means, which ought to have been forthcoming from those who had abundance to have made it profitable and would thus have given suitable employment to children and elderly women, who could by this means have been self-supporting; when not able to do more laborious work.

The Legislature of Utah appropriated fifteen hundred dollars to buy machinery but through some mistake of the purchasers it did not prove of the practical value expected. The Relief Society has also given means, and individuals as well have subscribed stock, but because perhaps of gold and other mines yielding wealth sooner, it has not been sustained in the last few years as it was previously. Brigham Young had the utmost faith in it and made the very first start, sending into foreign countries for the best seed to produce trees for the food of the worms, as early in 1856.

Women and men have been emigrated from foreign lands who were skilled in the employment in various parts of the work; thousands of dol-

lars have been thus laid out, Father Graves of Provo did more than any other man to further this important home-industry. The WOMAN'S EXPONENT in its volumes contains the record of this work with many interesting details. Now it is hoped a new impetus will be given that will enrich the Territory and be more advantageous, than many schemes that are receiving much attention from capitalists and men and women who are desirous of developing the country. Brigham Young in his first sermon preached on the Temple Block said, "The elements are full of silk" and he was right, for it has been successfully proved, as to the quality of the raw material. In the centennial year, 1876 the display of our home silk, in the Constitution Building attracted great admiration from tourists and persons crossing the continent, who called to see what the people a thousand miles from civilization had to show as products of their industry and skill.

In September 1880 when President Hayes with wife and party visited the West, while here Mrs. Hayes was presented from some ladies as a souvenir of her visit with an elegant lace fichu, which had been greatly admired by ladies who had traveled in foreign lands where the most elaborate and beautiful lace work is on exhibition in public places.

Of this fichu the cocoons were raised by Mrs. Scheneter of this City (German) the silk prepared here and the lace weaving done by Mrs. Ursenbach formerly of the Jersey Isles. Our limited space prevents our saying more now but there is much more might be written with all propriety about what the women of this Territory have done for silk culture.

The silk *portieres* that the women of this Territory are having made for the Woman's Building will be an elegant and appropriate gift. Made of silk raised and prepared in skeins eleven or twelve years ago by women for their own personal use, and designed and embroidered by our own artists, these *portieres* will be effective in representing our efforts in this direction.

#### A HAPPY EVENT.

"HAIL! wedded love  
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets!"

Married in Wallace, Idaho, on Monday, December 12, 1892 Miss Daisie D. Woods and Harry R. Allen, the ceremony was performed in the Episcopal Church, which was beautifully decorated for the auspicious event, and the newly wedded bride and bridegroom, left soon after on a wedding tour for San Francisco and other points of interest on the Pacific Coast via Portland.

The bride is our eldest grand-daughter and the daughter of the late Bishop Newel K. Whitney's youngest child, now the wife of Major W. W. Woods the nephew of Gen. D. H. Wells.

The bride is an accomplished young lady in many ways and is well-remembered as a very fine and sweet-toned singer. She was until recently a resident of Salt Lake City where she was born and reared, and is highly esteemed by many dear friends and relatives, who join with us in wishing her the utmost happiness and prosperity in her new relations in life.

The bridegroom is an upright, honorable young man highly respected among his friends and possesses good business capacity. He is the son of an Episcopal Clergyman of Chicago, and like the bride a descendant of the Pilgrims.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen will commence housekeeping when they return from their trip to the Coast and for their future happiness every good wish is fervently expressed by their many friends. It is unnecessary to add they are great favorites in the best society of Wallace, and as they are both musically inclined will be sure to entertain well in their own little Swiss Cottage among the pines



and ferns. May their future life be as sweet as the songs they sing for others.

"The kindest and the happiest pair,  
Will find occasion to forbear;  
And something every day they live,  
To pity, and perhaps forgive."

#### CHRISTMAS TIME.

CHRISTMAS time again and in some hearts the full tide of joy is running over, others there are whose homes are sad and whose souls cannot always answer to the merrie, merrie Christmas greetings of the great wide world; so much misery exists for which no panacea is provided and none seems practicable, and to the tender and sensitive soul these sorrows that cannot be healed, the tears that cannot be wiped away, are sources of unhappiness. Yet one must not frown on the world or grow disgusted because all are not made happy but each one try to do his share in relieving the burden of want and care for some unhappy one, thus sweetening one's own Christmas day and offering.

It is good that this time of refreshing comes, good for the children who need these pastimes, good for grown people who need this change from daily toil and to renew old time associations, or family relations.

Were there not some day set apart for relaxation and social reunions, life would become, stupid and monotonous, and sentiment in families die out altogether; as it is very nearly crushed now with money making speculations. Business before pleasure has been so strongly applied that it has come to be business before the expression of affection even in the most tender relations of life. And so thrice welcome Christmas! A respite for the weary, a time to feel for the needy, to gather one's own family round, the table of cheer; and the hearthstone later, where stories, songs and jests, fill up the time and old memories are awakened and family incidents related that bind the hearts of children to the homestead, and make firmer the union of kindred and friends.

For the children's sake particularly we rejoice in Christmas and for the tenderness it gives to human hearts and for "auld acquaintance sake," and the precious tokens of remembrance that are given and received on this blessed day, when for the sake of Him whose birth we commemorate we remember the poor and needy and His words "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these little ones, ye have done it unto me."

#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE beautiful Pansy Calendar of Grant Bro's. is a handsome souvenir of that enterprising firm, and will not only be a very useful article of household value and an ornament too, but is undoubtedly a good advertising investment. It is certainly a very lovely thing and not likely to get out of sight on account of its size or lack of beauty. We tender our thanks for the holiday remembrance, and wish the firm success in business ventures for the coming year.

THE stores and shop windows are bright and gay with holiday goods of all descriptions. Never before were there so many beautiful things displayed as one sees nowadays. The book stores however are the most interesting to the writer, Duncan Mc' Allister is making a fine display, keeps the newest books, and magazines, by the most popular authors and editors, and has many handsome and unique souvenirs and gift-books of the newest patterns and in great variety. Margetts Bro's have also a fine collection in the same line and style of

goods, and last but not least by any means C. R. Savage's Bazaar and Art Gallery is packed full of everything nice and new in that line; and the genial proprietor, who has catered to the public taste for a quarter of a century deserves the patronage of his old friends and new ones too. His selections in the way of books are all that could be desired and his toys are almost more, for the variety and profusion bewilder the purchaser completely. Altogether Salt Lake cannot complain of its book-sellers, for they keep the market well supplied with fine stationery and current literature.

THE Woman's Cooperative Store has Christmas goods of a variety of kinds as well as other goods for ladies and children furnishes dress materials and trimmings and the Dress-making parlors of the establishment are in running order, employing competent help and guarantee satisfaction in the work. In Millinery also the store is not behind other shops, and it is a good place to get hats and bonnets, besides women should patronize institutions managed and conducted by women who have stepped forward in the matter of business. Go to the Woman's Store and see what there is to buy there before purchasing elsewhere.

THE Juvenile Instructor is a good place to do business in the way of Christmas goods, they sell cheap, and supply country demands: they keep a great variety of stationery of the finest qualities, they have a fine stock of the best books, all the Church works, and are very accommodating. They also have a good supply of toys, dolls, games and many such like articles for children and young folks, and there is scarcely anything in this style of goods or in this line that one cannot find at this fine new building just East of the Templeton Hotel. The Juvenile Instructor handsomely bound would be an acceptable Christmas Gift to almost any one, and is safe to recommend in the way of reading matter.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91)

#### ANGELINA.

After a few days spent at head-quarters, enjoying the hospitality of the saints, and the delicious rest thus afforded us; after our long and tedious journey, we started again to a distant valley in company with some of the older inhabitants, to form a new settlement. As we left the comfortable city, to march through the dreary wilderness, I thought of what seemed to me a still greater hardship and a still more dreary journey, of our father Adam and our mother Eve when, for so small an offence, they were driven from Paradise.

Weary and foot-sore we reached our destination. It was a naked valley! Surrounded by rocky mountains. Here we sat down and wept (at least I did) then prayed and sang praise to God.

The leader of our party, a man made venerable by wisdom and years, then rose up—exhorted and instructed us how to draw from the elements the necessities of life. Then raised his hands and blest the land, and the fountains of water, in the name of Israel's God.

Here we essayed to live in tents and wagons, huts or bowers, as best we could. We were comparatively happy, while trying to make each other so, and every one of us labored with all our might to make a field and plant it.

For two full years *we* lived in a tent, but

by that time many comfortable houses had sprung up, as it were, out of the ground; and soon to our joy we found that the few *Redmen*, of that solitary place, were glad for us and the wilderness was beginning, indeed, to blossom as the rose.

We all lived near together for mutual defence, and our Sabbaths were spent in holy communion and worship. We realized the blessing of heaven upon the land, for it yielded in rich abundance.

About this time I wrote the following letter to my mother.

My Very Dear Mother:—

I have written to you twice before, but received no reply, my concern for you increases, but still I cling to the hope that this will find you alive and well.

Through mercy I am well and happy, more so than I have ever been before.

It is now nearly seven years since I left old England and came to this mountain valley, then a bleak and barren wilderness, but I came here with a company of saints in obedience to the law of the Lord; and He has greatly blest us for our obedience, and has blest the land for our sake; so that it now abounds with corn, fruit, and vegetables of almost every kind. All kinds of trees are growing up and bid fair to become as large and beautiful as those that surrounded the home of my childhood. Children too are multiplying around us, I have already added three to the number of your grand-children, and often wish I had you here to help me manage them.

Dear mother, I have learned by experience that it is good to try my best to be a saint of God in very deed. Let us continue to pray for each other that we may be delivered from all error and false doctrine. That our minds may be enlightened to know the truth. To understand the will of the Lord and do it.

Dear mother, I can solemnly assure you that I do know by the gift and power of the Holy Ghost, that God has commenced His marvelous work of the last days. To build up, and establish His kingdom upon the earth, for the salvation of all who believe, and obey the gospel of his son; and gather out from among the nations to the place of His appointing. For surely destruction will come upon the wicked.

Dear mother, let me ask, are you not a believer in Jesus? O mother! I know that you believe. What does the Lord require of you then? But first to obey the first principles of the gospel, faith, repentance, and baptism for the remission of our sins, and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. Then shall it be given you, to know for yourself, that your sins are forgiven and that this is the kingdom of God.

With referenee to the long journey to this place, it is a great undertaking; but the Lord, who has commanded, is our helper, and our experience in all our travels is more of joy than sorrow. The whole journey I managed, being young and strong, to suffer but little. My greatest pain was leaving you, it was to me a great and abiding sorrow. But on board ship I found plenty of work to do in assisting the overtaken mothers, in the care of their children. Wherever I could I lent a helping hand and found comfort and peace in trying to comfort others. Our land journey was far more pleasant, we knew that we were doing right, and there was love and rejoicing generally in the Camp of Israel.



Dear mother your daughter is still alive, won't you come over and see her before we die. Even while I am writing, the dear children are prattling about what they will do and say when grandmother comes, and they join with their father in best love to you.

May the Lord Almighty bless you dear mother, and make you a blessing to me and mine; is the earnest prayer of your ever affectionate and dutiful daughter,  
Angelina.

Little more than seven years had passed away when my husband was sent on a short mission to England, and when he returned—O happy day!—he brought my mother with him.

My mother had been converted to the faith, so she said, while praying for me the spirit had enlightened her mind to discern the truth. And here I am, again realizing the joys of my childhood, as I look with pride upon my mother with my babe in her arms, for I have now four children.

\* \* \* \* \*

Since I laid down my pen, mother and years have passed away. The kingdom of God is progressing, and the valleys of the mountains are being filled with an industrious, thriving and God-fearing people. The wilderness and solitary place is glad for them and is made to blossom as the rose; and now the bright grain is waving, the gardens are full of wealth and beauty. In the orchards apples, pears, peaches and plums are hanging in rich abundance. Avenues of trees are growing along our streets, and our children are growing up around us in the fear of the Lord, and in the faith and wisdom of the kingdom.

My mother, after being for years a blessing to me and my children, has laid down her life in peace, in a good old age, and the star of my happy destiny shines upon her grave.

FOR THE EXPONENT.

COMMUNINGS.

I have fairy-like dreams of the past,  
And delicate visions of thee,  
That come as the evening stars shine forth,  
Far over the land and sea.  
When the bright silvery moon looks down  
With a celestial glow,  
My spirit flies on wings of a dove,  
And I roam in the long ago.  
While joy notes blend in my happy heart,  
With its life's deep and solemn rhyme,  
And over the future's shining gate,  
There is written a scroll divine.  
There's a beautiful niche in my heart,  
Ever sacred for such as thee;—  
Sinless and pure from the world apart,  
As the stars that light up the sea.

L. M. H.

REMEMBERED.

Oh! the first sweet message from home,  
How it thrills my heart with delight,  
As a beam from Heavenward flown,  
To illumine my soul with its light.  
Yes it breathes the sweetest of thought  
That a language ever could tell,  
This little white paper has brought  
The news that my loved ones are well.  
Another sweet consciousness too  
Is expressed, in silent sweet tone;  
That I am remembered by you,  
Away in our dear mountain home.

And when thou in reverent mood  
Approaching the Father above;  
Seek blessings for absent or good,  
Then I am remembered in love.

Like the air distilling its dew,  
Like stars to the darkness of night,  
And flowers sweet fragrance and hue,  
Comes this beam of Heavenly light.

S. R. E.

U. W. P. CLUB.

THE U. W. P. Club convened in the WOMAN'S EXPONENT "parlor" Nov. 30, 1892, Mrs. E. B. Wells in the chair. Prayer was offered by Mrs. L. G. Richards, minutes of previous meeting read and approved. Roll call responded to by original sentiments, or gems of thought such as the following from Mrs. L. G. Richards.

"Since character is the only structure thou cans't build,  
That will not fall or fail thee,  
Oh! ambitious youth;  
Build deep, build strong, build high, but only gild,  
And decorate with fair, untarnished truth."

The secretary then read the yearly report of the club, which was accepted by the members.

Miss N. V. Davis, in a most pleasing and realistic manner, continued her description of "A Trip to Alaska" to the great enjoyment of all present.

The club was next favored with a poem entitled "Thanksgiving," written and read by Mrs. R. M. Fox.

Mrs. E. B. Wells called attention to the fact that the U. W. P. C. had been organized on Halloween, and hoped that another year we might celebrate it in an original way; which suggestion was put as a motion and voted upon; a committee to be appointed the previous meeting for the arrangement of the same. Mrs. E. B. Wells and Miss Davis then read selections from "Burns" illustrative of the character of the day as observed in Scotland.

An original poem was then read by Mrs. Phebe C. Young.

An able, interesting and instructive article, on the "World's Fair," written and read by Mrs. Lillie T. Freeze.

The suggestion of a programme committee by Mrs. E. B. Wells was favorably received, and followed by the appointment of Mrs. Lula Greene, Richards, Mrs. Mary Freeze and Mrs. Georgina Young as that committee to act during the winter. An amendment to article iv of the "By Laws," of the club, was offered by Mrs. Phebe C. Young, in the form of a motion; viz, that we have four Vice Presidents at large, instead of one as heretofore; the motion was carried, and Mrs. Susa Y. Gates and Mrs. Julia A. Mac Donald, were appointed for those positions.

The Motto and Badge were again discussed, but no satisfactory conclusion arrived at regarding them. Refreshments were partaken of, while discussing critics and criticism in the club. Benediction R. M. Fox.

Programme for Dec. 30th. Roll call exercise Holiday sentiments original lines. Original poem, Miss N. V. Davis. Mrs. C. C. R. Wells, article on the close of the year, 1892. Mrs. Dickinson, descriptive poem. G. Woodmansee, music. Discussion and decision on the Badge and Motto by the club.

GLADYS WOODMANSEE, Rec. Sec.

A PLEASANT EVENING.

A few friends met by invitation at the residence of Mrs. Belinda P. Musser, on Tuesday evening December 6, and passed the time in delightful conversation. Among the guests were Presidents Angus M. Cannon and C. W. Penrose, also Mr. Charles Ellis, Laron Pratt and others. Mrs. Zina D. H. Young, Dr. E. S. Barney, Dr. R. B. Pratt, Miss Annie M. Cannon, Mrs. Laron Pratt, Miss Maude Pratt, the last named young lady sang a few favorite songs in charming voice and style. Miss Pratt is not only a fine singer but willing to gratify and entertain her friends who love to hear vocal music.

Mrs. Musser's supper was a complete success and was handsomely served. There seemed to be nothing lacking in the way of variety, and every dish well-cooked and seasoned to the most fastidious taste, the guests enjoyed it and did ample justice to the abundant feast of good things. These social reunions help to brighten the long, cold winter evenings, and the renewal of old acquaintances is in itself a pleasure.—ED.

ONE OF A STRING OF PEARLS.

WITH the waning days of December we commence to turn new leaves and register new vows. How just and brave and true we are going to be after January 1st! That fellow whom we have done our best to injure we are going to forgive. That special peccadillo we have cherished we are going to abandon. That debt we have shirked we are going to pay. And so we enter upon the untried year as children start to school on Monday morning, with clean bibs and faces. Alas! how many of us come tagging home at the end of the year, like these same children at the close of the day, tatters, soiled garments and tears. But however much we fail, and however hopelessly we fall short of the standard set before us, never let us give over striving, my dear. The time spent in forming all these good resolutions is not wasted time, any more than that time is misspent which a steamer spends in coaling up. The wheels rest while the furnace fires take on a ruddier light; the contention down in the furnace room among the rods and pistons and valves is hushed for awhile, while the great ship takes on new fuel. Just so the soul grows richer by that divine impulse which holds it to the dock of a good intention. Even he who stumbles most, yet keeps walking between falls, is better than he who sits on a fence and whittles his idle life away in useless shavings, like a truant school-boy with a pine stick and a new jack-knife. Is it not better that those children of ours, those precious little feather-heads who give us so much trouble now and then, should promise and faithfully try to be good, than that they should never make an effort toward right-doing? And to the Father who watches us so patiently out of heaven as we stumble and riot along our way, is it not far better in His eyes that we aspire, even though we seldom attain? The eagle that attempts to soar, even though his wings are clipped, has more of the eagle nature in him than one that is content with his cage and with his keeper. SELECTED

COLUMBUS.

GENOA has become immortalized as the birth-place of Columbus. The years 1433-1435 are given by different authors as the time of his birth. It seems fitting that so sublime a mariner should be brought forth and reared on the shores of the sea. Columbus lived in an auspicious time. The 15th century, like the 19th, the 5th and the 10th, has been noted a period of great transition. Some of the greatest artists and sculptors flourished. The printing press, the mariners compass, the use of gunpowder, the astrolabe were then known. So also a reformation in christianity was necessary, and the teachings of the Martyr Savonarola, and the doctrines of Luther were brought forth. So too Columbus appeared at the appointed hour when our earth and intellect demanded him, he received his instruction at the University of Pavia, where he devoted his time to the study of navigation, the natural sciences and nautical astronomy.

His thoughts were set on religion and business alike. Like the Mediterranean mariners of the present day he engaged in



commerce. He never began a letter without writing a line of prayer in Latin invoking the aid of Christ. He read the Bible from beginning to end, believed in its prophecies respecting the discovery of America and could repeat the Catholic prayers like any priest; he was an accomplished navigator, and repeatedly made practical voyages. In 1477 he says he sailed 100 leagues north of the Island of Thule, or Iceland, but does not seem to be aware of the traditions of the Scandinavians respecting the discovery of America by the Norsemen 500 years previous. He sailed south as far as the coast of Guinea, the Island possessions of Spain and Portugal, as the Azores, Madeira, Canary and also the Island of the Mediterranean. The stories and legends of the great wealth of India were then agitating the minds of the people of Southern Europe. Commerce with India was then carried on by way of land, the route around the Cape of Good Hope was not then known.

Columbus was desirous of shortening the route to Asia by sailing westward and thus facilitating trade. He was convinced of the sphericity of the earth; but believed in the dimensions assigned to it by Ptolemy which were much less than the actual size, and that the solid parts of the earth exceeded the liquid. He also over estimated the size of the Asiatic Continent. His theory was that if he sailed west beyond the possessions of Portugal and Spain, he would soon reach the eastern coast of Asia. Had he known of the immensity of the actual distance westward to Asia, it is doubtful that he would have discovered America. In 1470 we find Columbus in Lisbon. His presence here is like the presence of artists in Rome, Lisbon was one of the greatest maritime cities of the age, engaged in commerce with all the known nations of the earth.

Here he married Felipa Perestrello the daughter of a discoverer. The Island of Porto Santo was conferred on the family of Perestrello for some achievement, by Don Henry of Portugal. Here Columbus repaired after his marriage and learned many things advantageous in his future discoveries. Columbus had several conferences with the king of Portugal who listened to him with favor, but his demands were so great that Don John did not comply. He however decided to appropriate the designs and ideas of Columbus and make the discovery for himself; so under pretense of provisioning the Cape Verde Islands, he sent out an expedition to follow the course mapped out by Columbus. This proved a failure and when Columbus learned of the treachery of Don John his indignation was so great he decided to quit Portugal immediately. His wife having died, he took his only child Diego, intending to lay his claims before the Spanish sovereigns. He also sent Bartholomew, his brother 1485 to obtain assistance from the English monarchs, Bartholomew was taken by the Corsairs, chained to the oar as a galley, but after three years escaped gained an audience with King Henry of England, who was pleased with his plans, but from whom he received no assistance. Columbus did not obtain an audience with Ferdinand and Isabella until 1487, but he now had some powerful allies who espoused his cause, among which were the Dukes Medin Celi and Medin Sidonia the great Cardinal Mendoza whose power was such that he was styled the third King of Spain. Columbus seems

to have arrived at the Spanish Court at an inauspicious time. Ferdinand and Isabella were then engaged in the expulsion of the Moors and the conquest of Granada, and could think of no rival undertaking, he however received personal aid as the treasurer's accounts show that sums of money were paid him in May 1492, Aug. 1492, Oct. 1492, June 1493, to defray his expenses.

In despair he went to Cordova the home of Beatrice and his son Ferdinand. Thence to the convent of La Rabida where the good monks entertained him and were astonished and charmed with his scientific and religious ideas. They interceded with the Queen in his behalf. She summoned him to Santa Fe where he was promised a hearing after the conquest of Granada, he gladly remained and engaged valiantly in the fight. Jan 2nd 1492, Boabdil with his brilliant following surrendered to Don Ferdinand. Columbus now presented his claims, he demanded the supreme office of admiral, viceroy over the lands he should discover, of the revenues resulting therefrom, and as the means of successful discovery, he asked for three caravels and a good allowance of money.

The Queen complained of these exorbitant demands and he was abruptly dismissed. He again thought of repairing to France, when a wealthy Jew Santangelo and the Marchioness Moya interposed in his favor. In April 1492 the argument known as the Capitulations of Santa Fe was signed granting Columbus all he asked.

The expedition consisted of the Santa Maria with a crew of 50 men commanded by the Admiral, the Pinta with 30 men commanded by Martin Pinzon, and the Nina with 24 men commanded by Vincente Pinzon.

On Friday which was a day of good omen Aug. 3, 1492, Columbus set sail from Palos and stood out for the Canary Isles. After an eventful voyage of 10 weeks, land was seen by a sailor, of the Nina, Rodrigo De Friano Oct. 12, Friday 1492. This was called by the natives Guanahani and by Columbus San Salvador. Columbus besides discovering many small Islands, discovered Cuba and Hayti. The products of Hayti were so much like those of Spain, that he named it Espanolia or little Spain. On the coast of Hayti the Santa Maria was so badly wrecked, it had to be abandoned and from it was built Ft. Nativity. The admiral being desirous of returning to Spain to report the good news, left Arana a kinsman of Beatrice in command as governor of the improvised fort.

Martin Pinzon the commander of the Pinta in his desire to find gold had deserted the expedition, so the admiral had to return in the Nina, Jan, 4th 1493, he started. On the homeward voyage a terrific storm threatened destruction, and Columbus fearing that all would be lost, wrote a description of the new found-land sealed it in a keg and threw it overboard, trusting that by the grace of God his precious secret might fall into good hands. He reached Palos, Friday March 5th, 1493. Columbus seated before their majesties, told of the new found land, exhibited the mysterious plants, the strange beasts and birds, the gold and the nine Indians who were to become Christians. Columbus now had reached the zenith of his glory. All his honors were conferred on him, and propositions were made for a second voyage. This time 1500 persons went to colonize, to Christianize the inhabitants and make more discoveries. The Island Dominica was

reached Nov. 3, 1493 after a most successful voyage. This time he discovered Porto Rico and Jamaica. Fort Nativity was burned and the inhabitants deserted.

He remained until 1496 discovering more Islands and gold in considerable quantities. He also established the West Indian Slave Trade. In his great desire to obtain gold he became avaricious, rumors of his misrule reached Isabella who summoned him to Spain. He reached Cadiz June 15, 1496, in a state of great dejection; he was however again received into favor and asked for mere supplies and ships which were granted him. May 1498 he started on his third voyage. This time he discovered the continent of South America which he supposed was another collection of Islands until he saw the immense quantity of water, the Orinoco carried to the Ocean he knew that it was a continent for which he had long sought. He then returned to the West Indies, sent five ship loads of Indians to Spain as slaves which so incensed Queen Isabella that she ordered their release. More rumors of the mismanagement of Columbus reached Spain. Their majesties accordingly commissioned Boabdilla to go to Hayti and inquire into the trouble. On reaching Espanolia he put Columbus and his two brothers in irons.

But he was once more forgiven and received into favor, in May 1502 with four caravels and 150 men he started on his 4th and last voyage, from which he returned in 1504 and as he was too ill to go to court, his son Diego represented him. Columbus died May 1506. His will states that the honor or admiralty shall fall on Diego and his heirs male, failing these Fernando and his heir, failing these Bartholomew and his heirs male. The male issue of the admiral became extinct in the third generation and the estates and titles possessed by marriage to a scion of the house of Broganza, buried at Valladolid thence to Seville thence to Hayti thence to Havanna.

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